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THE  
*Plague Pamphlets of*  
THOMAS DEKKER

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THE

*Plague Pamphlets of*  
THOMAS DEKKER

edited by

F. P. WILSON



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## P R E F A C E

OF the six pamphlets included in this book, two—*The Wonderfull yeare* and *A Rod for Run-awayes*—appeared in Grosart's edition of Dekker's Non-Dramatic Works. They are here reprinted for the first time from the first editions. Both are 'scribed papers' written quickly and carelessly by an impecunious poet and dramatist at a time when the plague had shut the doors of the theatres. They represent various aspects of Dekker's 'Protean Muse', now racy and spirited, now conceited and bombastic, now eloquent and rich in poetic colour.

*The Meeting of Gallants* has also been printed before, though without ascription to any author. I believe the pamphlet to be Dekker's, but I state below my reasons for supposing that the writer, if he is not Dekker, is T. M., author of *The Blache Booke* and *Father Hubbards Tales*.

The remaining three pamphlets, it is believed, are here reprinted for the first time. Of these *Newes from Graves-end* will be found the most important. Had it been issued with Dekker's name, it would long have ranked with *Foure Birds Of Noahs Arke* and *The Guls Horne-booke* as the best of his non-dramatic works. Some of the verse is worthy of the author's reputation as a lyric poet. *London Looke Backe* and *The Blache Rod* are the slightest of these productions. The world has willingly let them die and to reprint them is perhaps to 'beat the bones of the buried'. Yet even in these lay-sermons of his old age the great subjects of life and

death sometimes fire the imagination, and Dekker the poet takes precedence of Dekker the journalist and Dekker the moralist.

Apart from their literary merit these prose-works are valuable for the picture they present of life in Shakespeare's London. Dekker seldom wanders far from the music of Bow bells :

My humble *Muse* in her owne *circle* runnes.  
And that 's in thee (*O Troynouant*).

An enemy once accused him of never going farther out of town than a farthing candle would light. But to-day we do not blame, we praise his bourgeois tastes. For he describes his birthplace with a truth and tenderness which enable us to catch authentic glimpses of what was once a coloured and passionate life. This life is not distorted in his pages by invective or snarling satire. It is brightened a little by his incorrigible optimism, it is softened a little by the mist of sentiment. But his own experience saved him from thoughtlessness, and the imaginative sympathy of a poet saved him from sentimentality.

In the plagues of London he had a subject made to his hand, for it enabled him to praise London and to compassionate the distressed. With Shakespeare, he is perhaps the most humane of the Elizabethans. Himself a great sufferer, he has pity for the blind bear whipped at the stake as well as for the starved and plague-stricken wretches of London slums. In one of his greatest prose-works he writes prayers not only for kings and princes, but also for the poor, for prisoners, for galley-slaves, and for men that work in dangerous works, as mines and coal-pits. His humanity has endeared him to all

his readers, so that they have consistently refused to believe Jonson's statement that he was a rogue and have preferred as a truer and juster description of his character Hazlitt's title of 'old honest Dekker'.

My grateful acknowledgements are due to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ellesmere, to Mr. S. R. Christie-Miller, and to Mr. T. J. Wise, for their courtesy in allowing me to examine or to print from copies of works by Dekker in their libraries. For permission to reprint other pamphlets in this book I am indebted to the Librarian of the Bodleian Library, and to the Committee of the Guildhall Library, London. The Henry E. Huntington Library in California has kindly allowed me to make use of two books which have passed into its keeping since I began to prepare this edition. My thanks are also due to the Town Clerk and the Records Clerk of the City of London for the facilities granted to me while examining the documents under their charge.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness in textual work and in the compilation of the notes and index to the *New English Dictionary*, and in bibliography to Dr. R. B. McKerrow's edition of Nashe, and to the same scholar's *Hints on Bibliographical Evidence*. In the last stages of my work I have had the privilege of consulting my friends and colleagues, Mr. C. T. Onions, Mr. Percy Simpson, and the General Editor, Mr. D. Nichol Smith.

F. P. W.



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## A B B R E V I A T I O N S

B. L. = Black Letter.

G. = *The Non-Dramatic Works Of Thomas Dekker*,  
edited by A. B. Grosart, in 5 volumes (1884-6).

Journals. = The Journals recording the proceedings of the  
London Court of Common Council: preserved  
at the Guildhall Record Office.

N. E. D. = *A New English Dictionary* edited by Sir J. A. H.  
Murray, H. Bradley, W. A. Craigie, C. T.  
Onions, Oxford (1888 &c.).

P. = *The Dramatic Works Of Thomas Dekker*, published  
by John Pearson, in 4 volumes (1873).

Repertories. = The Repertories recording the proceedings of the  
London Court of Aldermen: preserved at the  
Guildhall Record Office.

R-T. = Running-title.

S. R. = *A Transcript Of The Registers Of The Company  
Of Stationers Of London 1554-1640*, edited by  
Edward Arber, in 5 volumes (1875-94).

## INTRODUCTION

### THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLAGUE PAMPHLETS

#### *The Wonderfull yeare*

THE three early editions were issued anonymously. Dekker claimed the work as his in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London* (1606), a pamphlet to which his name is signed in full. On sig. A 3 are the words: ‘that \*Wonderfull yeere, when these miserable calamities entred in at thy Gates, slaying 30000. and more as thou heldst them in thine armes’. A marginal note reads: ‘\*A Booke so / called, writ-/ten by the / Author, de-/scribing the / horror of the / Plague in / 1602, when / there dyed / 30578. of / that disease.’

#### *Newes from Graves-end*

*Newes from Graves-end* was first attributed to Dekker by J. P. Collier. In *A Bibliographical And Critical Account Of The Rarest Books in the English Language* (1865), ii. 23, he wrote: ‘We believe it likely to have been the production of Dekker... It is much in his manner, and we know no writer of that day who could make so near an approach to the style of Nash, without its bitterness.’ Mr. A. H. Bullen in his article on Dekker in the *Dictionary Of National Biography* thought the suggestion plausible, but hitherto no attempt has been made to marshal the evidence.

*The Wonderfull yeare* and *Newes from Graves-end* treat of the same subject in much the same way. An intimate

knowledge of London is revealed in both, and the censure of her many sins is prompted by genuine affection and set down without gall or malice. Both pamphlets anathematize the hard hearts of usurers, commiserate the poverty of poets, deplore the neglect of scholars, and show a noble compassion for the weak and defenceless. In both, poetasters and ‘mewing’ critics are held up to scorn, the behaviour of ‘the russet boore, and leatherne hinde’ to the rich man before and during the plague is contrasted, the lack of ceremony at burials deplored, and runaways are condemned for their cowardice and heartlessness, and country Hobbinols for their cruelty.

The vocabulary of *Newes from Graves-end* is similar to that found in Dekker’s authenticated works. Here is a selection of examples: p. 65, l. 4, ‘*Mecæn-Asses*’ (with the same pun—G., ii. 197); p. 67, l. 1, ‘with a wet finger’ (G., ii. 96, 259, iii. 347 and P., ii. 8, 53, 72); p. 67, l. 17, ‘*Castalians*’ (p. 5, l. 17); p. 67, l. 19, ‘fox-furd curmudgens’ (G., iii. 235: for ‘fox-furd’ see also G., ii. 139); p. 68, l. 3, ‘*Punyes*’ (applied to young gentlemen of the Inns of Court—G., ii. 20, iv. 174); p. 68, l. 14 ‘*Luciferan*’ (the only example of this spelling of the adjective quoted in the *N.E.D.* is from *A Strange Horse-Race*, 1613, G., iii. 350); p. 70, l. 15, ‘made an Encomiasticall Oration in praise of’ (G., ii. 19); p. 71, l. 18, ‘Close-fights’ (P., ii. 82); p. 72, l. 23, ‘an Anatomy in Barber-surgions Hall’ (G., ii. 95, 135); p. 73, l. 30, ‘mewing’ (the first example in this sense quoted in the *N.E.D.* is from *The Seven deadly Sinnen*, 1606, G., ii. 5); p. 73, l. 30, ‘Critists’ (the first example of this form given by the *N.E.D.* is from *Satiro-Mastix*, 1602, P., i. 211: cf. also P., i. 271); p. 82, l. 4, ‘*Thespian*’ (p. 6, l. 20:

the first example given by the *N.E.D.* is dated 1675)<sup>1</sup>; p. 84, l. 6, 'Trees shed their green and curled haire' (cf. *P.*, i. 311—'trees . . . began to droop and hang downe their greene heades, and to vncurle their crisped forlocks')—and cf. a line from the fragment of a lost play preserved only in *Englands Parnassus* (1600) (ed. C. Crawford, p. 349)—'There on the curled forehead of a banke'); p. 88, l. 2, 'Audit-Bookes' (p. 207, l. 21: the first example given by the *N.E.D.* is dated 1679); p. 89, l. 6, 'repercussiue' (*G.*, iii. 58 and *P.*, i. 274, iii. 243, iv. 305); p. 91, l. 17, 'plumde Estridges' (*G.*, iii. 330, iv. 156 and *P.*, i. 120).

But the test of vocabulary is at best unsatisfactory. More trustworthy evidence is given by Dekker's practice of repeating phrases and sometimes whole sentences. Like Robert Greene and other hack-writers he was a pickpurse of his own wit. The pun which provides the title is in *The Wonderfull yeare* (p. 32, l. 17), in a pamphlet with a similar but even more attractive title, *Newes from Hell* (*G.*, ii. 104 and 117), and also in *The Ravens Almanacke* (*G.*, iv. 175). The transition from grave to gay is expressed in much the same way and with the same rhyme in *Newes from Graves-end* (p. 88, ll. 13–16):

Take breath a while our panting Muse,  
And to the world tell gladder newes,  
Than these of Burialls, striue a while,  
To make thy sullen nombers smile :

and in *The Wonderfull yeare* (p. 16, ll. 25, 26):

Let me descend and stoope my verse a while,  
To make the Comicke cheeke of Poesie smile.

<sup>1</sup> But it appears in *Everyman Out Of His Humor* (1600), sig. B 2.

The words (p. 87, ll. 1, 2)

the City-sin

(Brought by seuen deadly monsters in)

anticipate the theme of *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London* (1606). Again, the tribute to London on pp. 89 and 90 :

Altar of *Ioue*, thou throne of Kings :  
 Thou Fownt, where milke and hony springs :  
*Europs Iewell* ; *Englands Iem* :  
 Sister to great *Ierusalem* :  
*Neptunes* minion, (bout whose wast  
 The Thames is like a girdle cast,) . . .  
 When I thy lofty Towers behold,  
 (Whose Pinnacles were tipt with gold  
 Both when the Sun did set and rise  
 So louely wert thou in his eies) . . .

may be compared with other panegyrics in *The Seven deadly Sinnes* (G., ii. 10) and *The Dead Tearme* (G., iv. 20-1) : but its resemblance to the following passage on sig. B1<sup>v</sup> of *The Magnificent Entertainment* (P., i. 274) is too close to be accidental :

*This little world of men ; this precious Stone,*  
*That sets out Europe*<sup>1</sup> : *this (the glasse alone,)*  
*Where the neat Sunne each Morne himselfe attires,*  
*And gildes it with his repercussive fires.*  
*This Iewell of the Land ; Englands right Eye :*  
*Altar of Loue*<sup>2</sup> ; *and Spheare of Maiestie :*  
*Greene Neptunes Minion, bou't whose Virgin-waste,*  
*Isis is like a Cristall girdle cast.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare's *Richard II* (ii. i) : 'this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea'.

<sup>2</sup> *Sic.*

The Device of which this passage forms a part was intended for performance at the Bars beyond Bishopsgate on the occasion of the King's entry into the Tower of London on the 11th May 1603. But the plague altered James's arrangements, and Dekker's Device was not acted. It was first printed in April 1604. These lines then were written some months before, but not printed until some months after the composition of *Newes from Graves-end*, and it is unlikely that the author of the latter pamphlet could have seen them if he had not written them himself.

But all doubt is set at rest by the opening lines of the tribute to London in *Newes from Graves-end*. This couplet (p. 89, ll. 22, 23) does not appear in *The Magnificent Entertainment*:

And thou (the mother of my breath)  
Whose soft brest thousanddes nourisheth.

Dekker pays homage to the city of his birth in much the same words in *The Seven deadly Sinnes*—‘O thou beawtifullest daughter of two vnited Monarchies ! from thy womb receiued I my being, from thy brests my nourishment’ (G., ii. 13)—and again in *A Rod for Run-awayes*—‘O London ! (thou Mother of my life, Nurse of my being)’ (p. 146, l. 18).

Lastly, as evidence that these parallels are not due to chance or plagiarism, we may note that Dekker’s very individual style betrays itself in every line. In the prose preface, which is written with gusto and good humour, we find examples of his use of the pun both in and out of season, of racy metaphors drawn especially from the sea, the theatre, and the law, of the parenthesis to convey humorous or satirical remarks, of repetition for the sake

of emphasis (e. g. ‘no, no’, ‘too, too’, ‘only-only’), and of the simile long-drawn-out which served as a whetstone to sharpen his wit. The verse is sealed as his by its hasty and careless workmanship as also by its snatches of splendid poetry. The glowing and passionate beauty of the tribute to London (p. 89, l. 22–p. 90, l. 22), of the eight lines beginning ‘Whole housholds, and whole streets are stricken’ (p. 94, l. 7) and of other passages, is the achievement of lyrical genius. Poets born in London and capable of such poetry were not as plentiful as blackberries even in the Elizabethan age. The present writer ‘sets up his rest’ that this is the work of him who, in Lamb’s phrase, ‘had poetry enough for any thing’.

### *The Meeting of Gallants*

This work bears a strong resemblance to *The Wonderfull yeare* and *Newes from Graves-end* both in subject and treatment. Like them it is a medley of prose and verse. The verse is for the most part serious and rhetorical with occasional flashes of dramatic power, though with none of the lyrical beauty of *Newes from Graves-end*. The prose, as in *The Wonderfull yeare*, is full of very tragical mirth and of doleful matter merrily set down. It contains anecdotes, usually humorous, of the chances and changes of the plague, and pictures of London life which are rich in topical allusions and noteworthy for their colour and vigour. The style is packed with metaphor, plentifully decked with puns, abounding in caricature, and unusually spirited.

A more detailed examination strengthens the general impression that *The Meeting of Gallants* is either by the

author of *The Wonderfull yeare* and *Newes from Graves-end* or by a writer in his vein and acquainted with his work. The story of the servant at St. Mary Overyes (p. 132) is told also in *The Wonderfull yeare* (p. 61). Both pamphlets speak of the grave standing open for 'dead Commodities' (p. 132, l. 28 and p. 51, l. 16), and both of a drunkard dancing the Canaries (p. 122, l. 8 and p. 51, l. 26). This equivoque appears again in *The Seven deadly Sinnes* (G., ii. 44-5 : see also P., ii. 28) as does the pun on the music of the 'Sackbut'. The joke about the 'Banes' of matrimony (p. 124, l. 17) is to be found in *The Guls Horne-booke* (G., ii. 236). The following parallels are also worth noting :

And what art thou Warre, that so wantest thy good?  
But like a Barber-Surgion that lets blood.

(*The Meeting of Gallants*, p. 112, ll. 1, 2).

And to conclude, against all Art and good,  
Warre taints the Doctor, lets the Surgion blood.

(*The Wonderfull yeare*, p. 17, ll. 17, 18).

More striking are the resemblances between *Newes from Graves-end* and *The Meeting of Gallants*. The pun on 'Winchester Goose' is used in both (p. 76, l. 16 and p. 132, ll. 18, 19) with reference to the term being held at Winchester. The one speaks of the 'French Amulets' (p. 100, l. 2), and the other of the 'French Supersedies' (p. 124, l. 13) which, it was supposed, rendered harlots immune from the plague: and the reference to 'rich cubs and fox-furd curmudgens' in *Newes from Graves-end* (p. 67, l. 19 and see above, p. xii) is closely paralleled by that to 'Curmudgins, Pennifathers, & fox-furd Vsurers' in *The Meeting of Gallants* (p. 127, l. 9). Again, the one pamphlet speaks

of the plague ‘emptying whole houses to fill graues’ (p. 100, l. 23), the other has: ‘how often were whole housshoulds emptied to fill vp Graues’ (p. 133, ll. 18, 19). The powerful couplet:

... euery couetous rooting Mowle

That heaues his drosse aboue his soule

(Newes from Graves-end, p. 97, ll. 27, 28)

is embedded in the blank verse of *The Meeting of Gallants* (p. 110, ll. 26, 27) :

Pack-Penny fathers, Couetous rooting Moles,

That h[e]auue their gold thrice higher then their soules.

The following verses are also very similar. They seem to show us the same mind working on the same thought :<sup>1</sup>

... the *Vsurer* must behold

His pestilent *flesh*, whilst *all* his *gold*

Turns *into Tokens*, and the *chest*

(They lie in,) his *infectious brest*:

How well heele play the Misers part

When *all* his *coyne* sticks at his heart?

(Newes from Graves-end, p. 97, ll. 17-22).

... when I haue changed

Their *Gold* *into* dead *tokens*, with the touch

Of my pale-spotted, and *infectious Rodde*,

When with a suddaine start and gastly looke,

They haue left counting *Coyne*, to count their *flesh*,

And summe vp their last *vsury* on their *Brests*,

*All* their whole wealth, lockt in their bony *Chests*.

(The Meeting of Gallants, p. 110, ll. 17-23).

It is possible, however, that *The Meeting of Gallants* is

<sup>1</sup> The italics are my own.

the work not of Dekker, but of an author well acquainted with Dekker's *The Wonderfull yeare* and *Newes from Graves-end*. Striking as are its resemblances to Dekker's work, it bears others as remarkable to two pamphlets printed in the same year and written by T. M., initials which as Dyce and Bullen have shown are in all probability those of Thomas Middleton.<sup>1</sup> In *Father Hubbards Tales* (entered in the Stationers' Register on 3 January 1604) and in *The Blacke Booke* (entered on 22 March 1604), T. M. shows as intimate a knowledge of London as Dekker, and is as evidently sealed of the tribe of Thomas Nashe. While he gives no sign that he was capable of the lyrical beauty of the best passages in *Newes from Graves-end*, he could compass the vigour and dramatic intensity of the best of the Dialogue between War, Famine, and Pestilence. He can be as flippant and racy as Dekker, though his spirit is more sharply satirical and lacks the moral fervour which underlies much of Dekker's social satire.

T. M.'s two prose-works bear some striking resemblances to *Newes from Graves-end* (see the notes on p. 99, ll. 3, 4, 20 and p. 100, l. 2) and especially to *The Meeting of Gallants* (see the notes on p. 110, ll. 2, 5; p. 111, l. 15; p. 115, l. 16; p. 117, l. 23; p. 118, ll. 14, 15; p. 119, l. 26 and p. 124, ll. 13, 14), and it seems certain that he knew these two plague-pamphlets. This will not be surprising to those who identify T. M. with Thomas Middleton. We know that

<sup>1</sup> On very flimsy evidence W. C. Hazlitt and Fleay attribute these works to T. M., author of *The Silkwormes, and their Flies* (1599), a didactic poem on silkworms. They identify him with the learned physician Thomas Moffett (1553-1604). Cf. Fleay's *Biographical Chronicle*, ii. 81.

in 1604 at some date before the 14th March Middleton and Dekker were engaged in writing *The Honest Whore* (Henslowe's *Diary*, ed. W. W. Greg, ii. 175). What is more likely than that they should talk over and show to each other those pamphlets by the writing of which they were earning some sort of livelihood while the theatres were closed?

*The Meeting of Gallants* is more in Dekker's manner, I think, than in T. M.'s. The tragical mirth of the tales is like that of *The Wonderfull yeare* and has no counterpart in T. M.'s work. The gusto is more genial, the satire more tolerant, and occasionally the comic and satirical intent of the writer gives place to a warmth of pity rarely to be found in the cutting irony of T. M. The host again is just such a humorous character as Dekker delighted to portray in his comedies. But it is perhaps unsafe to go beyond this conclusion: that if *The Meeting of Gallants* is not Dekker's, it is T. M.'s, if indeed it is not, like *The Honest Whore*, a work of collaboration.

### *A Rod for Run-awayes*

Before 1807, when he acquired his copy of *A Rod for Run-awayes*, Malone wrote out a list of the works by Thomas Dekker which he had as yet failed to obtain. In this list, now bound up in Malone 602, is the note: 'A Rod for runawaies 4to 1625. [relates to the Plague of that year] (in Duke of Bridgewater's Collection) Perhaps it is a Repub<sup>n</sup> of the Whipping of Runawaies pub<sup>d</sup> in 1603 & I think by N Breton'. This pamphlet was written by Henry Petowe, as appears from an entry in the Stationers' Register (iii. 250) under the date 26th November (or perhaps December)

1603.<sup>1</sup> Fleay, who had noted this entry, also queried whether Dekker's pamphlet was plagiarized from Petowe's (*A Biographical Chronicle*, i. 119).

Petowe's pamphlet was issued anonymously in 1604. A perfect copy, formerly in the Bridgewater Library, is now in the Huntington Library: an imperfect copy (wanting sheet D) is in the Bodleian Library (Malone 659). The running-title is 'The whipping / of Runnawayes', but the title-page reads: 'Londoners / THEIR ENTER- / tainment in the / Countrie. / Or the whipping of Runna-/wayes. / Wherein is described, / LONDONS MISERIE. / THE COVNTRIES CRVELTIE. / AND MANS INHUMANITIE. /[Device]/AT LONDON / Printed by H. L. for C. B. / 1604.'

*A Rod for Run-awayes* owes no debt whatever to *Londoners Their Entertainment in the Countrie*. The latter is sober in spirit, and in style homespun and undistinguished. There is a world of difference between Dekker's full-bodied prose and the insipidities of Petowe.

### *London Looke Backe*

This pamphlet is here attributed to Dekker for the first time. It appears to contain no borrowings from his acknowledged writings, but the style and spirit of the work are distinctively his.

Certain passages remind us of *The Wonderfull yeare*: for example, 1625 is called 'that former wonderfull yeare'

<sup>1</sup> Hazlitt in his *Hand-Book* attributes this pamphlet to Richard Milton of Cheltenham, for what reason I do not know. Milton was the author of *Londons Miserie, The Countryes Crueltie*, a plague-pamphlet in verse published in 1625.

(p. 184, ll. 21, 22), ‘that yeere of wonder’ (p. 177, l. 14), and ‘one of the worlds Climactericall yeares’ (p. 178, l. 12 : cf. *The Wonderfull yeare*, p. 19, l. 26—‘this Protean Climactericall yeaire’).

The phrase ‘Looke not . . . through perspectiue-glasses, to make obiects afarre off, appeare . . . neere you’ (p. 186, ll. 18–20) was often in Dekker’s mind. It is in *Worke For Armorours* (G., iv. 100)—‘By looking on those perspectiue glasses, I beheld kingdomes and people a farre off’) and in *A Rod for Run-awayes* (p. 138, ll. 2, 3)—‘how farre soeuer thou art, thou maist here see (as through a Perspectiue-Glassee) the miserable estate of London’). Compare also G., ii. 29 and iii. 70. Shakespeare refers to perspective glasses or pieces four times in the plays, but always to their property of making objects seem, not near or distant, but awry or transformed.

The frequent apostrophes to London are very characteristic. Throughout his life Dekker lavished upon his birth-place the affection of a lover and a poet. ‘O thou *Empresse* of *Citties*, faire *Troynouant*’ he cries in this pamphlet (p. 176, l. 16) in words he had used many years before in *Newes from Graves-end* (p. 90, l. 2). In other places he calls her ‘Queene of *Citties*’ (p. 195, l. 10 : cf. G., ii. 66, iv. 9, and P., iv. 97) and ‘Nourishing mother of all the Citties in *England*’ (p. 195, ll. 4, 5 : cf. G., iv. 9 and 33).

The comparison of the grave or the world to an inn (p. 182, l. 15–p. 183, l. 2) is a commonplace; but the commonplace is adorned in Dekker’s own style. He had used it earlier in *The Seven deadly Sinnen* [G., ii. 25—‘thou art to lye in thy last Inne (thy loathsome graue)’] and in *Foure Birds Of Noahs Arke* (G., v. 94—‘The graue is full of

horror, . . . for the body receiueth no comfort, when it commeth to lodge in this last & fardest Inne').

The expression 'To close vp this sad Feast, to which none but Wormes were invited' (p. 185, ll. 15, 16) resembles a passage in *The Blacke Rod* (p. 200, ll. 10, 11), some lines in *Newes from Graves-end* (p. 94, ll. 29-31), and these from *The Honest Whore* (P., ii. 6) :

## the wormes

That now must feast with her, were euen bespoke,  
And solemnly inuited like strange guests.

Again, the two passages 'a Iulep to sweeten the mouth of thy Stomacke, after the bitternesse of thy sickenesse' (p. 190, ll. 4, 5) and 'our Mara shall change her Name agen to Naomi' (p. 194, ll. 5, 6) may be compared with this from the dedication to *English Villanies* (1632): 'Iuleps goe downe smoothly, bitter pills choake: They loue to see Naomi in your Parlors, not Mara.'

More remarkable is the debt to an anonymous and even more ephemeral pamphlet, which has all the characteristics of Dekker's style. Two pages of *London Looke Backe* are taken almost word for word from *Looke Vp and see Wonders* (published in 1628: see the note on p. 190, l. 17). In both places the passage is in the same tone as the context. It is not a purple patch sewn on a threadbare garment.

Lastly, it is worth mentioning that *Penny-Wise Pound-Foolish* was issued anonymously in the following year by the same printer and the same publisher, Augustine Mathewes and Edward Blackmore. It is only known to be Dekker's from the unusually detailed entry in the Stationers' Register (iv. 246).

These parallels to Dekker's authenticated works are none

of them very striking, though they have cumulative force. But to the reader who has savoured the idiosyncrasies of Dekker's later prose the general evidence of style and spirit will be more convincing than any elaborate array of parallel passages. Here are the martial metaphors so dear to the heart of peace-loving Dekker—‘He has seene Finsbury fields Mustering’ was the biting comment of the authors of *The Run-awayes Answer* on the warlike opening of *A Rod for Run-awayes*. Here is the same excessive use of parenthetical remarks in single-barrelled and double-barrelled brackets—abundant in most Elizabethan prose but super-abundant in Dekker's. Here is the same fervent piety expressed now in gaudy rhetoric, now in a noble eloquence steeped in the language and cadences of the Bible.

The resemblances between *London Looke Backe* and *The Blacke Rod* are more general than particular. Both, however, speak of the beating of death's drum (p. 187, ll. 18, 19 and p. 202, l. 15), and of disease printing her nails upon man's flesh (p. 178, l. 25 and p. 215, l. 16); and in both appears Dekker's rhetorical habit of repetition—‘None, not any’ in the one (p. 193, l. 5: cf. p. 28, l. 27—‘not any, not any’), and in the other ‘None, None at all; Not One!’ (p. 206, l. 6), ‘fresh, too fresh’ (p. 204, l. 12) and ‘Giue thankes . . . giue thankes’ (p. 207, ll. 9, 10). The two sentence-endings ‘and that's the Graue’ (p. 182, l. 28) and ‘and (still) that's the Graue’ (p. 202, ll. 12, 13) are also in Dekker's manner (cf. also p. 69, l. 22—‘and thaths his Talent’, and p. 184, l. 15—‘that's all’).

Each pamphlet, again, contains an elaborate comparison. Dekker was fond of losing himself in a comparison. When he likened the world to a football in *Newes from Graves-end* (p.

66, ll. 7–13) or spoke of ‘the Enginous Wheeles of the Soule’ in *The Seven deadly Sinnes* (G., ii. 49), he merely displayed his ingenuity: he was here, in Edward Phillips’s phrase (*Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, pt. ii, p. 175) ‘a High-flier in wit’. But the comparison of the grave to an inn in *London Looke Backe* (p. 182, l. 15–p. 183, l. 2) and the comparison of the world to a theatre in *The Blacke Rod* (p. 200, l. 12–p. 202, l. 13) take on, in spite of their carelessness, some of the accents of great prose. Conceit is heightened into vision, and a commonplace stands out a memorable truth.

### *The Blacke Rod*

This pamphlet is here attributed to Dekker for the first time. In treatment and in style it has all the characteristics of his work.

Several passages remind us of *A Rod for Run-awayes*, as for example the statement that Queen Elizabeth was followed to the grave by a ‘train’ of subjects (p. 143, l. 17 in the earlier work and p. 205, l. 1 in the later): the reference to a girdle cast about the world (p. 169, l. 31 and p. 200, l. 3): and the conception of God as an Arithmetician (p. 152, l. 1 and p. 204, l. 18: cf. also *P.*, i. 175).

The references to ‘that high Starre-Chamber Office, where their names are entred into the Booke of Life’ (p. 214, ll. 17–19) and to ‘the Kings-Bench Office of Heauen’ (p. 215, l. 9) are very characteristic. The former phrase is in *The Wonderfull yeare* (p. 11, ll. 24, 25—‘the Star-chamber of heauen’) and in *Dekker his Dreame* (G., iii. 11—‘the Star-Chamber of Heauen, where Kings and Princes were set to the Barre’); the latter is in *Villanies Discouered* (1616 ed., sig. K2—‘the very Court of the Kings Bench of

Heauen'). Compare also Dekker's use of a similar metaphor in *The Seven deadly Sinnes* [G., ii. 25—' those two lawes (enacted in the vpper House of heauen) '], in *A Knights Coniuring* (ed. Rimbault, p. 13—' the decree of the cœlestiall vpper house '), in *The Ravens Almanacke* (G., iv. 203-4—' by decree in the vpper house in the heauenly parliament '), in *Dekker his Dreame* (G., iii. 36—' a direct Statute . . . set downe by the Vpper house of Heauen '), in *A Rod for Run-awayes* (p. 143, l. 25—' the vpper-House of the Celestiall Parliament '), and in *English Villanies* (1632 ed., sig. K 1<sup>v</sup>)—' the Vpper-house of the Cœlestiall Parliament ').

Shakespeare, Raleigh, Heywood, Donne, and many others, have meditated on the stage of this world. Indeed the parallel was trite even to Sancho Panza's ears. But we may compare the treatment of this theme in *The Blacke Rod* with that which Dekker had given to it two years earlier in *Warres, Warres, Warres*:

when Kingdoms are at odds,  
Pitch'd Fields those Theaters are, at which the Gods  
Look downe from their high Galleries of Heauen,  
Where Battailles Tragedies are, to which are giuen  
Plaudits from Cannons ; Buskind Actors tread  
Knee deep in blood, and trample on the dead.<sup>x</sup>

The poet of London town is revealed in the pleasant phrase 'a fellow-Citizen, in the Heauenly HIERVSALEM ' (p. 216, ll. 28, 29), found in part, it is true, in the Authorized Version of the Bible—' Now therefore yee are no more strangers and forreiners ; but fellow citizens with the Saints,

<sup>x</sup> J. P. Collier, *A Bibliographical And Critical Account*, i. 211. The only known copy of this poem, formerly in the Britwell Library, was sold at Sotheby's on February 7, 1922.

and of the houshold of God' (*Ephesians*, ii. 19). Dekker is fond of the metaphor. He writes elsewhere of the laws which 'will make you free *Denisons* in a more glorious Kingdome' (*English Villanies*, 1632, sig. K<sup>iv</sup> and cf. G., v. 36), and he speaks of the City of Heaven in terms of the City of London as quaintly and more beautifully in *Foure Birds Of Noahs Arke* (G., v. 92)—' Before wee liued in slauerie, but now we dwell within the liberties of the holy citie.'

The rapacity of women-keepers (p. 217, ll. 4-6) is also attacked in *London Looke Backe* (p. 190, ll. 8-10) and in *English Villanies* (chap. xv). In *The Blache Rod* they are said to 'hasten you to your End'; in *English Villanies* to 'hasten thee on thy iorney' (sig. K 3).

But the last two pamphlets provide a more remarkable parallel. On sig. K 2 of *English Villanies* (1632) are the words :

A Kingdome ! where there is no change of Kings, no alteration of State, no losse of Peeres, no Warres, no reuenges, no Citizens flying for feare of infection, none Dying of them that stay, no Prisoners to write petitions to *Conscience*, yet *Conscience* sits there in glory : there is true Majesty, true honour, true peace, true health : there is all life, all happiness, all immortality.

This is the peroration to *The Blache Rod* (p. 217, ll. 1-10). Dekker was not accustomed to live upon the scraps of other men's invention,<sup>1</sup> and it is most unlikely that

<sup>1</sup> In *The Belman Of London* Dekker gathers into one narrative the work of his predecessors in the literature of roguery. But he is there a compiler rather than a plagiarist, and admits frankly that 'the *Lading* was of sundry commodities' (G., iii. 116).

he would have borrowed from so obscure a pamphlet if he had not been the author of it. Moreover the passage is in his manner. He had written something very like it in spirit, phrasing, and cadence in *Foure Birds Of Noabs Arke* (ed. F. P. Wilson, pp. 254, 255) :

What eie hath seene, what eare hath heard, what vnderstanding can comprehend the excellencies of this heauenly Citie ; . . . There is security without feare ; peace without inuasion ; wealth without diminishing ; honours without enuie : there is all blessednes, all sweetenes, all life, all eternity.

We may assume, I think, that when Dekker borrowed from *The Blacke Rod* he was borrowing from his own work.

# BIBLIOGRAPHY

## THE WONDERFULL YEARE

### ENTRY IN THE STATIONERS' REGISTER :

5<sup>to.</sup> Decembris [1603]

master Linge      yt is ordered that they shall pay X<sup>s</sup> A pece for  
John Smithick     their fines for printinge a booke called the  
John Browne     wonderfull yere without Auctoritie or entrance.  
                     contrary to thordonnances for pryntinge

Also that they shall forbeare and neuer hereafter entermedle to  
printe or sell the same book or any parte thereof

Also that they shall presently bringe into the hall to be vsed  
accordinge to thordonnance in yat behalf so many of the said bookes  
as they or any to their vse haue left in their handes

And their ymprisonment for this offence is respited till further  
Consideracon and order herein be had. . . . XXX<sup>s</sup>

paid by Smithick and Browne V<sup>s</sup> A pece. 7. Aprilis 1605

(S.R., ii. 837.)

7.8 Aprilis 1605

John Smithick    Receaued of John Smithick and John browne V<sup>s</sup>  
John Browne     A pece for the fines sett vpon them 5 Decembris  
                     1603 . . . . . X

(S.R., ii. 840.)

### EARLY EDITIONS :

1603 (A). For title-page, see facsimile. It will be seen that the  
date '1603' at the foot of the title-page is almost cut off in the  
only copy known.

*Collation:* 4to, A-F<sup>4</sup>. A<sub>1</sub> Title, verso blank. A<sub>2</sub> 'TO HIS WEL-  
RESPECTED GOOD friend, . . .' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *The Epistle*  
*Dedicatore.* A<sub>3</sub> 'To the Reader.' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *To the*

*Bibliography.*

*Reader.* A4<sup>v</sup> 'Reader.' Ital. with Rom. B1 'THE WONDER-full yeare.' B.L. with Rom. and Ital. R-T. The wonderfull yeare. F4<sup>v</sup> blank.

*Signatures:* in B.L. except A2, A3, B3 which are in Roman. A1 and fourth leaves unsigned.

*Catchwords:* A2. of A3. Besides, B1. sole C1. beames Dr. Belles E1. What F1. be (Those on A2 and A3 in Roman, the others in Black Letter.)

*Copy used:* that in the Bodleian, the only copy known. The press-mark is Wood 616. (1).

1603-1604 (B). THE | Wonderfull yeare. | 1603. | Wherein is shewed the picture of London, ly-|ing sicke of the Plague. | At the ende of all (like a mery Epilogue to a dull Play) cer-|taine Tales are cut out in sundry fashions, of purpose | to shorten the liues of long winters nights, | that lye watching in the darke for vs. | Et me rigidi legit Catones. | [Device] | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde | in Saint Donstones Church-yarde | in Fleet-streete.

*Collation, Signatures, and Catchwords:* as in A.

*Copies used:* those in the Bodleian. The press-marks are Wood B. 35 (2) and Malone 602. Three variant readings have been noticed: on sig. E3<sup>v</sup>, l. 4, Wood B. 35 (2) reads 'heart.' and Malone 602 'heart:' ; and on sig. E4, l. 1, Wood B. 35 (2) reads 'al' and 'heare' and Malone 602 'all' and 'here'.

*Other copies:* Dyce Library, Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

1604-1607? (C). Title-page as in B.

*Collation:* as in A and B except that the text on sig. A4<sup>v</sup> is in Italics only.

*Signatures and Catchwords:* as in A and B.

*Copy used:* that in the Bodleian (Gough London 153). This copy, which is uncut, measures 5½ inches by 8 inches. The title-page is imperfect.

*Other copies:* British Museum (two copies), Guildhall, Britwell Court (sold by Messrs. Sotheby on 1 April 1924, Sale Catalogue No. 224), and Ashley Library.

#### MODERN EDITIONS :

1731 (M). Phœnix Britannicus : Being a Miscellaneous Collection Of Scarce and Curious Tracts . . . Vol. I. Containing Numbers I, II, III, IV, V & VI. Collected by J. Morgan, Gent. London : . . . M.DCC. XXXII. . . .

*The Wonderfull yeare* appeared in Number I (for January 1731), pp. 27–50. The text was set up from a copy of C. An attempt was made to preserve the old spelling.

1884 (G). The Non-Dramatic Works Of Thomas Dekker . . . Collected And Edited . . . By The Rev. Alexander B. Grosart . . . Vol. I, pp. 71–148.

Reprinted from a copy of C in the British Museum.

1924. Reprinted from a copy of C in the British Museum by G. B. Harrison in the Bodley Head Quartos. A few obvious misprints have been corrected.

1925. The present edition.

The text is set up from rotographs of the Bodleian copy of A. The collations from B and C do not include minor differences in spelling and punctuation or the occurrence of duplicate forms (e.g. ‘than’ and ‘then’, ‘murther’ and ‘murder’, ‘bin’ and ‘been’, ‘approacheth’ and ‘approaches’); but verbal differences other than these are given when they form an alternative, even if less satisfactory, reading. Errors in M and G are passed over in silence, and only such emendations as seemed possible or necessary are recorded.

#### NOTES :

The existence of more than one early edition of *The Wonderfull yeare* has escaped notice. Of the three editions A is by far the most accurate. B is less accurate than A but gives a better text than C. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary it is assumed that only three editions were issued.

The following passage at p. 53, l. 10, points conclusively to the priority of A :

A

he dyed in a short time after,  
because he was not able to  
liue without them.

B, C

he had like to haue dyed  
presently after.

The shorter reading is the later. The catchword on sig. F1 is the same in all three editions, but owing to the alteration the compositors of *B* and *C* needed to use only 36 lines of type instead of the 37 lines in *A*. Every other full page of B.L. type in *B* and *C* contains 37 lines with the exception of sig. C4 which has 38 lines. The alteration may of course have been made while *A* was going through the press. In that case the outer forme of sheet F of Wood 616 is an early and uncorrected impression. Dekker was here describing the alarm of the sexton of Stepney at the resurrection of a drunkard who had spent the night in a plague-pit. He had warned his readers that his tales were brought to him by 'flying Report' which might have 'slipt too farre, or falne too short' (p. 8). In this instance it had 'slipt too farre', and we may suppose that the sexton cavilled at the false and frivolous announcement of his death.

This is the only passage in *B* and *C* which has any claim to be regarded as an author's correction. *A* has therefore been chosen as the copy-text.

The following readings show that *B* was set up from *A* and not from *C*:

<i>A, B</i>	<i>C</i>
p. 29, l. 5      a little little noisom	a litie noisome
p. 32, l. 18      they were	they be
p. 39, l. 22      for the other	for another
p. 41, l. 23      if they were Christians	if it were Christmas
p. 54, l. 18      friend the Citie	friend in the Citie

The following readings show that *C* was set up from *B* and not from *A*:

<i>A</i>	<i>B, C</i>
p. 20, l. 14 Chronicle in	Chronicle of
p. 20, l. 16 Sea-card	Set-card
p. 24, l. 2 his Company	the company
p. 33, l. 7 stuck	struck
p. 50, l. 3 y <sup>e</sup> broken & seamerent	the seamrent ( <i>B</i> ): the seam-rent ( <i>C</i> )

*A* then is the first edition, *B* the second, and *C* the third. An

example which sums up the evidence given above may be found at p. 16, l. 6. *A* reads 'Stands in a doubt'. The omission of 'a' in *B* spoils the metre. The compositor or 'corrector' of *C* noticed the error, but instead of turning to *A* for the right reading altered 'Stands' into 'Standeth'.

Although *A* and *B* are two separate editions it is clear that the outer forme of the first sheet of *A* (containing sigs. A<sub>1</sub>, A<sub>2v</sub>, A<sub>3</sub>, A<sub>4v</sub>) was still intact when *B* was printed off. A<sub>2v</sub> and A<sub>4v</sub> were untouched, but a few alterations were made in A<sub>1</sub> and A<sub>3</sub>. A<sub>1</sub> is the title-page, of which the first three lines were reset and the date at the foot removed. The appearance of the page is thereby improved, but perhaps we pay Creede too great a compliment in supposing that the changes were made for aesthetic reasons. In the first paragraph on A<sub>3</sub> a ruler placed across the page from the full stop after the head-title to the full stop after 'Horne-booke' will be found to cut the same letters in the same places, a proof that the type was not reset. This test does not hold good in the second paragraph. Moreover, the position of the signature with respect to the letters in the last line is different. The alterations in spacing were partly due, no doubt, to the pulling out of two letters in ll. 16 and 18 (*infra*, p. 4, ll. 15 and 17) during the process of inking: *A* reads 'therefore' and 'little' and *B* 'therfore' and 'litle'. But the type was not necessarily reset.

We can account for the fact that this type was still standing by supposing that Creede printed the title-page, the dedicatory epistle, and the address to the reader in *A* after the body of the work; that is to say, the preliminaries were the last pages to be written by the author and to be received by the printer. It seems likely then that *A* is the first edition, since if Creede had set up *A* from an earlier edition, he would have printed sheet A first and sheet F last. *A* is then most probably the edition confiscated by the authorities, and it is perhaps significant that several copies of *B* and *C* are extant but only one copy of *A*. It follows also that

*B* was printed soon after *A*, for otherwise the type would have been distributed. The fact that the paper in the two copies of *B* in the Bodleian is the same as in the Bodleian copy of *A* (with the exception of sheet E in Wood B. 35) points to the same conclusion. A different paper is used in *C*, which may have come out at any time before Ling gave up business in November 1607.

On the 5th December 1603 Ling, Smethwick, and Browne were fined by the Stationers' Company for printing this pamphlet without entry and without licence. All their copies were confiscated, and they were forbidden to have anything more to do with the book. Smethwick and Browne paid half of their fine in April 1605. Ling paid a fine of £10 on the 1st October 1604 (*S.R.*, ii. 839), but this was probably imposed for another offence. His device is on the title-pages of *A*, *B*, and *C*. Perhaps he made matters smooth with the Company by paying his fine and by getting the pamphlet properly licensed. It contained nothing disorderly. Indeed the fervent loyalty of its sentiments should have commended it to the authorities.

#### NEWES FROM GRAVES-END

ENTRY IN THE STATIONERS' REGISTER : none.

EARLY EDITION :

1604 (Q). For title-page, see facsimile.

*Collation* : 8vo, A-F4. A1 and verso blank. A2 Title, verso blank. A3 'TEE [sic] EPISTLE Dedicatory.' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *The Epistle Dedicatory.* C2 'Newes from Graues-ende.' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *Newes from Graues-ende.* With head and tail ornaments from C2 onwards.

*Signatures* : in Roman. A1, A2, and fourth leaves unsigned.

*Catchwords* : A3. Patrons, B1. those C1. to D1. Does E1. Looking F1. And (All in Roman.)

*Copies used* : that in the Bodleian [Wood 112. (6)] and that formerly at Britwell Court. The Britwell copy lacks the blank leaf, A1. Two variant readings have been noticed. See the critical apparatus on

pp. 79 and 81. No other copies appear to be extant. The Britwell copy was purchased at the sale of Heber's Library in 1834 for £2 9s. (cf. *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, Pt. IV, p. 205). Heber bought it from Thorpe in December 1820 for £7 7s. On 3 April 1924 it was sold to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach for £20 (Sotheby, Sale Catalogue, no. 582). It is now in the Huntington Library.

## MODERN EDITION :

1925. The present edition.

The text is set up from rotographs of the Bodleian copy. The Britwell copy supplies some letters in the marginal notes (pp. 89, 96, and 102) which are cut off in the Bodleian copy: letters printed in square brackets are wanting in both copies.

## THE MEETING OF GALLANTS

ENTRY IN THE STATIONERS' REGISTER : none.

## EARLY EDITION :

1604 (Q). For title-page, see facsimile.

*Collation* : 4to, A-D<sup>4</sup>. A<sub>1</sub> Title, verso blank. A<sub>2</sub> 'A Dialogue betweene Warre, Famine, and the Pestilence, . . .' B.L. with Rom. and Ital. R-T. A Dialogue betweene | Warre, Famine, and Pestilence. B<sub>1</sub> 'THE MEETING of Gallants at an Ordinarie. . . .' B.L. with Rom. and Ital. R-T. The Meeting of Gallants | At an Ordinarie. D<sub>3</sub><sup>v</sup>, D<sub>4</sub>, and D<sub>4</sub><sup>v</sup> blank.

*Signatures* : in B.L. A<sub>1</sub>, D<sub>3</sub>, and fourth leaves are unsigned. D<sub>2</sub> is misprinted O<sub>2</sub>.

*Catchwords* : A<sub>2</sub>. No B<sub>1</sub>. honest C<sub>1</sub>. Of D<sub>1</sub>. chance (That on C<sub>1</sub> in Roman, the others in Black Letter.)

*Copies used* : the two copies in the Bodleian. The press-marks are Wood 616. (5) and Malone 635. The Malone copy lacks D<sub>4</sub>. These copies differ in the running-title of sig. C<sub>4</sub><sup>v</sup> : in the Malone copy this is 'at an Ordinarie', in the Wood copy (rightly) 'The Meeting of Gallants'. A few hyphens and stops which do not appear in the one copy are supplied from the other. These are the only differences that have been noticed.

*Another copy* at one time in the possession of Chalmers and later of Daniel was sold in 1864 for £81 and in 1874 for £70. See *Auction Prices Of Books* (ed. L. S. Livingston), iii. 198. I have not traced this copy.

## MODERN EDITIONS :

1841. The Meeting Of Gallants At An Ordinarie : . . . Edited By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. London : Reprinted For The Percy Society, By C. Richards, St. Martin's Lane. MDCCCLXLI. This is a reprint of the copy in Malone 635.

1925. The present edition.

The text is set up from rotographs of the copy in Wood 616.

## NOTE.

This pamphlet has two conclusions—at sig. D1 and at sig. D3. All that follows after p. 129, l. 24, may be an addition which the author tacked on without troubling to fit it into the preceding part, or perhaps with the purpose—not fulfilled by the printer—of deleting ll. 21–4 on page 129. Q is possibly a second and enlarged edition.

## A ROD FOR RUN-AWAYES

ENTRY IN THE STATIONERS' REGISTER : none.

## EARLY EDITIONS :

1625 (A). For title-page, see facsimile.

*Collation* : 4to, A-D4. D4 Title, verso blank. A1 'TO THE NOBLE Gentleman, . . .' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *The Epistle Dedicatory*. A2 'To the Reader.' Ital. with Rom. R-T. To the Reader. A3 'Gods Tokens, Of His fearefull Judgements.' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *Gods Tokens : or, | A Rod for Run-awayes*.

*Signatures* : in Roman except A2 which is in Italic. A1 and fourth leaves are unsigned.

*Catchwords* : A1. testifie A2. None A3. euery B1. doe C1. [be-]fore D1. com- [comforted] (That on A2 in Italics, the others in Roman.)

*Copies used* : that in the Ashley Library and that formerly in the Bridgewater Library and now in the Huntington Library. No other copies appear to be extant. Three variant readings have been noticed, all on sig. B1. They are given in the critical apparatus.

1625 (B). *A Rod for Run-awayes. | In which flight of theirs, if they looke backe, they may | behold many fearefull Judgements*

of God, sundry wayes pronounced vpon this City, and on seuerall persons, both flying from it, and staying in it. | *Expressed in many dreadfull Examples of sudden Death, faine upon both young and old, within this City, and the Suburbes, in the Fields, and open Streets, to the terroure of all those who liue, and to the warning of those who are to dye, to be ready when God Almighty shall bee pleased to call them.* | *With additions of some new Accidents.* | *Written by Tho. D.* | [Woodcut as in *A*] | Printed at London for John Trundle, and are to be sold at his Shop in Smithfield. 1625.

*Collation:* 4to, A-C<sup>4</sup>. A<sub>1</sub> Title, verso blank. A<sub>2</sub> 'TO THE NOBLE Gentleman, . . .' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *The Epistle Dedicatory.* A<sub>3</sub> 'To the Reader that flyes, . . .' Ital. with Rom. R-T. To the Reader. A<sub>4</sub> 'God his fearefull Judgements.' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *Gods Tokens:* or, | *A Rod for Run-awayes.*

*Signatures:* in Roman except A<sub>3</sub> which is in Italics. A<sub>1</sub> and fourth leaves are unsigned.

*Catchwords:* A<sub>2</sub>. testifie A<sub>3</sub>. goods, A<sub>4</sub>. Sword B<sub>1</sub>. soules C<sub>1</sub>. But (That on A<sub>3</sub> in Italics, the others in Roman.)

*Copy used:* the apparently unique copy in the Bodleian (Malone 601). Malone bought it at the sale of Isaac Reed's Library in 1807 for £7 10s. (*Bibliotheca Reediana*, No. 1989).

#### MODERN EDITIONS :

1885 (G). The Non-Dramatic Works Of Thomas Dekker . . . Collected And Edited . . . By The Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. Vol. IV, pp. 267-310.

A reprint of the Bodleian copy of *B*.

1925. The present edition.

The text is set up from rotographs of the Bridgewater copy of *A*. The facsimile of the title, however, has been taken from Mr. Wise's copy, as the title of the Bridgewater copy is imperfect. The critical apparatus records all differences between *A* and *B* except unimportant points of spelling and punctuation. On these points *A* is probably nearer to Dekker's MS. than *B*. The only passage of any importance which appears in *B* but not in *A* is

given on pp. 169-71. On the other hand, *A* contains many lines which are omitted in *B*. In this case therefore it has been found convenient to depart from the usual custom of basing the text on the last edition corrected by the author.

**NOTE.** The type of the title-page and of the first two leaves of *A* had not been distributed when *B* went to press. It is clear that the following were not reset in *B*: ll. 6-10 of the title-page; sigs. A<sub>2</sub> and A<sub>2v</sub>, where the only changes are the addition of the register of the signature on A<sub>2</sub> and the removal of the comma after 'And euer rest' on A<sub>2v</sub> (p. 137, l. 20); sigs. A<sub>3</sub> and A<sub>3v</sub>, where several alterations have been made in type that was still standing. The rest of the pamphlet is reset, the Roman type in *B* being smaller (20 ll. = 82 mm.) than that in *A* (20 ll. = 93 mm.).

### LONDON LOOKE BACKE

ENTRY IN THE STATIONERS' REGISTER : none.

#### EARLY EDITION :

1630 (*Q*). For title-page, see facsimile.

*Collation* : 4to, A-B<sub>4</sub>, C<sub>2</sub>. A<sub>1</sub> Title, verso blank. A<sub>2</sub> 'London Looke Backe.' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *London looke backe.* C<sub>2</sub> (probably blank) is missing in the only copy known.

*Signatures* : in Roman. A<sub>1</sub> and fourth leaves unsigned.

*Catchwords* : A<sub>2</sub>. the B<sub>1</sub>. hand C<sub>1</sub>. Beggar (All in Roman.)

*Copy used* : that in the Guildhall Library. This copy appears to be unique.

#### MODERN EDITION:

1925. The present edition.

The text is set up from rotographs of the Guildhall copy.

THE BLACKE ROD

ENTRY IN THE STATIONERS' REGISTER : none.

EARLY EDITION :

1630 (Q). For title-page, see facsimile.

*Collation* : 4to, A-C4. A1 Title, verso blank. A2 'THE BLACKE AND WHITE ROD.' Rom. with Ital. R-T. *The Blacke and White Rod.* C4 and verso blank.

*Signatures* : in Roman. A1 and fourth leaves unsigned.

*Pagination* : from A2 (1) to C3<sup>v</sup> (20).

*Catchwords* : A2. What's B1. to C1. haue (All in Roman.)

*Copy used* : that at Britwell Court. This copy appears to be unique. At the Gordonstoun Sale in 1816 (no. 1369) it sold with two theological works for four shillings, and at the Heber Sale in 1835 (part vii, no. 3800) it went for six shillings.

MODERN EDITION :

1925. The present edition.

The text is set up from rotographs of the Britwell copy.

## NOTE ON THE TEXT

Black-letter texts are printed in Roman. Words in Roman or Italic type in a black-letter text are printed in Italic. The only exceptions to this practice are at p. 14, ll. 1-16, p. 14, l. 20-p. 17, l. 18, p. 18, ll. 4-26, p. 21, l. 26-p. 22, l. 32, in the marginal notes on pp. 1-26, and in the head-titles, headings, and names of characters in *The Meeting of Gallants*; in these places the Roman and Italic type of the original has been preserved. Some, but not all, of the ornaments and ornamental initials have been reproduced.

I have kept to the punctuation of the originals too much to please some, too little to please others. But I hope I have been consistent in altering only those stops which are wrong according to the Elizabethan practice or which are likely seriously to mislead the modern reader.

The following deviations from the copy-text are not recorded :  
(a) turned letters, unless these may be mistaken for other letters (e.g. n for u) when they are treated as the letters which they resemble, (b) letters and stops of wrong fount : stops are printed in the main type of the sentence to which they belong, (c) errors and differences of type and spelling in the running-titles, (d) hyphens in words divided at the end of the line : these I have omitted or preserved according to my judgement.

The end of the page is marked by the stroke | placed after the last word and before the catchword. The signature in the margin refers to the page which follows it.

1603.

# THE VVON= i derfull yeare.

Wherein is shewed the picture of London, ly-  
ing sicke of the Plague.

At the ende of all (like a mery Epilogue to a dull Play) cer-  
taine Tales are cut out in sundry fashions, of purpose  
to shorten the liues of long winters nightis,  
that lye watching in the darke for vs.

Et merigidi legant Catones.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be tolde  
in Saint Donstones Church-yarde  
in Fleet-streete.

1603.



A<sub>2</sub> T O H I S W E L-

R E S P E C T E D G O O D

friend, M. *Cuthbert Thuresby, Water-Bailiffe of London.*

Bookes are but poore gifts, yet *Kings* receiue them : vpō which, I presume, you will not turne *This* out of doores. You cannot for shame, but bid it welcome, because it bringes to you a great quantitie of my loue, which, if it be worth little, (and no maruell if *Loue* be solde vnder-foote, 10 when the God of *Loue* himselfe, goes naked) yet I hope you will not say you haue a hard bargaine, Sithēce you may take as much of it as you please for nothing. I haue clapt the *Cognizance* of your name, on these scribbled papers, it is their liuery : So that now they are yours : being free frō any vile imputation, saue only, that they thrust themselues into your acquaintance. But generall errors, haue generall 12<sup>v</sup> pardons : for the title , of other mens names, is the common *Heraldry* which all those laie claime too, whose crest is a Pen-and-Inckhorne. If you read, you may happilie laugh ; 20 tis my desire you should, because mirth is both *Phisicall*, and wholesome against the *Plague*, with which sicknes, (to tell truth) this booke is, (though not sorely) yet somewhat infected. I pray, drieue it not out of your companie for all that ; for (assure your soule) I am so iealous of your health, that if you did but once imagine, there were gall in mine Incke, I would cast away the Standish, and forsware meddling with anie more *Muses*.

[A, first edition ; B, second edition ; C, third edition M, text in Morgan's *Phœnix Britannicus* ; G, Grosart's text.] 3 Wa- B, C  
19 Pen-and-Inckhorne C : Pen-and Inckhorne A, B



## To the Reader.

A3

AND why to the *Reader*? Oh good Sir! theres as sound  
a law to make you giue good words to the *Reader*, as to  
a Constable when he caryes his watch about him to tell  
how the night goes, tho (perhaps) the one (oftentimes) may  
be serued in for a *Goose*, and the other very fitly furnish the  
same messe: Yet to mainteine the scuruy fashion, and to  
keepe *Custome* in reparations, he must be honyed, and come-  
ouer with *Gentle Reader*, *Courteous Reader*, and *Learned  
Reader*, though he haue no more *Gentilitie* in him than 10  
*Adam* had (that was but a gardner) no more *Ciuility* than  
a *Tartar*, and no more *Learning* than the most errand  
*Stinkard*, that (except his owne name) could neuer finde  
any thing in the Horne-booke.

How notoriously therefore do good wits dishonor not only  
their *Calling*, but euuen their *Creation*, that worship *Glow-*  
*wormes* (in stead of the *Sun*) because of a little false glistering?  
In the name of *Phæbus* what madnes leades them vnto it?  
For he that dares hazard a pressing to death (thats to say,  
*To be a man in print*) must make account that he shall stand 20  
(like the old Wethercock ouer Powles Steeple) to be beaten  
with all stormes. Neither the stinking Tobacco-breath of  
a *Sattin-gull*, the *Aconited* sting of a narrow-eyd *Critick*, the  
faces of a phantastick Stage-monkey, nor the *Indeede-la* of  
a Puritanicall Citizen, must once shake him. No, but  
desperately resolute (like a french Post) to ride through thick  
& thin: indure to see his lines torne pittifullly on the rack:

suffer his Muse to take the *Bastoone*, yea the very stab, & himselfe like a new stake to be a marke for euery *Hagler*, and therefore (setting vp all these rests) why shuld he regard

A3<sup>v</sup> what fooles bolt is shot at him? ; Besides, if that which he presents vpon the Stage of the world be *Good*, why should he basely cry out (with that old poetical mad-cap in his *Amphitruo*) *Iouis summi causa clarè plaudite*, beg a *Plaudite* for God-sake! If *Bad*, who (but an *Asse*) would intreate (as Players do in a cogging *Epilogue* at the end of a filthie  
10 Comedy) that, be it neuer such wicked stufte, they would forbearre to hisse, or to dam it perpetually to lye on a Stationers stall. For he that can so cosen himselfe, as to pocket vp praise in that silly sort, makes his braines fat with his owne folly.

But *Hinc Pudor!* or rather *Hinc Dolor*, heeres the Diuell ! It is not the ratling of all this former haile-shot, that can terrifie our *Band* of *Castalian Pen-men* from entring into the field : no, no, the murdring *Artillery* indeede lyes in the roaring mouthes of a company that looke big as if they were  
20 the sole and singular *Commanders* ouer the maine Army of *Poesy*, yet (if *Hermes muster-booke* were searcht ouer) theile be found to be most pitifull pure fresh-water souldiers : they giue out, that they are heires-apparent to *Helicon*, but an easy *Herald* may make them meere yonger brothers, or (to say troth) not so much. Beare witnes all you whose wits make you able to be witnesses in this case, that heere I medle not with your good Poets, *Nam tales, nusquam sunt hic amplius*, If you should rake hell, or (as *Aristophanes* in his *Frog* sayes) in any Celler deeper than hell, it is hard to  
30 finde Spirits of that *Fashion*. But those Goblins whom

I now am coniuring vp, haue bladder-cheekes puft out like a *Swizzers* breeches (yet beeing prickt, there comes out nothing but wind) thin-headed fellowes that liue vpon the scraps of inuention, and trauell with such vagrant soules, and so like Ghosts in white sheetes of paper, that the Statute of Rogues may worthily be sued vpon them, because their wits haue no abiding place, and yet wander without a passe-port. Alas, poore wenches (the nine Muses !) how much are you wrongd, to haue such a number of Bastards lying vpō your hands? But turne them out a begging ; or if you can 10 not be rid of their Riming-company (as I thinke it will be very hard) then lay your heauie and immortall curse vpon them, | that whatsoeuer they weauē (in the motley-loome A4 of their rusty pates) may like a beggers cloake, be full of stolne patches, and yet neuer a patch like one another, that it may be such true lamentable stuffe, that any honest Christian may be sory to see it. Banish these *Word-pirates* (you sacred mistresses of learning) into the gulfe of *Bar-barisme* : doome them euerlastingly to liue among dunces : let them not once lick their lips at the *Thespian* bowle, but 20 only be glad (and thanke *Apollo* for it too) if hereafter (as hitherto they haue always) they may quench their poeticall thirst with small beere. Or if they will needes be stealing your *Heliconian Nectar*, let them (like the dogs of *Nylus*) only lap and away. For this *Goatish* swarme are those (that where for these many thousand yeares you went for pure maides) haue taken away your good names, these are they that deflowre your beauties. These are those ranck-riders of Art, that haue so spur-gald your lustie wingd *Pegasus*, that now he begins to be out of flesh, and (euen only for 30 prouander-sake) is glad to shew tricks like *Bancks* his Curtall.

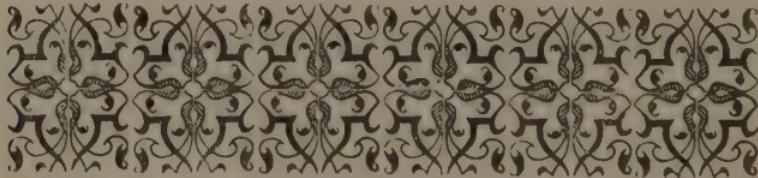
O you Booke-sellers (that are Factors to the Liberall Sciences) ouer whose Stalls these Drones do dayly flye, humming ; let *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Euripides*, and some other mad Greekes with a band of the Latines, lye like musket-shot in their way, when these Gothes and Getes set vpon you in your paper fortifications ; it is the only Canon, vpon whose mouth they dare not venture, none but the English will take their parts, therefore feare them not, for such a strong breath haue these cheese-eaters, that if they do but blow vpō a booke,  
10 they imagine straight tis blasted, *Quod supra nos, Nihil ad nos*, (they say) that which is aboue our capacitie, shall not passe vnder our commendation. Yet would I haue these Zoilists (of all other) to reade me, if euer I should write any thing worthily, for the blame that knowne-fooles heape vpon a deseruing labour does not discredit the same, but makes wise men more perfectly in loue with it. Into such a ones hands therefore if I fortune to fall, I will not shrinke an inch, but euen when his teeth are sharpest, and most readie to bite, I will stop his mouth only with this, *Hæc mala sunt,*  
20 *sed tu, non meliora facis.*



## Reader.

A4v

WHereas there stands in the Rere-ward of this Booke a certaine mingled Troope of strange Discourses, fashioned into Tales, Know, that the intelligence which first brought them to light, was onely flying Report: whose tongue (as it often does) if in spredding them it haue tript in any materiall point, and either slipt too farre, or falne too short, beare with the error, and the rather, because it is not wilfully committed. Neither let any one (whome those Reports shall seeme to touch) cauill, or complaine of iniury, sithence nothing is set downe by a 10 malitious hand. Farewell.





# B<sub>i</sub> THE WONDER- full yeare.



*Ertumnus* being attired in his accustomed habit of changeable silke, had newly passed through the first and principall Court-gate of heauen: to whom for a farewell, and to shewe how dutifull he was in his office, *Ianus* (that beares two faces vnder

Vertumnus  
God of the  
yeare.

Description  
of the  
Spring.

one hood) made a very mannerly lowe legge, and (because he was the onely Porter at that gate) presented vnto this King of the monethes, all the New-yeares gifts, which were more in number, and more worth then those that are giuen to the great Turke, or the Emperour of *Persia*: on went *Vertumnus* in his lustie progresse, *Priapus*, *Flora*, the *Dryades*, and *Hamadryades*, with all the wooden rabble of those that drest Orchards and Gardens, perfuming all the wayes that he went, with the sweete Odours that breath'd from flowers, hearbes and trees, which now began to peepe out of prison: by vertue of which excellent aires, the skie got a most cleare complexion, lookt smug and smoothe, and had not so

Vpon the  
23 of  
Marche  
the Spring  
begins, by  
reason of  
the Sunnes  
entrance  
into Aries.

much as a wart sticking on her face : the Sunne likewise was freshly and verie richly apparelled in cloth of gold like a bridegroome ; and in stead of gilded Rosemary, the hornes of the Ramme, (being the signe of that celestiall bride-house where he laie, to be marryed to the Spring) were not like your common hornes parcell-gilt, but double double-gilt, with the liquid gold that melted from his beames : for ioy whereof the Larke sung at his windowe euery morning,

the Nightingale euery night : the Cuckooe (like a single-sole Fidler, that reeles from Tauerne to Br<sup>v</sup> Tauerne) plide it all the day long : Lambes friske vp and downe in the vallies, Kids and Goates leapt too and fro on the Mountaines : Shepheards sat piping, country wenches singing : Louers made Sonnets for their Lasses, whilst they made Garlands for their Louers : And as the Country was frolicke, so was the Citie mery : Olie Trees (which grow no where but in the Garden of peace) stood (as common as Beech does at Midsomer,) at euery mans doore, braunches 20 of Palme were in euery mans hande : Streetes were full of people, people full of ioy : euery house seemde to haue a Lorde of misrule in it, in euery house there was so much iollity : no Scritch-Owle frighted the silly Countryman at midnight, nor any Drum the Citizen at noone-day ; but all was more calme than a still water, all husht, as if the Spheres had bene playing in Consort : In conclusion, heauen lookt like a Pallace, and the great hall of the earth, like a Paradise. But O the short-liu'de Felicitie of man ! O 30

7 parcell B, C : parcoll A

world of what slight and thin stiffe is thy happinesse !  
Just in the midst of this iocund Holliday, a storme  
rises in the West : Westward (from the toppe of  
a *Ritch-mount*) descended a hidious tempest, that  
shooke Cedars, terrified the tallest Pines, and cleft in  
sunder euen the hardest hearts of Oake : And if such  
great trees were shaken, what thinke you became of  
the tender Eglantine, and humble Hawthorne? they  
could not (doubtlesse) but droope, they could not  
choose but die with the terror. The Element (taking  
the Destinies part, who indeed set abroach this mis-  
chiefe) scowled on the earth, and filling her hie fore-  
head full of blacke wrinkles, tumbling long vp and  
downe, (like a great bellyed wife) her sighes being  
whirlewindes, and her grones thunder, at length she  
fell in labour, and was deliuered of a pale, meagre,  
weake childe, named *Sicknesse*, whom Death (with  
a pestilence) would needes take vpon him to nurse,  
and did so. This starueling being come to his full  
growth, had an office giuen him for nothing (and that's  
a wonder in this age) Death made him his Herauld :  
attirde him like a Courtier, and (in his name) chargde  
him to goe into the Priuie Chamber of the English  
Queene, to sommon her to appeare in the Star-chamber  
of heauen.

The sommons made her start, but (hauing an in-  
vincible spirit) did not amaze her : yet whom would  
not the certaine newes of parting from a Kingdome  
amaze ! But she knewe where to finde a richer, and  
therefore lightlie regarded the losse of this, and there- Her death.

2 Hollday A: Holy-day B, C

The  
Queenes  
sicknes.

upon made readie for that heauenlie Coronation, being (which was most strange) most dutifull to obay, that had so many yeares so powrefully commaunded. She obeyed deaths messenger, and yeelded her body to the hands of death himselfe. She dyed, resigning her Scepter to posteritie, and her Soule to immortallitie.

The report of her death (like a thunder-clap) was able to kill thousands, it tooke away hearts from millions: for hauing brought vp (euen vnder her wing) a nation that was almost begotten and borne vnder her; that neuer shouted any other *Aue* than for her name, neuer sawe the face of any Prince but her selfe, neuer vnderstoode what that strange outlandish word *Change* signified, how was it possible, but that her sicknes should throw abroad an vniuersall feare, and her death an astonishment? She was the Courtiers treasure, therefore he had cause to mourne: the Lawyers sword of iustice, he might well faint: the Merchants patronesse, he had reason to looke pale: the Citizens mother, he might best lament: the Shepherds Goddessse, and should not he droope? Onely the Souldier, who had walkt a long time vpon wodden legs, and was not able to giue Armes, though he were a Gentleman, had brisseld vp the quills of his stiffe Porcupine mustachio, and swore by no beggers that now was the houre come for him to bestirre his stumps: Vsurers and Brokers (that are the Diuels Ingles, and dwell in the long-lane of hell) quakt like aspen leaues at his oathes: those that before were the only cut-throates in *London*, now stoode in feare of no

The  
generall  
terror that  
her death  
bred.

other death : but my *Signior Soldado* was deceaued, the Tragedie went not forward.

Neuer did the English Nation behold so much blacke worne as there was at her Funerall : It was then but put on, to try if it were fit, for the great day of mourning was set downe (in the booke of heauen) to be held afterwards : that was but the dumb shew, the Tragical Act hath bin playing euer since. Her Herse (as it was borne) seemed to be an Iland swimming in water, for round about it there rayned showers of teares, about her death-bed none : for her departure was so sudden and so strange, that men knew not how to weepe, because they had neuer bin taught to shed teares of that making. They that durst not speake their sorrowes, whisperd them : they that durst not whisper, sent them foorth in sighes. Oh what an Earth-quake is the alteration of a State ! Looke from the Chamber of Presence, to the Farmers cottage, and you shall finde nothing but distraction : the whole Kingdome seemes a wildernes, and the people in it are transformed to wild men. The Map of a Countrey so pittifullie distracted by the horror of a change, if you desire perfectlie to behold, cast your eyes then on this that followes, which being heretofore in priuate presented to the King, I thinke may very worthily shew it selfe before you : And because you shall see them attirde in the same fashion that they wore before his Maiesty, let these fewe lines (which stoode then as Prologue to the rest) enter first into your eares.

**N**Ot for applauses, shallow fooles aduenture,  
 I plunge my verse into a sea of censure,  
 But with a liuer drest in gall, to see  
 So many Rookes, catch-polls of poesy,  
 That feede vpon the fallings of hye wit,  
 And put on cast inuentions, most vnfite,  
 For such am I prest forth in shops and stalls,  
 Pasted in Powles, and on the Lawyers walls,  
 For euery Basilisk-eyde Criticks bait,  
 To kill my verse, or poison my conceit,  
 Or some smoakt gallant, who at wit repines,  
 To dry Tobacco with my holesome lines,  
 And in one paper sacrifice more braine,  
 Than all his ignorant scull could ere containe :  
 But merit dreads no martirdome, nor stroke,  
 My lines shall liue, when he shall be all smoke.

Thus farre the Prologue, who leauing the Stage cleere,  
 the feares that are bred in the womb of this altring king-  
 dome do next step vp, acting thus :

**T**He great impostume of the realme was drawne  
 Euen to a head : the multitudinous spawne  
 Was the corruption, which did make it swell  
 With hop'd sedition (the burnt seed of hell.)  
 Who did expect but ruine, bloud, and death,  
 To share our kingdome, and deuide our breath?  
 Religions without religion,  
 To let each other bloud, confusion  
 To be next Queene of *England*, and this yeere  
 The ciuill warres of *France* to be plaid heere

25 breath ? *A*, *B* : breath. *C*

10

B3

20

By Englishmen, ruffians, and pandaring slaues,  
That faine would dig vp gowty vsurers graues :  
At such a time, villaines their hopes do honey,  
And rich men looke as pale as their white money.  
Now they remoue, and make their siluer sweate,  
Casting themselues into a couetous heate,  
And then (vnseene) in the confederate darke,  
Bury their gold without or Priest or Clarke,  
And say no prayers ouer that dead pelfe,  
True : gold's no Christian, but an Indian elfe.  
Did not the very kingdome seeme to shake  
Her pretious massie limbs? did she not make  
All english cities (like her pulses) beate  
With people in their veines? the feare so great,  
That had it not bin phisickt with rare peace,  
Our populous bower had lessend her increase.  
The spring-time that was dry, had spong in bloud,  
A greater dearth of men, than e're of foode :  
In such a panting time, and gasping yeere,  
Victuals are cheapest, only men are deere.  
Now each wise-acred Landlord did despaire,  
Fearing some villaine should become his heire,  
Or that his sonne and heire before his time,  
Should now turne villaine, and with violence clime  
Vp to his life, saying, father you haue seene !  
King *Henry*, *Edward*, *Mary*, and the Queene,  
I wonder you'l lieue longer ! then he tells him  
Hees loth to see him kild, therfore he kills him.  
And each vast Landlord dyes lyke a poore slau,  
Their thousand acres make them but a graue.

2 graues : *B, C* : graues, *A*11 shake *B, C* : shake, *A*16 bower *A, B* : power *C*30 graue. *M, G* : graue, *A, B, C*

At such a time, great men conuey theyr treasure  
 Into the trusty City : wayt the leisure  
 Of bloud and insurrection, which warre clips,  
 When euery gate shutts vp her Iron lips ;  
 Imagine now a mighty man of dust,  
 Stands in a doubt, what seruant he may trust,  
 With plate worth thousands : Iewels worth farre more,  
 If he proue false, then his rich Lord proues poore:  
 He calls forth one by one, to note theyr graces,  
 Whilst they make legs, he copies out theyr faces,  
 Examines theyr eye-browe, consters theyr beard,  
 Singles theyr Nose out, still he rests afeard,  
 The first that comes, by no meanes heele allow,  
 Has spyyed three Hares starting betweene his brow,  
 Quite turnes the word, names it Celeritic,  
 For Hares do run away, and so may hee,  
 A second shewne : him he will scarce behold,  
 His beard's too red, the colour of his gold,  
 A third may please him, but tis hard to say,  
 A rich man's pleasde, whē his goods part away.  
 And now do cherrup by, fine golden nests  
 Of well hatcht bowles : such as do breed in feasts,  
 For warre and death cupboards of plate downe pulls,  
 Then *Bacchus* drinkes not in gilt-bowles, but sculls.  
 Let me descend and stoope my verse a while,  
 To make the Comicke cheeke of Poesie smile ;  
 Ranck peny-fathers scud (with their halfe hammes,  
 Shadowing theyr calues) to sauē theyr siluer dammes,

4 lips *B* : lips, *C*      6 Stands in doubt *B* : Standeth in doubt *C*  
 8 poore : *B*, *C* : poore *A*      11 beard, *B*, *C* : beard *A*

At euery gun they start, tilt from the ground,  
One drum can make a thousand Vsurers sounnd.  
In vnsought Allies and vnholesome places,  
Back-wayes and by-lanes, where appeare fewe faces, |  
B4 In shamble-smelling roomes, loathsome prospects,  
And penny-lattice-windowes, which reiects  
All popularitie : there the rich Cubs lurke,  
When in great houses ruffians are at worke,  
Not dreaming that such glorious booties lye  
10 Vnder those nasty roofes : such they passe by  
Without a search, crying there's nought for vs,  
And wealthy men deceiue poore villaines thus.  
Tongue-trauelling Lawyers faint at such a day,  
Lye speechlesse, for they haue no words to say,  
Phisitions turne to patients, theyr Arts dry,  
For then our fat men without phisick dye.  
And to conclude, against all Art and good,  
Warre taints the Doctor, lets the Surgeon blood.

Such was the fashion of this Land, when the great Land-  
20 Lady thereof left it : Shee came in with the fall of the leafe,  
and went away in the Spring : her life (which was dedicated  
to Virginitie,) both beginning & closing vp a miraculous  
Mayden circle : for she was borne vpon a Lady Eue, and  
died vpon a Lady Eue : her Natiuitie & death being memor-  
able by this wonder : the first and last yeares of her Raigne  
by this, that a *Lee* was Lorde Maior when she came to the  
Crown, and a *Lee* Lorde Maior when she departed from  
it. Three places are made famous by her for three things  
*Greenwich* for her birth, *Richmount* for her death, *White-*

14 say. B, C

22 Virginitie,) G : Virginitie) M : Virginitie, A, B, C

*Hall* for her Funerall: vpon her remouing from whence,  
(to lend our tiring prose a breathing time) stay, and looke  
vpon these *Epigrams*, being composed.

1. Vpon the Queenes last Remoue  
*being dead.*

**T**He Queene's remou'de in solemne sort,  
Yet this was strange, and seldome scene,  
The Queene vsde to remoue the Court,  
But now the Court remou'de the Queene. |

2. *Vpon her bringing by water  
to White Hall.*

B4<sup>v</sup>

11

**T**He Queene was brought by water to White Hall,  
At euery stroake the owers teares let fall.  
More clung about the Barge: Fish vnder water  
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swom blind after.  
I thinke the Barge-men might with easier thyres  
Haue rowde her thither in her peoples eyes.  
For howsoe're, thus much my thoughts haue skand,  
S'had come by water, had she come by land.

3. Vpon her lying dead at  
*White Hall.*

20

**T**He Queene lies now at White Hall dead,  
And now at White Hall liuing,  
To make this rough obiection cuen,  
Dead at White Hall in Westminster,  
But liuing at White-Hall in Heauen.

3 composed. *A, B*: composed, *C*

25 in] at *B, C*

Thus you see that both in her life and her death  
she was appointed to be the mirror of her time : And  
surely, if since the first stone that was layd for the  
foundation of this great house of the world, there was  
euer a yeareordeined to be wondred at, it is only  
this : the *Sibils, Octogesimus, Octauis Annus*, that same  
terrible 88. which came sayling hither in the Spanish  
Armada, and made mens hearts colder then the frozen  
Zone, when they heard but an inckling of it : that  
10 88. by whose horrible predictions, Almanack-makers  
stoode in bodily feare, their trade would be vtterly  
ouerthrowne, and poore *Erra Pater* was threatned  
(because he was a Iew) to be put to baser offices, than  
the stopping of mustard-pots, that same 88. which  
had more prophecies waiting at his heeles, than euer  
Merlin the Magitian had in his head, was a yeare of  
C<sub>1</sub> *Iubile* to this. *Platoes Mirabilis ; Annus*, (whither it  
be past alreadie, or to come within these foure yeares)  
may throwe *Platoes* cap at *Mirabilis*, for that title of  
20 wonderfull is bestowed vpon 1603. If that sacred  
Aromatically-perfumed fire of wit (out of whose flames  
*Phœnix* poesie doth arise) were burning in any brest,  
I would feede it with no other stufte for a twelue-  
moneth and a day than with kindling papers full of  
lines, that should tell only of the chances, changes, and  
strange shapes that this Protean Climactericall yeare  
hath metamorphosed himselfe into. It is able to finde  
ten Chroniclers a competent liuing, and to set twentie  
Printers at worke. You shall perceiue I lye not, if  
30 (with *Peter Bales*) you will take the paines to drawe  
the whole volume of it into the compasse of a pennie.

1603. A  
more  
wonderfull  
yeere than  
88.

As first, to begin with the Queenes death, then the Kingdomes falling into an Ague vpon that. Next, followes the curing of that feauer by the wholesome receipt of a proclaymed King. That wonder begat more, for in an houre, two mightie Nations were made one : wilde *Ireland* became tame on the sudden, and some English great ones that before seemed tame, on the sudden turned wilde : The same Parke which great *Iulius Cæsar* inclosd, to hold in that Deere whom they before hunted, being now circled (by a second *Cæsar*) <sup>10</sup> with stronger pales to keepe them from leaping ouer. And last of all (if that wonder be the last and shut vp the yeare) a most dreadfull plague. This is the Abstract, and yet (like Stowes Chronicle in *Decimo sexto* to huge *Hollinshead*) these small pricks in this Sea-card of ours, represent mightie Countreys ; whilst I haue the quill in my hand, let me blow them bigger.

The Queene being honored with a Diadem of Starres, *France*, *Spaine*, and *Belgia*, lift vp their heads, preparing to do asmuch for *England* by giuing ayme, <sup>20</sup> whilst she shot arrowes at her owne brest (as they imagined) as she had done (many a yeare together) for them : and her owne Nation betted on their sides, looking with distracted countenance for no better guests than Ciuill Sedition, Vprores, Rapes, Murders, and Massacres. But the wheele of Fate turned, a better Lottery was drawne, *Pro Troia stabat Apollo*, God stuck valiantlie to vs, For behold, vp rises a comfortable Sun out of the North, whose glorious | beames <sup>CIV</sup> (like a fan) dispersed all thick and contagious clowdes. <sup>30</sup>

The losse of a Queene, was paid with the double interest of a King and Queene. The Cedar of her gouerment which stoode alone and bare no fruit, is changed now to an Olieue, vpon whose spreading branches grow both Kings and Queenes. Oh it were able to fill a hundred paire of writing tables with notes, but to see the parts plaid in the compasse of one houre on the stage of this new-found world ! Vpon Thurseyday it was treason to cry God sauē king *Iames* king  
to of *England*, and vpon Friday hye treason not to cry so. In the morning no voice heard but murmures and lamentation, at noone nothing but shoutes of gladnes & triumph. *S. George* and *S. Andrew* that many hundred yeares had defied one another, were now sworne brothers : *England* and *Scotland* (being parted only with a narrow Riuier, and the people of both Empires speaking a language lesse differing than english within it selfe, as tho prouidence had enacted, that one day those two Nations should marry one another)  
20 are now made sure together, and king *Iames* his Coronation, is the solemne wedding day. Happiest of all thy Ancestors (thou mirror of all Princes that euer were or are) that at seauen of the clock wert a king but ouer a peece of a little Iland, and before eleuen the greatest Monarch in Christendome. Now

King  
*Iames* pro-  
claymed.

— Siluer Crowds

Of blisfull Angels and tryed Martirs tread  
On the Star-seeling ouer *Englands* head :  
Now heauen broke into a wonder, and brought forth  
30 Our *omne bonum* from the holesome North

*The wonderfull yeare.*

(Our fruitfull souereigne) *James*, at whose dread name  
 Rebellion swounded, and (ere since) became  
 Groueling and nerue-lesse, wanting bloud to nourish,  
 For Ruine gnawes her selfe when kingdomes flourish.  
 Now are our hopes planted in regall springs,  
 Neuer to wither, for our aire breedes kings :  
 And in all ages (from this soueraigne time)  
*England* shall still be cald the royll clime.  
 Most blisfull Monarch of all earthen powers,  
 Seru'd with a messe of kingdomes, foure such bowers | 10  
 (For prosperous hives, and rare industrious swarmes) C2  
 The world conteines not in her solid armes.  
 O thou that art the Meeter of our dayes,  
 Poets Apollo ! deale thy Daphnean bayes  
 To those whose wits are bay-trees, euer greene,  
 Vpon whose hye tops, Poesy chirps vnseene :  
 Such are most fit, t'apparell Kings in rimes,  
 Whose siluer numbers are the Muses chimes,  
 Whose spritely caracters (being once wrought on)  
 Out-liue the marble th'are insculpt vpon : 20  
 Let such men chant thy vertues, then they flye  
 On Learnings wings vp to Eternitie.  
 As for the rest, that limp (in cold desert)  
 Hauing small wit, lesse iudgement, and least Art :  
 Their verse ! tis almost heresie to heare,  
 Banish their lines some furlong, from thine eare :  
 For tis held dang'rous (by Apolloes signe)  
 To be infected with a leaprous line.  
 O make some Adamant Act (ne're to be worne)  
 That none may write but those that are true-borne : 30  
 So when the worlds old cheekes shall race and peele,  
 Thy Acts shall breath in Epitaphs of Steele.

By these Comments it appeares that by this time king *James* is proclaimed : now dooes fresh bloud leap into the cheeke of the Courtier : the Souldier now hangs vp his armor and is glad that he shall feede vpon the blessed fruits of peace : the Scholler sings Hymnes in honor of the Muses, assuring himselfe now that *Helicon* will be kept pure, because *Apollo* himselfe drinke of it. Now the thriftie Citizen casts beyond the Moone, and seeing the golden age returned into  
10 the world againe, resolues to worship no Saint but money. Trades that lay dead & rotten, and were in all mens opinion vtterly dambd, started out of their trance, as though they had drunke of *Aqua Cælestis*, or Vnicornes horne, and swore to fall to their olde occupation. Taylors meant no more to be called Merchant-taylors, but Merchants, for their shops were all lead forth in leases, to be turned into ships, and with their sheares (in stead of a Rudder) would they |  
C<sub>2</sub> haue cut the Seas (like Leuant Taffaty) and sayld to  
20 the West Indies for no worse stufte to make hose and doublets of, than beaten gold : Or if the necessitie of the time (which was likely to stand altogether vpon brauery) should presse them to serue with their iron and Spanish weapons vpon their stalls, then was there a sharp law made amongst them, that no workeman should handle any needle but that which had a pearle in his eye, nor any copper thimble, vnlesse it were linde quite through, or bumbasted with siluer. What Mechanicall hardhanded Vulcanist (seeing the dice of  
30 Fortune run so sweetly, and resoluing to strike whilst

15 occupation A, B : occupations C

The ioyes  
that fol-  
lowed vpon  
his pro-  
clayming.

the iron was hote) but perswaded himselfe to be Maister or head Warden of his Company ere halfe a yeare went about? The worst players boy stoode vpon his good parts, swearing tragicall and buskind oaths, that how villainously soever he randed, or what bad and vnlawfull action soever he entred into, he would in despite of his honest audience, be halfe a sharer (at least) at home, or else strowle (thats to say trauell) with some notorious wicked floundring companie abroade. And good reason had these time-<sup>10</sup> catchers to be led into this fooles paradice, for they sawe mirth in euery mans face, the streetes were plum'd with gallants, Tobacconists fild vp whole Tauernes: Vintners hung out spick and span new Iuy-bushes (because they wanted good wine) and their old raine-beaten lattices marcht vnder other cullors, hauing lost both company and cullors before. *London* was neuer in the high way to preferment till now; now she resolued to stand vpon her pantoffles: now (and neuer till now) did she laugh to scorne that <sup>20</sup> worme-eaten prouerb of *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* shall be, for she saw her selfe in better state then *Ierusalem*, she went more gallant then euer did *Antwerp*, was more courted by amorous and lustie suiters then *Venice* (the minion of *Italy*) more loftie towers stood (like a Coronet, or a spangled head-tire) about her Temples, then euer did about the beawtifull forehead of *Rome*: *Tyrus* and *Sydon* to her were like two thatcht houses, to *Theobals*: the grand Cayr but a hogsty. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ*, She wept her belly full <sup>30</sup>

2 his] the *B, C*4 buskind *A, B*: busking *C*

for all this. Whilst *Troy* was swilling sack and sugar, and mowsing fat venison, the mad Greekes made bone-fires of their houses : Old *Priam* was drinking a health C<sub>3</sub> to the wodden horse, and before it could be pledgd had his throat cut. Corne is no sooner ripe, but for all the pricking vp of his eares he is pard off by the shins, and made to go vpon stumps. Flowers no sooner budded, but they are pluckt and dye. Night walks at the heeles of the day, and sorrow enters (like a tauerne-bill) at the taile of our pleasures : for in the Appenine heighth of this immoderate ioy and securitie (that like Powles Steeple ouer-lookt the whole Citie) Behold, that miracle-worker, who in one minute turnd our generall mourning to a generall mirth, does now againe in a moment alter that gladnes to shrikes & lamentation.

Here would I faine make a full point, because posteritie should not be frighted with those miserable tragedies, which now my muse (as *Chorus*) stands readie to present. Time would thou hadst neuer bin made The Plague. 20wretched by bringing them forth, Obliuion would in all the graues and sepulchers, whose rancke iawes thou hast already closd vp or shalt yet hereafter burst open, thou couldst likewise bury them for euer.

A stiffe and freezing horror sucks vp the riuers of my bloud : my haire stands an end with the panting of my braines : mine eye-balls are readie to start out, being beaten with the billowes of my teares : out of my weeping pen does the inck mournefullie and more bitterly than gall drop on the pale-fac'd paper, euen 30when I do but thinke how the bowels of my sicke

8 pluckt *A*, *B* : pluckt vp *C*

country haue bin torne. *Apollo* therefore and you bewitching siluer-tongd Muses get you gone, I inuocate none of your names : Sorrow and Truth, sit you on each side of me, whilst I am deliuered of this deadly burden : prompt me that I may vtter ruthfull and passionate condolement : arme my trembling hand, that it may boldly rip vp and Anatomize the vlcerous body of this *Anthropophagized* plague : lend me Art (without any counterfet shadowing) to paint and delineate to the life the whole story of this mortall and 10 pestiferous battaile, & you the ghosts of those more (by many) then 40000. that with the virulent poison of infection haue bin driuen out of your earthlie dwellings : you desolate hand-wringing widdowes, that beate your bosomes ouer your departing husbands : you wofully distracted mothers that with disheueld haire are falne into swounds, whilst you lye kissing the insensible cold | lips of your breathlesse Infants : you C<sup>3</sup>v out-cast and downe-troden Orphanes, that shall many a yeare hence remember more freshly to mourne, when 20 your mourning garments shall looke olde and be forgotten ; And you the *Genij* of all those emptyed families, whose habitations are now among the *Antipodes* : Ioyne all your hands together, and with your bodies cast a ring about me : let me behold your ghastly vizages, that my paper may receiue their true pictures : *Ecco* forth your grones through the hollow truncke of my pen, and raine downe your gummy teares into mine Incke, that euen marble bosomes may

2-3 I inuocate *M, G*: Inuocate *A, B, C*      17 are] om. *A, B, C, M, G*

*Anthropophagi* are  
Scithians  
that feede  
on mens  
flesh.

be shaken with terror, and hearts of Adamant melt into compassion.

What an vnmatchable torment were it for a man to be bard vp euery night in a vast silent Charnell-house? hung (to make it more hideous) with lamps dimly & slowly burning, in hollow and glimmering corners: where all the paument should in stead of greene rushes, be strewde with blasted Rosemary, withered Hyacinthes, fatall Cipresse and Ewe, thickly mingled with heapes of dead mens bones: the bare ribbes of a father that begat him, lying there: here the Chaples hollow scull of a mother that bore him: round about him a thousand Coarses, some standing bolt vpright in their knotted winding sheetes: others halfe mouldred in rotten Coffins, that should suddenly yawne wide open, filling his nostrils with noysome stench, and his eyes with the sight of nothing but crawling wormes. And to keepe such a poore wretch waking, he should hear no noise but of Toads croaking, Screech-Owles howling, Mandrakes shriking: were not this an infernall prison? would not the strongest-harted man (beset with such a ghastly horror) looke wilde? and runne madde? and die? And euen such a formidable shape did the diseased Citie appeare in: For he that durst (in the dead houre of gloomy midnight) haue bene so valiant, as to haue walkte through the stil and melancholy streets, what thinke you should haue bene his musicke? Surely the loude grones of rauing sicke men: the strugling panges of soules departing: In euery house grieve striking vp an Allarum: Seruants crying out for maisters: wiues for husbands, parents for children, children for their mothers: here he should haue met some frantickly running to knock

vp Sextons ; there, others fear-fully sweating with Coffins, c<sub>4</sub>  
to steale forth dead bodies, least the fatall hand-writing of  
death should seale vp their doores. And to make this dismall  
consort more full, round about him Bells heauily tolling, in  
one place, and ringing out in another : The dreadfulness  
of such an houre, is in-vtterable : let vs goe further.

If some poore man, suddeinly starting out of a sweet and  
golden slumber, should behold his house flaming about his  
eares, all his family destroied in their sleepes by the merci-  
lesse fire ; himselfe in the verie midst of it, wofully and like <sub>10</sub>  
a madde man calling for helpe : would not the misery of  
such a distressed soule, appeare the greater, if the rich  
Vsurer dwelling next doore to him, should not stirre, (though  
he felt part of the danger) but suffer him to perish, when  
the thrusting out of an arme might haue saued him ! O how  
many thousandes of wretched people haue acted this poore  
mans part ? how often hath the amazed husband waking,  
found the comfort of his bedde lying breathlesse by his  
side ! his children at the same instant gasping for life ! and  
his seruaunts mortally wounded at the hart by sicknes ! the <sub>20</sub>  
distracted creature, beats at deaths doores, exclaines at  
windows, his cries are sharp inough to pierce heauen, but  
on earth no eare is opend to receiue them.

And in this maner do the tedious minutes of the night  
stretch out the sorrowes of ten thousand : It is now day,  
let vs looke forth and try what Consolation rizes with the  
Sun : not any, not any : for before the Iewell of the  
morning be fully set in siluer, a hundred hungry graues  
stand gaping, and euery one of them (as at a breakfast) hath  
swallowed downe ten or eleuen liueles carcases : before <sub>30</sub>

15 him ? B, C

20 seruaunts B : seruants C : sernaunts A

dinner, in the same gulfe are twice so many more deuoured : and before the sun takes his rest, those numbers are doubled : Threescore that not many houres before had euery one seuerall lodgings very delicately furnisht, are now thrust altogether into one close roome : a litle little noisom roome : not fully ten foote square. Doth not this strike coldly to ye hart of a worldly mizer ? To some, the very sound of deaths name, is in stead of a passing-bell : what shall become of such a coward, being told that the selfe-same bodie of  
10 his, which now is so pampered with superfluous fare, so perfumed and bathed in odoriferous waters, and so gaily apparelled in varietie of fashiōs, must one day be throwne (like stinking carion) into a rank & rotten graue ; where  
C4<sup>v</sup> his goodly eies, yt did once shoothe foorth such amorous glances, must be eaten out of his head : his lockes that hang wantonly dangling, troden in durt vnder foote : this doubtlesse (like thunder) must needs strike him into the earth. But (wretched man !) when thou shalt see, and be assured (by tokens sent thee from heauen) that to morrow  
20 thou must be tumbled into a Mucke-pit, and suffer thy body to be bruisde and prest with threescore dead men, lying slouenly vpon thee, and thou to be vndermost of all ! yea and perhaps halfe of that number were thine enemies ! (and see howe they may be reuenged, for the wormes that breed out of their putrifying carcasses, shall crawle in huge swarmes from them, and quite deuoure thee) what agonies wil this straunge newes driue thee into ? If thou art in loue with thy selfe, this cannot choose but possesse thee with frenzie. But thou art gotten safe (out of the ciuill citie

5 little little A, B : litie C  
15 eaten A, B : beaten C

14 catchword forth A : foorth B, C

Calamitie) to thy Parkes and Pallaces in the Country : lading thy Asses and thy Mules with thy gold, (thy god), thy plate, and thy Iewels : and the fruites of thy wombe thriftily growing vp but in one onely sonne, (the young Landlord of all thy carefull labours) him also hast thou rescued from the arrowes of infection ; Now is thy soule iocund, and thy sences merry. But open thine eyes thou Foole ! and behold that darling of thine eye, (thy sonne) turnde suddeinly into a lumpe of clay ; the hand of pestilence hath smote him euen vnder thy wing : Now doest thou rent thine haire, blaspheme thy Creator, cursest thy creation, and basely descendest into bruitish & vnmanly passions, threatning in despite of death & his Plague, to maintaine the memory of thy childe, in the euerlasting brest of Marble : a tombe must now defend him from tempests : And for that purpose, the swetty hinde (that digs the rent he paies thee out of the entrailes of the earth) he is sent for, to conuey foorth that burden of thy sorrow : But note how thy pride is disdained : that weather-beaten sun-burnt drudge, that not a month since fawnde vpon thy worship like a Spaniell, and like a bond-slaue, would haue stoopt lower than thy feete, does now stoppe his nose at thy presence, and is readie to set his Mastiue as hye as thy throate, to driue thee from his doore : all thy golde and siluer cannot hire one of those (whom before thou didst scorne) to carry the dead body to his last home : the Countrey round about thee, shun thee as a Ba-siliske, and Dtherfore to *London* (from whose armes thou cowardly fledst away) poast vpon poast must be galloping, to fetch from thence those that may performe that Funerall office : But there are they so full of graue-matters of their owne, that

they haue no leisure to attend thine: doth not this cut thy very heart-strings in sunder? If that do not, the shutting vp of this Tragicall Act, I am sure will: for thou must be inforced with thine owne handes, to winde vp (that blasted flower of youth) in the last linnen, that euer he shall weare: vpon thine owne shoulders, must thou beare part of him, thy amazed seruant the other: with thine own hands must thou dig his graue, not in the Church, or common place of buriall, (thou hast not fauour (for all thy riches) to be so happie,) but in thine Orcharde, or in the proude walkes of thy Garden, wringing thy palsie-shaken hands in stead of belles, (most miserable father) must thou search him out a sepulcher.

My spirit growes faint with rowing in this Stygian Ferry, it can no longer endure the transportation of soules in this dolefull manner: let vs therefore shift a point of our Com-passe, and (since there is no remedie, but that we must still be tost vp and downe in this *Mare mortuum,*) hoist vp all our sailes, and on the merry wings of a lustier winde seeke  
20 to arriue on some prosperous shoare.

Imagine then that all this while, Death (like a Spanish Leagar, or rather like stalking *Tamberlaine*) hath pitcht his tents, (being nothing but a heape of winding sheetes tacked together) in the sinfully-polluted Suburbes: the Plague is Muster-maister and Marshall of the field: Burning Feauers, Boyles, Blaines, and Carbuncles, the Leaders, Lieutenants, Serieants, and Corporalls: the maine Army consisting (like *Dunkirke*) of a mingle-mangle, *viz.* dumpish Mourners, merry Sextons, hungry Coffin-sellers, scrubbing Bearers, and

3 this *A, B:* the *C*      8 not *M:* (not *A, B, C, G*)      11 palsie-shaking *B, C*

nastie Graue-makers : but indeed they are the Pioners of the Campe, that are employed onely (like Moles) in casting vp of earth and digging of trenches ; Feare and Trembling (the two Catch-polles of Death) arrest euery one : No parley wil be graunted, no composition stood vpon, But the Allarum is strucke vp, the *Toxin* ringes out for life, and no voice heard but *Tue, Tue, Kill, Kill* ; the little Belles onely <sup>Div</sup> (like small shot) do yet goe off, and make no great worke for wormes, a hundred or two lost in euery skirmish, or so : but alas that's nothing : yet by these desperat sallies, what <sup>10</sup> by open setting vpon them by day, and secret Ambuscadoes by night, the skirts of *London* were pittifullly pared off, by litle and litle : which they within the gates perceiuing, it was no boot to bid them take their heeles, for away they trudge thicke & threefolde, some riding, some on foote, some without bootes, some in their slippers, by water, by land, In shoales swom they west-ward, mary to *Graues-end* none went vnlesse they were driuen, for whosoeuer landed there neuer came back again : Hacknies, watermen & Wagons, were not so terribly employed many a yeare ; so yt within <sup>20</sup> a short time, there was not a good horse in Smithfield, nor a Coach to be set eye on. For after the world had once run vpon the wheeles of the Pest-cart, neither coach nor caroach durst appeare in his likenesse.

Let vs pursue these runnawaines no longer, but leaue them in the vnmerciful hands of the Country-hard-harted *Hobbinolls*, (who are ordaind to be their Tormentors,) and returne backe to the siege of the Citie ; for the enemy taking aduantage by their flight, planted his ordinance against the walls ; here the Canons (like their great Bells) <sup>30</sup>

<sup>10</sup> these] those *B C*

<sup>18</sup> were *A, B:* be *C*

roard : the Plague tooke sore paines for a breach, he laid about him cruelly, ere he could get it, but at length he and his tiranous band entred : his purple colours were presently (with the sound of Bow-bell in stead of a trumpet) aduanced, and ioynd to the Standard of the Citie ; he marcht euen thorow Cheapside, and the capitall streets of *Troynouant* : the only blot of dishonor that stuck vpon this Inuader, being this, that he plaide the tyrant, not the conqueror, making hauock of all, when he had all lying at the foote of his  
10 mercy. Men, women & children dropt downe before him : houses were rifled, streetes ransackt, beautifull maydens throwne on their beddes, and rauisht by sicknes, rich-mens Cofers broken open, and shared amongst prodigall heires and vnthriftie seruants, poore men vsde poorely, but not pittifully : he did very much hurt, yet some say he did verie much good. Howsoeuer he behaued himselfe, this intelligence runs currant, that euery house lookte like S. Bartholomewes-Hospitall, and euery streete like Bucklersbury, for poore *Mithridatum* and *Dragon-water* (being both of them  
20 in all the world, scarce worth three-pence) were boxt in euery corner, and yet were both drunke euery houre at other mens cost. *Lazarus* laie groning at euery mans doore, mary no *Diues* was within to send him a crum, (for all your Gold-finches were fled to the woods) nor a dogge left to liche vp his sores, for they (like Curres) were knockt downe like Oxen, and fell thicker then Acornes.

I am amazed to remember what dead Marches were made of three thousand trooping together ; husbands, wiues & children, being lead as ordinarily to one graue, as if they

7 struck B, C  
downe, A

12 rich mens B, C

25 downe B, C :

had gone to one bed. And those that could shift for a time, and shrink their heads out of the collar (as many did) yet went they (most bitterly) miching and muffled vp & downe with Rue and Wormewood stuft into their eares and nos-thrils, looking like so many Bores heads stuck with branches of Rosemary, to be serued in for Brawne at Christmas.

This was a rare worlde for the Church, who had wont to complaine for want of liuing, and now had more liuing thrust vpon her, than she knew how to bestow: to haue bene Clarke now to a parish Clarke, was better than to serue <sup>10</sup> some foolish Iustice of Peace, or than the yeare before to haue had a Benefice. Sextons gaue out, if they might (as they hoped) continue these doings but a tweluemonth longer, they and their posteritie would all ryde vpon foote-cloathes to the ende of the worlde. Amongst which worm-eaten generation, the three bald Sextons of limping Saint Gyles, Saint Sepulchres, and Saint Olaues, rulde the roaste more hotly, than euer did the *Triumiri of Rome*. *Iehochanan, Symeon, and Eleazar*, neuer kept such a plaguy coylc in *Jerusalem* among the hunger-starued Iewes, as these threc <sup>20</sup> Sharkers did in their Parishes among naked Christians. Cursed they were I am sure by some to the pitte of hell, for tearing money out of their throates, that had not a crosse in their purses. But alas! they must haue it, it is their fee, and therefore giue the diuel his due: Onely Hearbe-wiues and Gardeners (that neuer prayed before, vnlesse it were for raine or faire weather) were now day and nighte vpon their maribones, that God would blesse the labors of these mole-catchers, because they sucke sweetnesse by this; for D<sup>2</sup>v the price of flowers, hearbes and garlands, rose wonderfully, <sup>30</sup>

in so much that Rosemary which had wont to be solde for 12. pence an armefull, went now for sixe shillings a handfull.

A fourth sharer likewise (of these winding-sheeete-weauers) deserues to haue my penne giue his lippes a Iewes Letter, but because he worships the Bakers good Lord & Maister, charitable S. *Clement* (whereas none of the other three euer had to do with any Saint) he shall scape the better : only let him take heede, that hauing all this yeare buried his praiers in the bellies of Fat-ones, and plump Capon-eaters, 10 (for no worse meate would downe this Sly-foxes stomach) let him I say take heede, least (his flesh now falling away) his carcas be not plague with leane-ones, of whō (whilst the bill of *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, was to be denied in no place) it was death for him to heare.

In this pittifull (or rather pittilesse) perplexitie stood *London*, forsaken like a Louer, forlorne like a widow, and disarmde of all comfort : disarmde I may wel say, for fiue Rapiers were not stirring all this time, and those that were worne had neuer bin seene, if any money could haue benc 20 lent vpon them, so hungry is this Estridge disease, that it will deuoure euen Iron : let vs therefore with bag & baggage march away from this dangerous sore Citie, and visit those that are fled into the Country. But alas ! *Decidis in Scyllam*, you are pepperd if you visit them, for they are visited alreadie : the broad Arrow of Death, flies there vp & downe, as swiftly as it doth here : they that rode on the lustiest geldings could not out-gallop the Plague, It ouer-tooke them, and ouer-turnd them too, horse and foote.

You whom the arrowes of pestilence haue reacht at 30 eighteen and twenty score (tho you stood far enough as you

10 *Sly-foxes B : Bly-foxes C*

20 *this] the B, C*

thought frō the marke) you that sickning in the hie way,  
 would haue bene glad of a bed in an Hospitall, and dying  
 in the open fieldes, haue bene buried like dogs, how much  
 better had it bin for you, to haue lyen fuller of byles &  
 plague-sores than euer did *Job*, so you might in that ex-  
 tremity haue receiued both bodily & spiritual comfort, which  
 there was denied you? For those misbeleeuing Pagans, the  
 plough-driuers, those worse then Infidels, that (like their  
 Swine) <sup>D3</sup> neuer looke vp so high as heauen: when Citizens boorded  
 them they wrung their hands, and wisht rather <sup>10</sup>  
 they had falne into the hands of Spaniards: for the sight  
 of a flat-cap was more dreadfull to a Lob, than the dis-  
 charging of a Caliuer: a treble-ruffe (being but once namd  
 the Merchants set) had power to cast a whole houshold into  
 a cold sweate. If one new suite of Sackcloth had bin but  
 knowne to haue come out of Burchin-lane (being the common  
 Wardrobe for all their Clowneships) it had bin enough to make  
 a Market towne giue vp the ghost. A Crow that had bin  
 scene in a sunne-shine day, standing on the top of Powles  
 would haue bin better than a Beacon on fire, to haue raizd all <sup>20</sup>  
 the townes within ten miles of *London*, for the keeping her out.

Neuer let any man aske me what became of our Phisitions  
 in this Massacre, they hid their Synodicall heads aswell as  
 the prowdest: and I cannot blame them, for their Phle-  
 botomies, Losinges, and Electuaries, with their Diacatholi-  
 cons, Diacodions, Amulets, and Antidotes, had not so much  
 strength to hold life and soule together, as a pot of *Pinders*  
 Ale and a Nutmeg: their drugs turned to durt, their  
 simples were simple things: *Galen* could do no more good,  
 than Sir Giles Goosecap: *Hipocrates, Auicen, Paracelsus,* <sup>30</sup>

9 Swine) G: swine) M: Swine A, B, C

Rasis, Fernelius, with all their succeeding rabble of Doctors and Water-casters, were at their wits end, or I thinke rather at the worlds end, for not one of them durst peepe abroad ; or if any one did take vpon him to play the ventrous Knight, the Plague put him to his *Nonplus* ; in such strange, and such changeable shapes did this Cameleon-like sicknes appeare, that they could not (with all the cunning in their budgets) make pursenets to take him napping.

Only a band of Desper-vewes, some fewe Empiricall mad-  
10 caps (for they could neuer be worth veluet caps) turned themselues into Bees (or more properlie into Drones) and went humming vp and downe, with hony-brags in their mouthes, sucking the sweetenes of Siluer, (and now and then of *Aurum Potabile*) out of the poison of Blaines and Carbuncles : and these iolly Mountibanks clapt vp their bils  
D3<sup>v</sup> vpon euery post (like a Fencers Challenge) threatning to  
20 canuas the Plague, and to fight with him at all his owne  
seuerall weapons : I know not how they sped, but some  
they sped I am sure, for I haue heard them band for the  
20 heauens, because they sent those thither, that were wisht  
to tary longer vpon earth.

I could in this place make your cheekes looke pale, and your hearts shake, with telling how some haue had 18. sores at one time running vpon them, others 10. and 12. many 4. and 5. and how those that haue bin foure times wounded by this yeares infection, haue dyed of the last wound, whilst others (that were hurt as often) goe vp and downe now with sounder limmes, then many that come out of *France*, and the Netherlands. And descending from these, I could  
30 draw forth a Catalogue of many poore wretches, that in fields, in ditches, in common Cages, and vnder stalls (being

either thrust by cruell maisters out of doores, or wanting all worldly succor but the common benefit of earth and aire) haue most miserablie perished. But to Chronicle these would weary a second *Fabian*.

We will therefore play the Souldiers, who at the end of any notable battaile, with a kind of sad delight rehearse the memorable acts of their friends that lye mangled before them: some shewing how brauely they gaue the onset: some, how politickly they retirde: others, how manfullie they gaue and receiued wounds: a fourth steps vp and <sup>10</sup> glories how valiantlie he lost an arme: all of them making (by this meanes) the remembrance euen of tragical and mischievous euent very delectable. Let vs striue to do so, discoursing (as it were at the end of this mortall siege of the Plague) of the seuerall most worthie accidents, and strange birthes which this pestiferous yeare hath brought forth: some of them yeelding Comicall and ridiculous stiffe, others lamentable: a third kind vpholding rather admiration, then laughter or pittie.

As first, to rellish the pallat of lickerish expectation, and <sup>20</sup> withall to giue an *Item* how sudden a stabber this ruffianly swaggerer (Death) is, You must belieue, that amongst all the weary number of those that (on their bare-feete) haue trauaile (in this long and heauie vacation) to the Holy-land, one (whose name I could for neede bestow vpon you, but that I know you haue no | neede of it, tho many want a good D<sub>4</sub> name) lying in that cōmon Inne of sickmen, his bed, & seeing the black & blew stripes of the plague sticking on his flesh, which he receiued as tokens (from heauen) that he was

<sup>10</sup> vp *A, B:* forth *C*

<sup>25</sup> vpon you, *M, G:* vpon you) *A, B, C*

<sup>24</sup> vacation *A, B:* vocation *C*

presentlie to go dwell in the vpper world, most earnestlie requested, and in a manner coniured his friend (who came to enterchange a last farewell) that he would see him goe handsomely attirde into the wild Irish countrey of wormes, and for that purpose to bestow a Coffin vpon him : his friend louing him (not because he was poore (yet he was poore) but because he was a scholler : Alack that the West Indies stand so farre from Vniuersities ! and that a minde richly apparelled should haue a thred-bare body !) made  
10 faithfull promise to him, that he should be naild vp, he would boord him, and for that purpose went instantlie to one of the new-found trade of Coffin-cutters, bespake one, and (like the Surveyor of deaths buildings) gaue direction how this little Tenement should be framed, payng all the rent for it before hand. But note vpon what slippery ground life goes ! little did he thinke to dwell in that roome himselfe which he had taken for his friend : yet it seemed the common lawe of mortalitie had so decreede, for he was cald into the colde companie of his graue neighbors an houre  
20 before his infected friend, and had a long lease (euen till doomes day) in the same lodging, which in the strength of health he went to prepare for the other. What credit therefore is to be giuen to breath, which like a harlot will runne away with euery minute. How nimble is Sicknes, and what skill hath he in all the weapons he playes withall ? The greatest cutter that takes vp the Mediterranean Ile in Powles for his Gallery to walke in, cannot ward off his blowes. Hees the best Fencer in the world : *Vincentio Sauiolo* is no body to him : He has his Mandrittaes, Imbro-  
30 cataes, Stramazones, and Stoccataes at's fingers ends : heele

22 the other *A, B* : another *C*

make you giue him ground, tho you were neuer worth foote  
of land, and beat you out of breath, though *Aeolus* himselfe  
plaid vpō your wind-pipe.

To witnes which, I will call forth a Dutchman (yet now  
hees past calling for, h'as lost his hearing, for his eares by  
this time are eaten off with wormes) who (though hee dwelt  
in *Bedlem*) was not mad, yet the very lookes of the Plague  
(which | indeede are terrible) put him almost out of his wits, D<sup>4</sup>v  
for when the snares of this cunning hunter (the Pestilence)  
were but newly layd, and yet layd (as my Dutchman smelt 10  
it out well enough) to intrap poore mens liues that meant  
him no hurt, away sneakes my clipper of the kings english,  
and (because Musket-shot should not reach him) to the  
Low-countries (that are built vpon butter-firkins, and hol-  
land cheese) sayles this plaguie fugitiue, but death, (who  
hath more authoritie there than all the seauen Electors, and  
to shew him that there were other Low-countries besides  
his owne) takes a little Frokin (one of my Dutch runnawayes  
children) and sends her packing, into those Netherlands she  
departed : O how pitifullie lookt my Burgomaister, when 20  
he vnderstood that the sicknes could swim ! It was an easie  
matter to scape the Dunkirks, but Deaths Gallyes made out  
after him swifter than the great Turks. Which he per-  
ceiuing, made no more adoo, but drunke to the States fiue  
or sixe healths (because he would be sure to liue well) and  
back againe comes he, to try the strength of English Beere :  
his old *Randeuous* of mad-men was the place of meeting,  
where he was no sooner arriued, but the Plague had him  
by the back, and arrested him vpon an *Exeat Regnum*, for  
running to the enemie, so that for the mad tricks he plaid 30  
to cosen our english wormes of his Dutch carcas (which had

bin fatted heere) sicknes and death clapt him vp in *Bedlem* the second time, and there he lyes, and there he shall lye till he rot before ile medle any more with him.

But being gotten out of *Bedlem*, let vs make a iourney to *Bristow*, taking an honest knowne Citizen along with vs, who with other companie trauailing thither (only for feare the aire of *London* should conspire to poison him) and setting vp his rest not to heare the sound of Bow-bell till next Christmas, was notwithstanding in the hye way singled out  
10 from his companie, and set vpon by the Plague, who bid him stand, and deliuier his life. The rest at that word shifted for themselues, and went on, he (amazed to see his friends flye, and being not able to defend himselfe, for who can defend himselfe meeting such an enemy?) yeelded, and being but about fortie miles from *London*, vsed all the slights he could to get loose out of the hands of death, and so to |  
E<sup>r</sup> hide himselfe in his owne house, whereupon, he cald for help at the same Inne, where not long before he and his fellow-pilgrimes obteined for their money (mary yet with more  
20 prayers then a begger makes in three Tearmes) to stand and drinke some thirtie foote from the doore. To this house of tipling Iniquitie he repaires againe, coniuring the Lares or walking Sprites in it, if they were Christians (that if was well put in) and in the name of God, to succor and rescue him to their power out of the hands of infection, which now assaulted his body : the Diuell would haue bin afraid of this coniuration, but they were not, yet afraid they were it seemde, for presentlie the doores had their wodden ribs crusht in pieces, by being beaten together : the casements  
30 were shut more close then an Vsurers greasie veluet pouch :

23 they were Christians A, B : it were Christmas C

the drawing windowes were hangd drawne and quartered : not a creuis but was stopt, not a mouse-hole left open, for all the holes in the house were most wickedlie dambd vp : mine Host and Hostesse ran ouer one another into the back-side, the maydes into the Orchard, quiuering and quaking, and readie to hang themselues on the innocent Plomtrees, (for hanging to them would not be so sore a death as the Plague, & to dye maydes too ! Oh horrible !) As for the Tapster, he fled into the Celler, rapping out fие or sixe plaine Countrey oathes that he would drowne himselfe in 10a most villanous Stand of Ale, if the sick Londoner stoode at the dore any longer. But stand there he must, for to goe away (well) he cannot, but continues knocking and calling in a faint voice, which in their eares sounded as if some staring ghost in a Tragedy had exclaimd vpon *Rhadamanth* : he might knock till his hands akt, and call till his heart akt, for they were in a worse pickle within, than he was without : he being in a good way to go to heauen, they being so frighted, that they scarce knew whereabout heauen stoode, onely they all cryed out, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, 20yet Lord haue mercy vpon vs was the onely thing they feared. The dolefull Catastrophe of all is, a bed could not be had for all *Babylon* : not a cup of drinke, no, nor cold water be gotten, though it had bin for *Alexander the great* : if a draught of *Aqua vitæ* might haue sau'd his soule, the towne denied to do God that good seruice. |

What miserie continues euer? The poore man standing Er-thus at deaths dore, and looking euery minute when he should be let in, behold, another Londoner, that had like-wise bin in the *Frigida Zona* of the countrey, and was 30returning (like *Aeneas* out of hell) to the heauen of his owne

home, makes a stand at this sight, to play the Phisition, and seeing by the complexion of his patient that he was sick at heart, applies to his soule the best medicines that his comforting speech could make, for there dwelt no Poticary neere enough to help his body. Being therefore driuen out of all other shifts, he leades him into a field (a bundle of Straw, which with much adoe he bought for money, seruing in stead of a pillow.) But the destinies hearing the diseased partie complaine and take on, because he lay vpon  
10 a field-bed, when before he would haue bin glad of a mattris, for very spite cut the thread of his life, the crueltie of which deede, made the other (that playd Charities part) at his wits end, because he knewe not where to purchace tenne foote of ground for his graue: the Church nor Church-yard would let none of their lands: Maister Vicar was struck dumb, and could not giue the dead a good word, neither Clarke nor Sexton could be hirde to execute their office; no, they themselues would first be executed: so that hee that neuer handled Shouell before, got his implements about  
20 him, ripd vp the belly of the earth, and made it like a graue, stript the cold carcas, bound his shirt about his feete, puld a linnen night-cap ouer his eyes, and so layd him in the rotten bed of the earth, couering him with clothes cut out of the same piece; and learning by his last words his name and habitation, this sad trauailer arriues at *London*, deliuering to the amazed widow and children in stead of a father and a husband, only the out-side of him, his apparell. But by the way note one thing, the bringer of these heauie tidings (as if he had liu'd long enough when so excellent a worke  
30 of pietie and pittie was by him finished) the very next day

after his comming home, departed out of this world, to receiue his reward in the Spirituall court of heauen.

It is plaine therefore by the euidence of these two witnessses, that death like a thiefe sets vpon men in the hye way, dogs them | into their owne houses, breakes into their bed-chambers by night, assaults them by day, and yet no law can take hold of him : he deuoures man and wife : offers violence to their faire daughters : kilis their youthfull sonnes, and deceiuers them of their seruants : yea, so full of treacherie is he growne (since this Plague tooke his part) 10 that no Louers dare trust him, nor by their good wils would come neere him, for he works their downefall, euen when their delights are at the highest.

Too ripe a proofe haue wee of this, in a paire of Louers ; the mayd was in the pride of fresh bloud and bewty : she was that which to be now is a wonder, yong and yet chast : the gifts of her mind were great, yet those which fortune bestowed vpon her (as being well descended) were not much inferior : On this louely creature did a yong man so stedfastly fixe his eye, that her lookes kindled in his bosome 20 a desire, whose flames burnt the more brightlie, because they were fed with sweet and modest thoughts : *Hymen* was the God to whom he prayed day and night that he might mary her : his prayers were receiud, & at length (after many tēpests of her denial & the frownes of kinsfolke) the element grew cleere, & he saw the happy landing-place, where he had long sought to ariue : the prize of her youth was made his owne, & the solemne day appointed when it should be deliuered to him. Glad of which blessednes (for to a louer it is a blessednes) he wrought by all the possible 30

arte he could vse to shorten the expected houre, and bring it neerer : for whether he feared the interception of parents, or that his owne soule (with excesse of ioy) was drownd in strange passions, he would often, with sighes mingled with kisses, and kisses halfe sinking in teares, propheticallie tell her, that sure he should neuer liue to inioy her : To discredit which opinion of his, behold, the Sunne has made hast and wakened the bridall morning. Now does he call his heart traytor, that did so falsely conspire against him :  
10 lively bloud leapes into his cheekes : hees got vp, and gaily attirde to play the Bridegroom ; She likewise does as cunninglie turne her selfe into a Bride ; kindred and friends are met together ; Sops and Muscadine run sweating vp and downe till they drop againe, to comfort their hearts, and because so many Coffins pested London-Churches, |  
E<sup>2v</sup> that there was no roome left for weddings, Coaches are prouided, and away rides all the trayne into the Countrey. On a Monday morning are these lustie louers on their iourney, and before noone are they alighted, entring (in  
20 stead of an Inne) for more State into a Church, where they no sooner appeared, but the Priest fell to his busines, the holie knot was a tying, but hee that should fasten it, comming to this, *In sicknes and in health*, there he stopt, for suddenly the bride tooke hold of, *in sicknes*, for *in health* all that stoode by were in feare she should neuer be kept. The maiden-blush into which her cheekes were lately dyed, now began to loose colour : her voyce (like a coward) would haue shrunke away, but that her Louer reaching her a hand, which he brought thither to giue her, (for he was not yet  
30 made a full Husband) did with that touch somewhat reuiue

her : on went they againe so farre, till they met with *For better, for worse*, there was she worse then before, and had not the holy Officer made haste, the ground on which she stooode to be maryed might easily haue bin broken vp for her buriall. All Ceremonies being finished, she was lead betweene two, not like a Bride, but like a Coarse, to her bed : *That* ; must now be the table, on which the wedding dinner is to be serued vp (being at this time nothing, but teares and sighes and lamentation) and Death is chiefe waiter, yet at length her weake heart wrastling with the 10 pangs, gaue them a fall, so that vp she stooode againe, and in the fatall funerall Coach that caryed her forth, was she brought back (as vpon a Beere) to the Citie : but see the malice of her enemy that had her in chace, vpon the Wedsday following being ouertaken, was her life ouercome, Death rudely lay with her, & spoild her of a maydenhead in spite of her husband. Oh the sorrow that did round beset him ! now was his diuination true, she was a wife, yet continued a mayd : he was a husband and a widower, yet neuer knew his wife : she was his owne, yet he had her not : she had 20 him, yet neuer enjoyed him : heere is a strange alteration, for the Rosemary that was washt in sweete water to set out the Bridall, is now wet in teares to furnish her buriall : the Musick that was heard to sound forth dances cannot now be heard for the ringing of bels : all the comfort | that E3 happened to either side being this, that he lost her, before she had time to be an ill wife, and she left him, ere he was able to be a bad husband.

Better fortune had this Bride to fall into the handes of

6 but like] but rather like *B, C*  
14-15 wensday *B, C*

8 nothing,], nothing *B, C*

the Plague, then one other of that fraile female sexe, (whose picture is next to be drawne) had to scape out of them. An honest Cobler (if at least Coblers can be honest, that liue altogether amongst wicked soales) had a wife, who in the time of health treading her shooe often awry, determined in the agony of a sicknesse (which this yeare had a saying to her) to fall to mending as wel as her husband did. The bed that she laie vpon (being as she thought, or rather feared) the last bed that euer should bear her, (for many  
10 other beds had borne her you must remember) and y<sup>e</sup> worme of sinne tickling her conscience, vp she calles her verie innocent and simple husband, out of his vertuous shop, wherelike Iustice he sat distributing among the poore, to some, halfe-penny pieces, penny-pieces to some, and two-penny pieces to others, so long as they would last; his prouident care being alwaies, that euery man and woman should goe vpright. To the beds side of his plaguy wife approaches *Mounsieur Cobler*, to vnderstand what deadly newes she had to tell him, and the rest of his kinde neig-  
20 bours that there were assembled: Such thicke teares, standing in both the gutters of his eyes, to see his beloued lye in such a pickle, that in their salt water, all his vtterance was drownde: which she perceiuing, wept as fast as he: But by the warme counsel which sat about the bed, the shewer ceast; she wiping her cheekes with the corner of one of the sheetes, and hee, his sullyed face, with his lethren Apron. At last, two or three sighes (like a *Chorus* to the Tragedy ensuing) stepping out first, wringing her handes (which gaue the better Action) she tolde the pittifull *Actæon*  
30 her husband, that she had often done him wrong: hee

24 which] that *B, C*

onely shooke his head at this, and cried humh ! which humh, she taking as the watchword of his true patience, vnraueld the bottome of her frailtie at length, and concluded, that with such a man (and named him, but I hope you would not haue me follow her steppes and name him too) she practized the vniuersall & common Art of grafting, and that vpon her good mans head, they two had planted E<sub>3</sub><sup>v</sup> a monstrous paire of inuisible hornes : At the sound of the Hornes, my Cobler started vp like a march Hare, and began to looke wilde : his Awle neuer ran through the sides of 10 a boote, as that word did through his heart : but being a polliticke Cobler, and remembryng what piece of worke he was to vnder-liae, stroking his beard (like some graue Headborough of the Parish) and giuing a nod, as who should say goe on, bad her goe on indeed, clapping to her sore soule, this generall salve, that *All are sinners, and we must forgiue,* &c. For he hoped by such wholesome Phisicke, (as Shoemakers waxe being laide to a Byle) to drawe out all the corruption of her secret villanies. Shee good heart being tickled vnder the gilles, with the finger of these kinde 20 speeches, turnes vp the white of her eye, and fetches out an other. Another (O thou that art trained vp in nothing but to handle pieces) Another hath dischargde his Artillery against thy Castle of Fortification : here was passion predominant : *Vulcan strooke the Coblers ghost* (for he was now no Cobler) so harde vpon his brest, that he cryed oh ! his neighbours taking pittie to see what terrible stiches pulde him, rubde his swelling temples with the iuice of patience, which (by vertue of the blackish sweate that stood reeking on his browes, and had made them supple) entered 30 very easily into his now-parlous-vnderstanding scull : So

that he left winching, and sat quiet as a Lambe, falling to his olde vomit of councell, which he had cast vp before, and swearing (because he was in strong hope, this shooe, should wring him no more) to seale her a general acquittance. Prickt forward with this gentle spurre, her tongue mends his pace, so that in her confession shee ouertooke others, whose bootes had bene set all night on the Coblers Last, bestowing vpon him the Poesie of their names, the time, and place, to the intent it might be put into his next wiues <sup>10</sup> wedding-ring. And although she had made all these blots in his tables, yet the bearing of one man false (whom she had not yet discouered) stucke more in her stomach than all the rest. O valiant Cobler (cries out one of the Auditors) how art thou set vpon? how art thou tempted? happie art thou, that thou art not in thy shop, for in stead of cutting out pieces of leather, thou wouldest doubtles now <sup>E4</sup> pare away thy heart: for I see, and so do all thy neighbours heare (thy wiues ghostly fathers) see that a smal matter wold now make thee turn Turk, and to medle with <sup>20</sup> no more patches: but to liue within the compasse of thy wit: lift not vp thy collar: be not horne mad: thank heauen y<sup>t</sup> the murder is reueald: Study thou *Baltazars* part in *Ieronimo*, for thou hast more cause (tho lessc reason) than he, to be glad and sad.

Well, I see thou art worthy to haue patient *Griseld* to

4-5 . Prickt M: : prickt G: , prickt A, B, C      19 make theel cause thee B, C      24-25 *In A a blank line is left between ll. 24-25. A line or so of text has perhaps been omitted. A new paragraph may not have been intended. In B and C the lines are so arranged that sad. laps over into the blank line.*

thy wife, for thou bearest more than she : thou shewst thy selfe to be a right Cobler & no Sowter, that canst thus cleanly clout vp y<sup>e</sup> broken & seamerent sides of thy affection. With this learned oration the Cobler was tutord : laid his finger on his mouth, & cried *Paucos palabros* : he had seal'd her pardon, and therefore bid her not feare : herevpon she named the malefactor (I could name him too, but that he shall liue to giue more Coblers heads the bastinado.) And told, that on such a night when he supt there (for a Lord may sup with a Cobler, that hath a prettie wench to his <sup>10</sup> wife) when the cloth (O trecherous linnen !) was taken vp, and *Menelaus* had for a parting blow, giuen the other his fist ; downe she lightes (this half-sharer) opening the wicket, but not shutting him out of the wicket ; but conueys him into a by-roome (being the wardrob of old shooes and leather) from whence (the Vnicorne-cobler (that dream't of no such spirits) being ouer head and eares in sleepe ; his snorting giuing the signe that he was cock-sure) softly out-steales Sir *Paris*, and to *Hellenae* teeth prou'd himselfe a true *Troian*.

20

This was the creame of her confession, which being skimd off from the stomach of her conscience, shee looked euery minute to goe thither, where shee should be farre enough out of the Coblers reache. But the *Fates* laying their heades together, sent a Repriue, the Plague that before meant to pepper her, by little and little left her company : which newes being blowne abroad, Oh lamentable ! neuer did the olde buskind Tragedy begin till now : for the wiues

3 y<sup>e</sup> broken & seamerent] the seamrent *B*: the seam-rent *C*  
 5 *paucos B, C*: *Paueos A*      17 ouer head *B, C*: ouer-head *A*  
 21 confession *A, B*: confusion *C*

of those husbands, with whom she had plaide at fast and loose, came with nailes sharpned for the nonce like cattes, and tongues forkedly cut like the stings of Addars, first to scratch out false *Cressidaes* eyes, and then (which was worse) E<sup>4</sup> to woorry her to death with scolding. | But the matter was tooke vp in a Tauerne; the case was altered, and brought to a new reckoning (marry the bloud of the *Burdeux* Grape was first shead about it) but in the end, all anger on euery side was powred into a pottle-pot, and 10 there burnt to death. Now whether this Recantation was true, or whether the steeme of infection, fuming vp (like wine) into her braines, made her talke thus idly, I leane it to the Iury.

And whilst they are canuasing her case, let vs see what doings the Sexton of *Stepny* hath: whose ware-houses being all full of dead commodities, sauing one: that one he left open a whole night (yet was it half full too) knowing y<sup>t</sup> theeues this yeare were too honest to breake into such Cellers. Besides those that were left there, had such plaguy-  
20 pates, that none durst meddle with them for their liues. About twelue of the clocke at midnight, when spirites walke, and not a Mouse dare stirre, because Cattes goe a Catter-walling: Sinne, that all day durst not shewe his head, came reeling out of an Alehouse in the shape of a drunkard: who no sooner smelt the winde, but he thought the ground vnder him danced the Canaries: houses seemed to turne on the toe, and all things went rounde: in so much that his legges drew a paire of Indentures, betweene his bodie

5 A space is left after scolding. as if for a new paragraph to begin in the next line. Yet But is not indented. 28 betweene B, C: betweeue A

and the earth, the principall couenant being, that he for his part would stand to nothing what euer he sawe : euery tree that came in his way, did he iustle, and yet challengd it the next day to fight with him. If he had clipt but a quarter so much of the Kings siluer, as he did of the Kings English, his carkas had long ere this, bene carion for Crowes. But he liued by gaming, and had excellent casting, yet seldom wonne, for he drew reasonable good hands, but had very bad feete, that were not able to carry it away. This setter vp of malt-men, being troubled with the staggers, <sup>10</sup> fell into the self-same graue, which stood gaping wide open for a breakfast next morning, and imagining (when he was in) that he had stumbled into his own house, and that all his bedfellowes (as they were indeede) were in their dead sleepe, he, (neuer complaining of colde, nor calling for more sheete) soundly takes a nap till he snorts againe : In the morning, the Sexton comes plodding along, and casting vpon his fingers ends what he hopes the dead pay of that day wil come too, by that <sup>F1</sup> which he receiued the day before, (for Sextons now had better doings than either <sup>20</sup> Tauerne or bawdy-houses,) : In that siluer contemplation, shrugging his shoulders together, he steppes ere he be aware on the brimmes of that pit, into which this worshipper of *Bacchus* was falne, where finding some dead mens bones, and a scull or two, that laie scattered here and there ; before he lookte into this Coffer of wormes, those he takes vp, and flinges them in : one of the sculls battered the sconce of the sleeper, whilst the bones plaide with his nose ;

5 quarter *B, C*: quart&r *A*      11 which] that *B, C*      16 snorts]  
 snores *B, C*      19 that | which] that which *M, G*: that | that  
 which *A, B, C*

whose blowes waking his mustie worship, the first word that he cast vp, was an oath, & thinking the Cannes had flyen about, cryed zoundes, what doe you meane to cracke my mazer? the Sexton smelling a voice, (feare being stronger than his heart) beleeuued verily, some of the coarses spake to him, vpon which, feeling himselfe in a cold sweat, tooke his heeles, whilst the Goblin scrambled vp and ranne after him: But it appeares the Sexton had the lighter foote, for he ran so fast, that hee ranne out of his wittes, which being  
10 left behinde him, he had like to haue dyed presently after.

A meryer bargaine than the poore Sextons did a Tincker meete with all in a Countrey Towne; through which a Citizen of *London* beeing driuen (to keepe himselfe vnder the lee-shore in this tempestuous contagion) and casting vp his eye for some harbour, spied a bush at the ende of a poole, (the auncient badge of a Countrey Ale-house :) Into which as good lucke was, (without any resistance of the Barbarians, that all this yeare vsed to keepe such landing places) veiling his Bonnet, he strucke in. The Host had bene a mad  
20 Greeke, (mary he could now speake nothing but English,) a goodly fat Burger he was, with a belly Arching out like a Beere-barrell, which made his legges (that were thicke & short like two piles driuen vnder *London*-bridge) to stradle halfe as wide as the toppe of Powles, which vpon my knowledge hath bene burnt twice or thrice. A leatherne pouche hung at his side, that opened and shut with a Snap hance, and was indeed a flaske for gun-powder when King *Henry* went to *Bulloigne*. An Antiquary might haue pickt rare matter out of his Nose, but that it was worme-eaten (yet

10 he had like to haue dyed presently after. *B, C:* he dyed in a short time after, because he was not able to liue without them. *A*

that proued it to | be an auncient Nose :) In some corners F<sub>IV</sub> of it, there were blewish holes, that shonne like shelles of mother of Pearle, and to doo his Nose right, Pearles had bene gathered out of them : other were richly garnisht with Rubies, Chrisolites and Carbuckles, which glistered so oriently that the Hamburgers offered I knowe not how many Dollars, for his company in an East-Indian voyage, to haue stooede a nightes in the Pooke of their Admirall, onely to sauе the charges of candles. In conclusion, he was an Host to be ledde before an Emperour, and though he <sup>10</sup> were one of the greatest men in all the shire, his bignesse made him not proude, but he humbled himselfe to speake the base language of a Tapster, and vpon the Londoners first arriuall, cryed welcome, a cloth for this Gentleman : the Linnen was spread and furnisht presently with a new Cake and a Can, the Roome voided, and the Guest lefte (like a French Lord) attended by no bodie : who drinking halfe a Can (in conceit) to the health of his best friend the Citie, which laie extreame sicke, and had neuer more need of health, I know not what qualmes came ouer his stomach, <sup>20</sup> but immediately he fell downe without vttering any more wordes, and neuer rose againe.

Anon (as it was his fashion) enters my puffing Host, to relieu (with a fresh supply out of his Celler,) the shrinking Can, if hee perceiued it stood in daunger to be ouerthowne. But seeing the chiefe Leader dropt at his feete, and imagining at first hee was but wounded a little in the head, held vp his gowty golles and blest himselfe, that a Londoner (who

1 an B, C : an an A      6 oriently, B, C      Hamburgers B, C :  
 Hamburgers, A      18 friend the A, B : friend in the C      24 (with  
 M, G : with A, B, C

had wont to be the most valiant of rob-pottes) should now be strooke downe only with two hoopps: and therevpon iogd him, fombling out these comfortable words of a souldier, If thou art a man stand a thy legges: he stird not for all this: wherevpon the Maydes being raisde (as it had bene with a hue and cry) came hobling into the Roome, like a flocke of Geese, and hauing vpon search of the bodie giuen vp this verdict, that the man was dead, and murthered by the Plague; Oh daggers to all their hearts that heard  
it! Away trudge the wenches, and one of them hauing had a freckled face all her life time, was perswaded presently  
F<sub>2</sub> that now they were the tokens, and had liked to haue turned vp her heeles vpon it: My gorbelly Host, that in many a yeare could not without grunting, crawle ouer a threshold but two foote broad, leapte halfe a yarde from the coarse (It was measured by a Carpenters rule) as nimblly, as if his guttes had bene taken out by the hangman: out of the house he wallowed presently, beeing followed with two or three dozen of napkins to drie vp the larde, that  
20 ranne so fast downe his heeles, that all the way hee went, was more greazie than a kitchin-stuffe-wifes basket: you woulde haue sworne, it had bene a barrell of Pitch on fire, if you had looked vpon him, for suche a smoakie clowde (by reason of his owne fattie hotte steeme) compassed him rounde, that but for his voice, he had quite bene lost in that stincking mist: hanged himselfe hee had without all question (in this pittifull taking) but that hee feared the weight of his intollerable paunch, would haue burst the Roape, and so hee should be put to a double death. At  
30 length the Towne was raised, the Countrey came downe

1 of] om. A, B, C, M, G      rob-pottes] rob pottes A: rob-pots B, C  
4 art] be B, C

vpon him, and yet not vpon him neither, for after they vnderstood the Tragedie, euery man gaue ground, knowing my pursie Ale-cunner could not follow them: what is to be done in this straunge Allarum? The whole Village is in daunger to lye at the mercy of God, and shall be bound to curse none, but him for it: they should doe well therefore, to set fire on his house, before the Plague scape out of it, least it forrage higher into the Country, and knocke them downe, man, woman, and childe, like Oxen, whose blood (they all sweare) shall be required at his handes. At 10 these speeches my tender-hearted Host, fell downe on his maribones, meaning indeed to intreat his audience to be good to him; but they fearing hee had bene pepperd too, as well as the Londoner, tumbled one ouer another, and were readie to breake their neckes for haste to be gone: yet some of them (being more valiant then the rest, because they heard him roare out for some helpe) verie desperately stept backe, and with rakes and pitch-forkes lifted the gulch from the ground: Cōcluding (after they had laid their hogsheads togither, to draw out some holesom counsel) that 20 whosoeuer would venture vpō the dead man & bury him, should haue fortie shillings (out of the common towne- F<sub>2</sub>v purse, though it would be a great cut to it) with the loue of the Churchwardens and Sidemen, during the terme of life. This was proclaimd, but none durst appeare to vndertake the dreadfull execution: they loued money well, mary the plague hanging ouer any mans head that should meddle with it in that sort, they all vowde to dye beggers before it should be Chronicled they kild themselues for fortie shillings: and in that braue resolution, euery one with bag 30

and baggage marcht home, barricadoing their dores and windowes with firbushes, ferne, and bundles of straw to keepe out the pestilence at the staues end.

At last a Tinker came sounding through the towne, mine Hosts house being the auncient watring place where he did vse to cast Anchor. You must vnderstand he was none of those base rascally Tinkers, that with a bandog and a drab at their tailes, and a pike-staffe on their necks, will take a purse sooner then stop a kettle: No, this was a deuout  
10 Tinker, he did honor God *Pan*: a Musicall Tinker, that vpon his kettle-drum could play any country dance you cald for, and vpon Hollidayes had earnd money by it, when no Fidler could be heard of. He was onely feared when he stalkt through some townes where Bees were, for he struck so sweetely on the bottome of his copper instrument, that he would emptie whole Hiues, and leade the swarmes after him only by the sound.

This excellent egregious Tinker calls for his draught (being a double Iug) it was fild for him, but before it came to his  
20 nose, the lamentable tale of the Londoner was told, the Chamber-dore (where he lay) being thrust open with a long pole, (because none durst touch it with their hands) and the Tinker bidden (if he had the heart) to goe in and see if he knew him. The Tinker being not to learne what vertue the medicine had which he held at his lippes, powred it downe his throate merily, and crying trillill, he feared no plagues. In he stept, tossing the dead body too and fro, and was sory he knew him not: Mine Host that with grieve began to fall away villainously, looking very rufully on the

24 not [vnwilling] to *G*      26 feared *A, B*: feares *C*      29 rufully  
*A, B*: ruthfully *C*

Tinker, and thinking him a fit instrument to be plaid vpon, offred a crowne out of his | owne purse, if he would bury F<sub>3</sub> the partie. A crowne was a shrewd temptation to a Tinker ; many a hole might he stop, before he could pick a crowne of it, yet being a subtle Tinker (and to make all Sextons pray for him, because he would raise their fees) an Angell he wanted to be his guide, and vnder ten shillings (by his ten bones) he would not put his finger in the fire. The whole parish had warning of this presentlie, thirtie shillings was saued by the bargaine, and the towne likely to be sauued 10 too, therefore ten shillings was leuyed out of hand, put into a rag, which was tyed to the end of a long pole and deliuered (in sight of all the parish, who stoode aloofe stopping their noses) by the Headboroughs owne selfe in proper person, to the Tinker, who with one hand receiued the money, and with the other struck the boord, crying hey, a fresh double pot. Which armor of proofe being fitted to his body, vp he hoists the Londoner on his back (like a Schoole-boy) a Shouell and Pick-axe standing readie for him : And thus furnished, into a field some good distance from the towne 20 he beares his deadly loade, and there throwes it downe, falling roundly to his tooles, vpon which the strong beere hauing set an edge, they quickly cut out a lodging in the earth for the Citizen. But the Tinker knowing that wormes needed no apparell, sauing only sheetes, stript him stark naked, but first diu'de nimbly into his pockets, to see what linings they had, assuring himselfe, that a Londoner would not wander so farre without siluer : his hopes were of the right stamp, for from one of his pockets he drew a letherne

8 in *A, B* : into *C*  
pocket *A, B, C, M*

10 likely *A, B* : like *C*  
29 one *A, B* : out *C*

26 pockets *G* :

bag, with seauen pounds in it : this musick made the Tinkers heart dance, he quickly tumbled his man into the graue, hid him ouer head and eares in dust, bound vp his clothes in a bundle, and caryng that at the end of his staffe on his shoulder, with the purse of seauen pounds in his hand, back againe comes he through the towne, crying alowd, Haue ye any more Londoners to bury, hey downe a downe dery, haue ye any more Londoners to bury : the Hobbinolls running away from him, as if he had bin the dead citizens ghost, and 10 he marching away from them in all the hast he could, with that song still in his mouth.

You see therefore how dreadfull a fellow Death is, making |  
F3<sup>v</sup> fooles euen of wisemen, and cowards of the most valiant ; yea, in such a base slauery hath it bound mens sences, that they haue no power to looke higher than their owne roofes, but seeme by their turkish and barbarous actions to belieue that there is no felicitie after this life, and that (like beasts) their soules shall perish with their bodies. How many vpon sight only of a Letter (sent from *London*) haue started back, 20 and durst haue laid their saluation vpon it, that the plague might be folded in that emptie paper, belieuing verily, that the arme of Omnipotence could neuer reach them, vnlesse it were with some weapon drawne out of the infected Citie : in so much that euen the Westerne Pugs receiuing mony here, haue tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames, least plague-sores sticking vpon shillings, they should be naild vp for counterfets when they were brought home.

More ventrous than these block-heads was a certaine  
30 Justice of peace, to whose gate being shut (for you must

25 here *A, B* : there *C*

26 plague *B, C* : pleague *A*

know that now there is no open house kept) a companie of wilde fellowes being lead for robbing an orchyard, the stout-hearted Constable rapt most couragiously, and would haue about with none, but the Iustice himselfe, who at last appeard in his likenes aboue at a window, inquiring why they summond a parlee. It was deliuered why: the case was opened to his examining wisedome, and that the euill doers were only Londoners: at the name of Londoners, the Iustice clapping his hand on his brest (as who should say, Lord haue mercy vpon vs) started back, and being wise <sup>10</sup> enough to saue one, held his nose hard betweene his forefinger and his thumb, and speaking in that wise (like the fellow that described the villainous motion of *Iulius Cæsar* and the Duke of *Guize*, who (as he gaue it out) fought a combat together) pulling the casement close to him, cryed out in that quaille-pipe voice, that if they were Londoners, away with them to *Limbo*: take only their names: they were sore fellowes, and he would deale with them when time should serue: meaning, when the plague and they should not be so great together, and so they departed; the <sup>20</sup> very name of Londoners being worse then ten whetstones to sharpen the sword of Justice against them. |

I could fill a large volume, and call it the second part of F<sub>4</sub> the hundred mery tales, onely with such ridiculous stufte as this of the Iustice, but *Dii meliora*, I haue better matters to set my wits about: neither shall you wring out of my pen (though you lay it on the rack) the villanies of that damnd Keeper, who kild all she kept; it had bin good to haue made her keeper of the common Iayle, and the holes of both Counters, for a number lye there, that wish to be <sup>30</sup> rid out of this motley world, she would haue tickled them,

and turned them ouer the thumbs. I will likewise let the Church-warden in Thames streeete sleepe (for hees now past waking) who being requested by one of his neighbors to suffer his wife or child (that was then dead) to lye in the Churchyard, answered in a mocking sort, he kept that lodging for himselfe and his houshold, and within three dayes after was driuen to hide his head in a hole himselfe. Neither will I speake a word of a poore boy (seruant to a Chandler) dwelling thereabouts, who being struck to the heart by sicknes, was first caryed away by water, to be left any where, but landing being denyed by an army of browne bill-men that kept the shore, back againe was he brought, and left in an out-celler, where lying groueling and groning on his face (amongst fagots, but not one of them set on fire to comfort him) there continued all night, and dyed miserably for want of succor. Nor of another poore wretch in the Parish of *Saint Mary Oueryes*, who being in the morning throwne (as the fashion is) into a graue vpon a heape of carcases, that stayd for their complement, was found in the afternoone, gasping and gaping for life: but by these tricks, imagining that many a thousand haue bin turned wrongfully off the ladder of life, and praying that

*Derick* or his executors may liue to do those a good turne, that haue done so to others :

*Hic finis Priami*, heeres an end  
of an old Song.

*Et iam tempus Equum fumantia soluere colla.*

F I N I S.



# N E V V E S

from Graues-end:

Sent to Nobody.

*Nec Quidquam nec Cuiquam.*



L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. for Thomas Archer,  
and are to be sold at the long Shop vnder  
S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry.

1604



# T H E   E P I S T L E Dedicatorie.

*To Him, that (in the despite and neuer-dying-dishonour of all empty-fisted Mecæn-Asses) is the Gratiouse, munificent, and golden Rewarder of Rimes : singular paymaister of Songes and Sonnets : Vnsquint-eyde Surueyor of Heroicall Poems : Chiefe Rent-gatherer of Poets and Musitians : And the most valiant Confounder of their desperate debts. And (to the comfort of all honest Christians) The now-onely-onely-Supper-maker to Enghles & Plaiers-Boyes, Syr Nicholas Nemo, alias Nobody.*

**S**HALL I creepe (like a drownde Ratte) into thy warme bosome, (my Benefique Patron !) with a piece of some olde mustie Sentence in my mouth, stolne out of *Lycosthenes Apothegmes*, and so accost thee? Out vpont! the fashion of such Dedications is more stale than kissing. No, no, suffer me (good *Nobody*) to diue (like a White-Friars Puncke) into thy familiar & solid acquaintance at the first dash: And in stead of Worshipfull Syr, come vpon thee with honest Iew, how doest? Wonder not that out of the whole A3<sup>v</sup> barrell of pickeld | Patrons, I haue onely made choice of thee, for I loue none really, but thee and my selfe, for vs

I TEE Q

5 golden. Q

two do I only care, and therefore I coniure thee, let the payment of thine affection be reciprocall.

They are Rimes that I haue boyld in my leaden Inck-pot, for thine owne eating : And now (rarest *Nobody*) taste the reason why they are serued vp to thee (in the taile of the Plague) like *Caveare*, or a dish of *Anchoues* after supper. Know then (*Mounsier* verse-gilder) that I haue sailed (during this storme of the Pestilence) round about the vast Iland of the whole world, which when I found to be made like a foote-ball, the best thing in it, being but a bladder of 10 mans life, (lost with a little pricke) I tooke vp my foote and spurnd at it, bicause I haue heard that none but fooles make account of the world. But mistake me not, (thou Spurroyall of the *Muses* !) for it was neither in Sir *Francis Drakes* nor in *Candishes* voyage, that I swom through so much salt-water : But onely with two honest Card-makers (*Peter Plancius* and *Gerard Mercator*) who in their vniuersall *Maps*, (as in a Barbers Looking-glasse, where a nomber of most villanous vngodly faces are seene, in a yeare, and especially now at Christmas) did (like Country-fellowes, that is to say 20 very plainly) and in a shorter time, than a Sculler can rowe from Queene-hyue to *Wapping*, make a braue discouery vnto me, as well of all the old raine-beaten, as of the spicke and span new-found worlds, with euery particular Kingdome, Dukedom, and Popedom in their liuely cullors, so that I knew *Constantinople* as perfectly, as *Iobbin*, the Maultmans horse of *Enfield* knowes the way to *London* : and could haue gone to the great Turkes *Serraglio* (where he keepes all his wenches) as tollerably and farre more welcome, than if I had beene one of his Eunuches. *Prester Iohn*, and the 30 *Sophy*, were neuer out of mine eye, (yet my sight was not

As a pin the worse). The Soldan of *Egipt* | I had with a wet finger : from whence, I trauailed as boldly to the Courts of all the Kings in Christendome, as if I had bin an Embassadour (his pomp only excepted.)

Strange fashions did I pick (like wormes) out of the fingers of euery Nation, a number of phantastick Popinayes and Apes (with faces like men) itching till they had got them. And (besides fashions) many wonders, worthy to be hung vp (like Shields with senseles, bald, impræsaes) in the white paper-gallery of a large Chronicle. But this made me fret out worse than gumd Taffaty, that neither in any one of those Kingdomes, (no nor yet within the walls and water-works of mine own country) could I either find or heare, (for I gaue a Crier a King-Harry-groate to make an oyes) no nor read of any man, woman or child, left so wel by their friends, or that caryed such an honest mind to the Common-wealth of the *Castalians*, as to keepe open-house for the seauen poore Liberall Sciences : nor once (which euen the rich cubs and fox-furd curmudgens do) make thē good cheere so much as at Christmas, whē euery cobler has licence (vnder the broad Seale of Hospitality) to sit cheeke by iowle at the table of a very Aldermans deputy.

What woodcocks then are these seauen wise maisters to answere to that worme-eaten name of Liberall, seeing it has vndone them? It's a name of the old fashion : It came vp with the old Religion, and went down with the new. Liberality has bin a Gentleman of a good house, and an ancient house, but now that old house (like the Players old Hall at Dowgate) is falne to decay, and to repaire it, requires too much cost. My seauen lattin-sellers, haue bin liberall so long to others, that now they haue not a rag (or

almost nothing but rags) left for themselues : Yea and into such pitifull predicaments are they fallen, that most of our Gentry (besides the Punyes of Innes of Court and Chancery) takes them for the Seauen Deadly Sinnes, and <sup>A4v</sup> hate them worse than they hate whores. How much happier had it bin for them, to haue changed their copies, & frō Sciences bin bound to good Occupations, cōsidering that one *London-occupier* (dealing vprightly with all men) puts vp more in a weeke, than seuen Bachilers of Art (that euery day goe barely a wooing to them) do in a yeare. <sup>10</sup>

Hath not the Plague (incomparable *Nobody* : and therefore incomparable, bicause with an *Æneas*-like glory, thou hast redeemed the golden-tree of Poesie, euen out of the hellish scorne, that this worlde (out of her *Luciferan* pride) hopes to dam it with) hath it not I say done all men knights seruice in working the downfal of our greatest & greediest beggers? *Dicite Io Pæan*, You yong Sophisticall Fry of the Vniuersities ! breake *Priscians* pate (if hee crosse you) for ioy : for had not the Plague stuck to you in this case, sixe of your seuen Academicall sweet-hearts (if I saide all seuen <sup>20</sup> I should not lye vpon them) had long ere this (but that some Doctors withstood it) bene begd, (not for Wards, yet some of them haue lodged I can tell you in the knights Warde) but for meere *Stones*, and *Chesters*, *Fooles*, *Fooles*, and *Iesters*, because whereas some of their *Chymicall* & *Alchymicall* raw disciples haue learnt (at their hands) to distill gold and siluer out of very Tauerne-bushes, old greazy knaues of Diamonds, the dust of bowling Allyes, yea & like *Æsops Gallus Gallinaceus*, to scrape precious stones euen out of dung-hils, yet they themselues (poore harletries) had <sup>30</sup>

neuer the grace, nor the face, to cary one peny in their own purses.

But to speak truth (my noble curer of the poetical madnesse for nothing) where should they haue it? Let them be sent into the courts of Princes, there they are so lordly, that (vnles they were bigger & taller of their hands, than so many of the Guard) euery one lookes ouer thē, or if they giue them any thing, it's nothing but good looks. As for the Citic, that's so full of Crafts-men, there is no dealing  
B: with their | mysteries : the nine *Muses* stand in a brown  
11 study, whē they come within their liberties, like so many mad wenches takē in a watch & broght before a bench of Brown bils. *O Ciues, Ciues!* *quærenda pecunia primum!*  
*Virtus post Nummos* : First open your purses, and then be vertuous, part not with a peny : the rich mizers holde their owne by this Canon lawe. And for those (whom in English we call poore snakes) Alas ! they are barde (by the Statute against Beggers) from giuing a dandiprat or a *Bawbee*. In the Campe there is nothing to be had but blowes and  
20 Prouant : for souldiers had neuer worse doings : My sweet Captain, bestowes his pipe of rich *Trynidado* (taking the *Muses* for Irish Chimny-sweepers) and that's his Talent.

Being in this melancholy contemplation, and hauing wept a whole ynck-horne full of Verses in bewailing the miseries of the time, on the suddaine I started vp : with my teeth bit my writings, because I would eate my words : condemnd my pen-knife to the cutting of powder-beefe and brewes : my paper to the drying and inflaming of *Tobacco* : and my *Retirements* to a more Gentleman-like recreation, viz. Duke  
30 *Humphres walke in Powles* : swearing fие or sixe poeticall

furious oathes, that the Goose-quill should neuer more gull me, to make me shoote paper-bullets into any Stationers shop, or to serue vnder the weather-beaten colours of *Apollo*, seeing his pay was no better. Yet remembred what a notable good fellow thou wert : the onely *Atlas* that supports the *Olympian* honour of learning : and (out of thy horne of Abundance) a continuall Benefactor to all Schollers (*Thou matchlesse Nobody !*) I set vp my rest, and vowde to consecrate all my blotting-papers onely to thee : And not content to dignifie thee with that loue and honor of my selfe : I sommond all the Rymesters, Play-patchers, Iig-makers, Ballad-mongers, & Pamphlet-stitchers (being the yeomanry of the Company) together with all those whom *Theocrytus* calls the *Muses Byrds* (being the Maisters and head-Wardens) and before them all made an Encomiasticall Oration in praise of *Nobody*, (*scilicet* your proper selfe) pronouncing them Asses, and threatning to haue them prest to serue at sea in the ship of Fooles, if euer hereafter, they taught their lynes (like water-Spaniels) to fetch *any thing* that were throwne out for thē, or to diue into the vnworthy commendations of *Lucius Apuleius*, or any Golden-Asse of them all, being for their paines clapt only on the shoulder, and sent away dropping, when as thy leatherne bagges stand more open than Seacoale sackes, more bounteously to reward them.

I had no sooner cut out thy vertues in these large cantles, but all the Synagogue of Scribes gaue a *Plaudite*, crying out *Viva voce*, with one loud throat, that All their verses should henceforth haue more feete, and take longer strides than if they went vpon stiltes, onely to carry thy glorious praises

ouer the earth : And that none (but *Nobody*) should licke the fat of their Inuentions : that Dukes, Earles, Lordes and Ladies, should haue their Il-liberal names torn out of those bookees whose Authors they sent away with a Flea in their eare, And the stile of *Nobody* in Capitall Romane Letters, brauely Printed in their places.

Herevpon crowding their heads together, and amongst thēselues canuasing more & more thy inexplicable worth, All of them (as inspirde) burst suddenly forth, and sung  
10 extemporall *Odes* in thine honor, & *Palynodes* in recantatiō of all former good opinions held of niggardly patrons : One of them magnifying thee, for that in this pestiferous shipwrack of Londoners, when the Pilot, Boteswaines, Maister and Maisters-mates, with all the chiefe Mariners that had charge in this goodly Argozy of gouernment, leapt from the sterne, strooke all the sailes from the maine yard to the mizzen ; neuer lookt to the Compasse, neuer sownded in places of danger, nor so much as put out their Close-fights, |  
B2 when they saw a most cruel man of warre pursue them, but  
20 suffred all to sinke or swim, crying out onely, Put your trust in God my Bullies, & not in vs, whilst they either hid them selues vnder hatches, or else scrambled to shoare in Cock-boats : yet thou (vndanted *Nobody*) then, euen then, didst stand stoutly to thy tackling, step coragiously to the helme, and manfully runne vp & downe, encouraging those (with comfortable words) whose hearts laie coldly in their bellies. Another lifted thee vp aboue the third Heauen, for playing the Constables part so rarely : And (not as your commō Constables, charging poore sick wretches, that had neither  
30 meate nor mony, in the kings name to keepe their houses, thats to say, to famish & die : But discharging whole baskets

full of victualls (like vollies of shot) in at their windowes :) thou, onely thou (most charitable *Nobody*) madest them as fat as butter, & preseruedst their liues. A third extold thy martiall discipline, in appointing Ambushes of Surgeons and Apothecaries, to lye close in euery ward, of purpose to cut of any cōuoy that broght the plague succor. A fourth swore at the next Impressiō of the Chronicles, to haue thy name, with the yeare of our Lord (& certain Hexameter verses vnder-neath) all in great goldē letters, wherin thy Fame should be consecrated to eternall memory, for carefully 10 purchasing conuenient plots of ground, onlie for Burialls (and those out of the Citie too, as they did in *Ierusalem*) to the intent, that threescore (contrary to an Act of common Councell against In-mates) might not be pestred together, in one litle hole, where they lie and rot : but that a poore man might for his mony haue elbow-roome, & not haue his guts thrust out to be eaten vp with paltry worms : least when in hot and drie Sommers (that are yet not dreamed on) those mustie bodies putrifying, the inavoydable stench of their strong breath be smelt out by the Sun, and then 20 there's new worke for Clarkes and Sextons. |

Thus had euery one a flirt at thy praises : if thou hadst B2<sup>v</sup> bene begde to hauc plaid an Anatomy in Barber-surgions Hall, thy good parts could not haue bene more curiously ript vp : they diu'de into the very bowels of thy hartie commendations. So that I, that (like a Match) scarce gaue fire before, to the dankish powder of their apprehensions, was now burnt vp my self, in the flames of a more ardent affection towards thee, kindled by them. For presently the court brake vp, and (without a quarter-dinner) all parted : 30

i windowes :)] windowes : Q

their heads being great with childe, and aking very pittifully, till they were deliuered of *Hymnes, Hexasticons, Pæans,* and such other *Panegyricall* stiffe, which euery one thought  
7. yeare till he had brought forth, to testifie the loue that  
he bore to *Nobody*: In aduancement of whose honour (and  
this was sworne vpon a pen & ynck-horne in stead of a sword,  
yet they al write *Tam marti quam mercurio*, but how lawfully  
let the Heralds haue an eye too) they vowed & swore very  
terribly, to sacrifice the very liues of their inuention ; And  
10 whē they wanted ynck (as many of them do wanting mony)  
or had no more (like a Chancery-man) but one pen in all  
the world, parcell of their oath was, to write with their  
blood and a broome-stick before they would sit idle.

Accept therfore (for hansell-sake) these curtall Rymes of  
ours (thou Capon-feaster of schollers :) I call thē News frō  
*Graues-end*: Be it knowne vnto thy *Non-residence*, that I  
come not neare that *Graues-end* (which takes his beginning  
in *Kent*) by twenty miles at least ; but the end of those  
*Graues* do I shoote at, which were cast vp here in *London*,  
20 to stand as land-marks for euery parish, to teach them how  
far they were to goe : laying down (so wel as I can) the  
maner how death & his army of pestilent Archers, entred  
the field, and how euery arrow that they drew, did almost  
cleave a heart in sunder. Reade ouer but one leafe (deare  
*Nobody*) & thou putst vpō me an armor of proofe against  
B3 the rankling teeth | of those mad dogs (cald Booke-biters)  
that run barking vp and downe Powles Church-yard, and  
bite the Muses by the shinnes. Commend thou my labours,  
and I will labour onely to commend thee : for thy humor  
30 being pleasd, all the mewing Critists in the world shall not  
fright me. I know the Stationers will wish me and my

papers burnt (like hereticks) at the Crosse, if thou doest (now) but enter into their Shops by my meanes : It would fret their hearts to see thee at their Stalls reading my Newes. Yet therein they deale doubly, and like notable dissemblers, for all the time of this Plaguy Allarum, they marcht only vnder thy cullors : desirde none but thy company : none but thy selfe wert welcome to them : none but *Nobody* (as they all cride out to thine immortall commendations) bought bookees of them : *Nobody* was their best, and most bounteous customer. Fye on this hollow-hearted <sup>10</sup> world ! Do they shake thee off now ? Be wise, and come not neere them by twelue-score at least, so shalt thou not neede to care what disgraces they shoote at thee. But leauing them to their old tune, of *What new Bookes do you lack?* prick vp thine eares like a March-Hare (at the sudden cry of a kennell of hounds) and listen what newes the Post thats come from *Winchester-Terme* windes out of his horne.

O that thou hadst taken a lease there (happy *Nobody*) but for one moneth, the place had (for thy sake) bin well spoken of for euer. Many did heartily pray (especially Watermen, <sup>20</sup> and Players, besides the Drawers, Tapsters, Butchers, and Inholders, with all the rest of the hungry Cominaltie of *Westminster*) for thy going thither. Ten thousand in *London* swore to feast their neighbors with nothing but plum-porridge, and mince-pyes all Christmas, (that now for anger will not bestow a crust on a begger) vpon condition that all the Judges, Sergeants, Barristers and Attornies, had not set a foot out of dores, but that thou only (in pomp) | (sauing them that labour) hadst rode that iourney, so greedily <sup>30</sup> B<sub>3</sub> did they thirst after thy preferment. For hadst thou bin

there, those black-buckrom tragedies had neuer bin seene, that there haue bin acted. Alas ! its a beastly thing to report. But (truth must out) poore dumb Horses were made meere Iades, being vsed so villanouslie, that they durst neither weihy nor wag taile. And though the riders of them had growne neuer so chollerick, and chaft till they foamd againe, an Hostler to walke them was not to be had for loue or money. Neither could the Geldings (euen of Gentlemen) get leauue (for all they swet til they dropt again)  
10 to stand as they had wont at Rack & Manger, (no, no, twas enough for their maisters to haue that honor) but now (against all equitie) were they cald (when they little thought of any such matter) to a deere reckoning for all their old wilde-oates.

A cōspiracy there was amōgst all the Inkeepers, that *Jack Straw* (an ancient rebell) should choak al the horses : and the better to bring this to passe, a bottle of hay was sold deerer then a bottle of wine at *London*. A trusse cost more, then maister Maiors trusse of *Forditch*, with the sleevees &  
20 belly-piece all of bare Sattin to boote : Which knauery being smelt out, the horsemen grew pollitick, & neuer sate downe to dinner, but their Nags were still at their elbowes : so that it grew to be as ordinary a question, to aske, *What shall I pay for a Chamber for my selfe and my Gelding all night*, (because they would not be Iaded any more) as in other countrey townes, *For my wife and my selfe*, for a beast and a man were entertained both alike, and that in such wonderful sort, that theile speake of it, *In æternam rei memoriam*. For most of their roomes were fairely built (out  
30 of the ground, but not out of the durt) like Irish Houels, hung round about with cobweb-lawne very richly, and

furnished, no Aldermans Parlor in *London* like them : for heres your bed, there a | stable, and that a hogsty, yet so ~~B4~~ artificially contriu'd, that they stand all vnder one roofe, to the amazement of all that behold them.

But what a childishnes is it, to get vp thus vpon their Hobby-horses, let them bite a the bridle, whilst we haue about with the men. As for the women, they may laugh and lye downe, its a merry world with them, but somebody payes for it. O *Winchester* ! much mutton hast thou to answer for, which thou hast made away (being sluttishly ~~10~~ fryed out in steakes, or in burnt Carbonadoes) thy maid-servants best know how, if they were cald to an account. It was happy for some, that 4. of the Returnes were cut off, for if they had held together, many a one had neuer returned from thence his owne man. Oh beware ! your *Winchester-Goose* is tenne times more dangerous to surfe~~t~~ vpon, than your *S. Nicholas Shambles-Capon*.

You talke of a Plague in *London*, & red Crosses set vpon dores, but ten plagues cannot melt so many crosses of siluer out of Lawyers purses, as the *Winchesterians* (with a hey-pas, ~~20~~ re-pas) iugled out of theirs to put into their owne. Patient they were I must needes confesse, for they would pocket vp any thing, came it neuer so wrongfully, insomuch that very good substantiall householders haue oftentimes gone away with crackt crownes, & neuer cōplaind of the that gaue the. If euer mony were currant (*à currēdo*, of rūning away) now was the time, it ran frō the poore clients to the Attorneys & Clarks of bands in small troopes (here 10 & there 20) but when the Leaguers of *Winchester* cried Charge, Charge, the Lawyers paid fort, they went to the pot full deerely, & ~~30~~ the townesmen still caried away all the noble and royall

victories. So that being puft vp with an opinion, that the Siluer Age was crept into the world againe, they denyed (in a manner) the Kings Coyne, for a penny was no money with them. Whensoeuer there shall come forth a Prest |  
B4<sup>v</sup> for Souldiers, thither let it be sent, for by all the opinion of the best Captaines (that had a charge there, and haue tryed them) the men of *Winchester* are the onely seruiceable men this day in *England*: the reason is, they care no more to venture among small shots, than to be at the discharging 10 of so many Cannes of beere: Tush, tis their desire, to see those that enter vpon them, to come off soundly, that when they are gone, all the world may beare witnes they came to their cost.

And being thus (night and day) imploid, and continually entring into Action, it makes them haue mighty stomacks, so that they are able to soake and deuoure all that come in their way: A Rapier and a Cloake haue bin eaten vp at a Supper as cleane (and caryed away well too) as if they had bin but two Rabbet-suckers. A Nag serued but one 20 Seruing-man to a breakefast, whilst the Saddle and Bridle were brewd into a quart of strong Beere.

This intollerable destroying of victuals being lookt into, the Inhabitants laid their heads together, and agreed among themselues (for the generall good of the whole Towne) to make it a towne of Garrison. And seeing the desperate Termers, that stroue in lawe together, in such a pittifull pickle, and euery day so durty, that when they met their Councell, they lookt like the black Guard, fighting with the Innes of Court, that therefore all the Householders should 30 turne Turke, and be victuallers to the Camp. By this meanes hauing the lawe in their owne hands, they rulde

the roast how they listed : insomuch, that a common iugge of double Beere skornd to kisse the lips of a Knight vnder a groate. Sixe howres sleepe could not be bought vnder ffe shillings. Yea in some places a nights lodging was dearer than the hire of a Curtizan in *Venice* twice so long. And (hauing learnt the tricks of *London-Sextons*) there they laid foure or ffe in a bed, as here, those other knaues of Spades C<sub>1</sub> thrust nine and tenne into one graue. Beds keeping such a iustling of one another in euery roome, that in the day time the lodgings lookt like so many Vpholsters Shops, and 10 in the night time like the *Sauoy*, or *S. Thomas Hospitall*. At which, if any guest did but once bite his lip, or grumble, he was cashierd the company for a mutinous fellow, the place was not for him, let him trudge. A number stood with Petitions readie to giue mony for the reuersion of it : for *Winchester* now durst, (or at least hopt to) stand vpon proud termes with *London*. And this (thou beloued of all men) is the very pith and marrow of the best and latest Newes (except the vnmasking of certaine Treasons) that came with the Post from *Winchester*, where if thou hadst =  
hirde a Chamber (as would to heauen thou hadst) thou wouldst neuer haue gone to any Barbers in *London* whilst thou hadst liude, but haue bin trimd only there, for they are the true shauers, they haue the right Neapolitan polling.

To whose commendations, let me glew this piece more, that it is the most excellent place for dispatching of old suites in the world, for a number of riding suites (that had lyen long in lauander) were worne out there, only with seruing amongst the hot shots, that marcht there vp and downe : let *Westminster* therefore, *Temple-bar*, and *Fleete-30 streete*, drinke off this draught of *Rosa solis*, to fetch life

into them againe, after their so often swounding, that those few Iurors that went thither (if any did goe thither) haue tane an oath neuer to sit at *Winchester-Ordinary* againe, if they can choose, but rather to breake their fasts in the old Abbey behinde *Westminster*, with Pudding-Pyes, and Furmenty.

Deliuer Copies of these Newes (good *Nobody*) to none of thy acquaintance (as thou tenderst me) and thou shalt commaund any seruice at my hands : for I haue an intent |  
Civ to hire three or foure Ballad-makers, who I know will be  
n glad for sixe pence and a dinner, to turne all this limping  
Prose into more perfectly-halting Verse, that it shall doe  
any true-borne Citizens heart good, to heare such doings  
sung to some filthie tune, and so farewell. Turne  
ouer a new leafe, and try if I handle  
the Plague in his  
right kind.

Deuoted to none but thy selfe,

*Some-body.*

10 will *Britwell Q* : wil *Bodleian Q*



**T**O Sicknes, and to Queazie Tymes,  
We drinke a health in wholesome Rymes,  
*Phisicke* we inuoke thy aide,  
Thou (that borne in heauen) art made  
A lackey to the meanest creature,  
Mother of health ; thou nurse of nature,  
Equall friend to rich and poore,  
At whose hands, Kings can get no more,  
Than emptie Beggers ; O thou wise  
In nothing but in Misteries !  
Thou that ha'st of earth the rule,  
Where (like an *Academie*, or Schoole)  
Thou readst deep Lectures to thy sonnes,  
(Mens *Demi-gods*) Phisitions ;  
Who thereby learne the abstruse powers  
Of Hearbs, of Roots, of Plants, of Flowers,  
And suck from poysonous stinking weede  
Preseruatiues, mans life to feede.  
Thou nearest to a God, (for none  
Can worke it, but a God alone,) 20  
O graue *Enchauntresse*, deigne to breath  
Thy Spells into vs, and bequeath  
Thy sacred fires, that they may shine  
In quick and vertuall medicine, |  
Arme vs to conuince this Foe,  
This King of dead men, conquering so :  
This hungry Plague, Cater to death,  
Who eates vp all, yet famisheth :

- Teach vs how we may repaire  
 These Ruines of the rotten Aire,  
 Or, if the Aires pollution can  
 So mortall strike through beast and man,  
 Or, if in blood corrupt, Death lye,  
 Or if one dead, cause others die,  
 How ere, thy soueraigne cures disperse,  
 And with that glory crowne our verse :  
 That we may yet sauе many a soule  
 10 (Perchance now merry at his Bowle)  
 That ere our Tragick Song be don,  
 Must drinke this thick Contagion :  
 But (ô grieve) why do we accite  
 The charmes of Phisick? whose numbd sprite  
 Now quakes, and nothing dare, or can,  
 Checkt by a more dread Magitian?  
 Sick is Phisicks selfe to see  
 Her *Aphorismes* prou'de a mockery :  
 For whilst shee's turning o're her booke,  
 20 And on her drugs and simples lookes, |  
 C3 Shee's run through her owne armed heart,  
 (Th'infection flying aboue Art :)  
 Come therefore thou the best of Nine,  
 (Because the Saddest) euery line  
 That drops from *Sorrowes* pen is due  
 Only to thee, to Thee we sue :  
 Thou Tragick Maid, whose Fury's spent  
 In dismall, and most black Ostent,  
 In Vprores, and in Fall of Kings,  
 30 Thou of Empires change that sings,

13 accite Bodleian Q: atcite Britwell Q

21 her] om. Q

28 Ostent. Q

Of Dearth, of Warres, of Plagues, and laughs  
 At Funeralls, and Epitaphes :  
 Carowse thou to our thirstie soule  
 A full draught from the *Thespian* bowle,  
 That we may powre it out agen,  
 And drinke, in nombers Iuice to men,  
 Striking such horrors through their eares  
 Their haire may vpright stand with feares,  
 Till rich Heires meeting our strong verse  
 May not shrinck back, before it pierce      10  
 Their marble eye-balls, and there shead  
 One drop (at least) for him that's dead :  
 To worke which wonder, we will write  
 With Penns puld from that bird of night  
 (The shriking Owle) our Inck weeble mix      C. 3 v  
 With teares of widowes, (black as Stix)  
 The paper where our lynes shall meete,  
 Shall be a folded winding sheete,  
 And that the Scene may shew more full,  
 The Standish is a dead mans scull.      20  
 Inspire vs therefore how to tell  
 The *Horror* of a *Plague*, the *Hell*.

*The cause of the Plague.*

**N**Or drops this venome, from that faire  
 And christall bosome of the Aire,  
 Whose ceaseles motion clarifies  
 All vaporous stench, that vpward flies  
 And with her vniuersall wings,  
 Thick poisonous fumes abroad she flings,  
 Till (like to Thunder) rudely tost,      30  
 Their malice is (by spreading) lost.

- Yet must we graunt that from the veines  
Of Rottennes and Filth, that reigne,  
O're heapes of bodies, slaine in warre,  
From Carrion (that indangers farre)  
From standing Pooles, or from the wombes  
Of Vaults, of Muckhills, Graues, & Tombes, |  
C4 From Boggs ; from ranck and dampish Fenns,  
From Moorish breaths, and nasty Denns,  
The Sun drawes vp contagious Fumes,  
10 Which falling downe burst into Rhewmes,  
And thousand malladies beside,  
By which our blood growes putrified.  
Or, being by windes not swept from thence,  
They houer there in cloudes condense,  
Which suckt in by our spirits, there flies  
Swift poyson through our Arteries,  
And (not resisted) strait it choakes  
The heart, with those pestiferous smoakes.  
Thus *Phisicke and Philosophy*  
20 Do preach, and (with this) Salues apply :  
Which search, and vse with speede : but now  
This monster breeds not thus : For how  
(If this be prou'de) can any doubt  
But that the Ayre does (round about)  
In flakes of poyson drop on all,  
The Sore being spread so generall?  
Nor dare we so conclude : for then  
Fruites, Fishes, Fowle, nor Beasts, nor Men  
Should scape vntainted, Grazing flocks  
30 Would feede vpon their graues : the Oxe |  
C4v Drop at the plough : the trauelling Horse  
Would for a Rider beare a Coarse :

Th'ambitious Larke, (the Bird of state)  
 Whose wings do sweep heauens pearled gate,  
 As she descended (*Then*) would bring,  
 Pestilent Newes vnder each wing :  
 Then Riuers would drink poyson'd aire :  
 Trees shed their green and curled haire :  
 Fish swim to shore full of disease,  
 (For Pestilence would Fin the seas :)  
 And we should thinke their scaly barkes,  
 Hauing small speckles, had the markes.      10  
 No soule could moue : but sure there lyes  
 Some vengeance more then in the skies :  
 Nor (as a Taper, at whose beames  
 Ten thousand lights fetch golden stremes,  
 And yet it selfe is burnt to death,)      20  
 Can we belieue that one mans breath  
 Infected, and being blowne from him,  
 His poyson should to others swim :  
 For then who breath'd vpon the first?  
 Where did th'imbulked venome burst?      20  
 Or how scapte those that did diuide  
 The selfe-same bits with those that dide?  
 Drunke of the selfe-same cups, and laie      30  
 In Ulcerous beds, as close as they?  
 Or, those, who euery houre, (like Crowes)  
 Prey on dead carkasses : their nose  
 Still smelling to a graue : their feete  
 Still wrapt within a dead mans sheete !  
 Yet (the sad execution don)  
 Careles among their Canns they run,  
 And there (in scorne of Death or Fate)  
 Of the deceast they wildly prate,

- Yet snore vntoucht, and next day rise  
 To act in more new Tragedies :  
 Or (like so many bullets flying)  
 A thousand here and there being dying,  
 Death's Text-bill clapt on euery dore,  
 Crosses on sides, behinde, before,  
 Yet he (i'th midst) stands fast : from whence  
 Comes this? youle say from *Prouidence*.  
 Tis so, and that's the common Spell,  
 10 That leades our Ignorance, (blinde as hell)  
 And serues but as excuse, to keepe  
 The soule from search of things more deepe ;  
 No, no, this black and burning starre  
 (Whose sulphurd drops, do scald so farre,) .  
 Drv Does neither houer o're our heads,  
 Nor lyes it in our bloods, nor beds :  
 Nor is it stitcht to our attires,  
 Nor like wilde balls of running fires  
 Or thunderbolts, which where they light  
 20 Do either bruise, or kill out-right ;  
 Yet by the violence of that Bound  
 Leape off, and giues a second wound :  
 But this fierce dragon (huge and fowle)  
 Sucks virid poyson from our soule,  
 Which being spit forth again, therc raigns  
 Showers of Blisters, and of Blaines,  
 For euery man within him feedes  
 A worme which this contagion breeds ;  
 Our heauenly parts are plaguy sick,  
 30 And there such leaprous spotts do stick,

That God in anger fills his hand  
 With Vengeance, throwing it on the land ;  
 Sure tis some Capitall offence,  
 Some high, high Treason doth incense  
 Th'Eternall King, that thus we are  
 Arraign'd at Deaths most dreadfull barre ;  
 Th'Inditement writ on Englands brest,  
 When other Countries (better blest) |  
 Feele not the Judges heauy doome      D2  
 Whose breath (like Lightning doth consume)      10  
 And (with a whip of Planets) scourges  
 The Veines of mortalls, In whom Surges  
 Of sinfull blood, Billowes of Lust  
 Stir vp the powres to acts vniust.  
 Whether they be Princes Errors,  
 Or faults of Peeres, pull downe thesc Terrors,  
 Or (because we may not erre,)      20  
 Lets sift it in particular,  
 The Courtiers pride, lust, and excesse,  
 The Church-mans painted holinesse ;  
 The Lawyers grinding of the poore,  
 The Souldiers staruing at the doore,  
 Ragd, leane, and pale through want of blood,  
 Sold cheape by him for Countries good.  
 The Schollers envy ; Farmers curse,  
 When heau'ns rich Threasurer doth disburse  
 In bounteous heapes (to thankles men)  
 His vnuersall Blessings : then  
 This deluing Moale, for madnes eates  
 Euen his owne lungs, and strange oathes sweates,      30  
 Because he cannot sell for pence,  
 Deare yeares, in spite of *Prouidence.* |

- D<sub>2</sub>v Adde vnto these, the City-sin  
(Brought by seuen deadly monsters in)  
Which doth all bowndes, and blushing scorne,  
Because tis in the Freedome borne.  
What Traines of Vice, (which euen Hell hates)  
But haue bold passage through her gates?  
Pride in Diet, Pride in Cloathing,  
Pride in Building, pure in nothing,  
And that she may not want disease  
10 She sailes for it beyond the Seas,  
With *Antwerp* will she drinke vp *Rhene* :  
With *Paris* act the bloodiest Scene :  
Or in pyed fashions passe her folly,  
Mocking at heauen yet looke most holy :  
Of Vsury shee'll rob the Iewes,  
Of Luxury, *Venetian* Stewes,  
With Spaniards, shee's an Indianist,  
With barbarous Turks a Sodomist.  
So low her Antique walls do stand,  
20 These sinnes leape o're euen with one hand :  
And Hee, that all in modest black,  
Whose Eye-ball strings shall sooner crack,  
Then seeme to note a tempting face,  
Measuring streets with a Doue-like pace, |  
D<sub>3</sub> Vnder that oyly vizard weares,  
The poore mans sweat, and Orphans teares :  
Now whether these particular Fates,  
Or generall Moles (disfiguring States)  
Whether one sin alone, or whether  
30 This Maine Battalions ioynd together,  
Do dare these plagues ; we cannot tell,  
But downe they beate all humane Spell :

Or, it may be, *Iehouah* lookes  
 But now vpon those Audit-Bookeſ  
 Of 45. yeares hūſt account,  
 For houres mispent, (whose ſummes ſurmount  
 The price of ransomd Kings) and there  
 Finding our grieuous debts, doth cleere  
 And crosse them vnder his owne hand,  
 Being paid with *Liues*, through all the land.  
 For ſince his Maiden-Seruant's gone,  
 And his new Viceroy fills the Throne,  
 Heauen meaneſ to giue him (as his bride)  
 A Nation new, and purified.

Take breath a while our panting Muse,  
 And to the world tell gladder newes,  
 Than theſe of Burialls, ſtrive a while,  
 To make thy ſullen nomberſ ſmile : |  
 Forget the names of Graues, and Ghosts,  
 The ſound of bells : the vnuownne coaſts  
 Of Deaths vast Kingdome : and ſaile o're  
 With fresher winde to happier Shore.      D3v  
 For now the maiden Ile hath got,  
 A Roiall Husband, (heauenly *Lott*)  
 Faire *Scotland* does faire *England* wed,  
 And giues her for her maiden-head,  
 A crowne of gold, wrought in a Ring,  
 With which *Shee*'s maried to a King :  
 Thou Beldame (whisperer of false Rumors)  
 Fame ; cast aside those Antiqe humors,  
 Lift vp thy golden Tromp, and ſound  
 Euen from *Tweedes* vtmoſt christall bownd,  
 And from the bankes of Siluer *Thames*  
 To the greene Ocean, that King *James*      30

Has made an Iland, (that did stand  
Halfe sinking) now the firmest land :  
Carry thou this to *Neptunes* eare,  
That his shrill Tritons it may beare,  
So farre, vntill the Danish sound  
With repercussie voice rebound,  
That *Echo's* (doubling more and more)  
May reach the parched Indian shore,  
For tis heau'ns care so great a wonder,  
Should fly vpon the wings of Thunder. |

D4      *The Horror of the Plague.*

**O** Thou my Countrie, here mine eyes  
Are almost sunck in waues, that rise  
From the rough winde of Sighs, to see  
A spring that lately courted thee  
In pompous brauery, All thy Bowers  
Gilt by the Sunne, perfumde with flowers,  
Now like a loathsome Leaper lying,  
Her arbors withring, greene Trees dying,  
Her Reuells, and May-meriments,  
20 Turned all to Tragick dreeryments :  
And thou (the mother of my breath)  
Whose soft brest thousanddes nourisheth,  
Altar of *Ioue*, thou throne of Kings :  
Thou Fownt, where milke and hony springs :  
*Europs* Iewell ; *Englands* Iem :  
Sister to great *Ierusalem* :  
*Neptunes* minion, (bout whose wast  
The Thames is like a girdle cast,) |

*Apos-*  
*tr[ophe]*  
*ad Clut[la-]*  
*tem.*

1 Has] Had Q .      24 Alrar Q      *Ioue* Q : *Ioue The Magnificent Entertainment* (see above, p. xiv)

Thou that (but health) canst nothing want,  
Empresse of Cities, *Troynouant.*

When I thy lofty Towers behold,  
(Whose Pinnacles were tipt with gold  
Both when the Sun did set and rise  
So louely wert thou in his eies) |

Now like old Monuments forsaken,  
Or (like tall Pynes) by winter shaken ;

Or, seeing thee gorgeous as a bride  
Euen in the heighth of all thy pride  
Disrobd'e, disgracte ; And when all Nations  
Made loue to thee in amorous passions,  
Now scornd of all the wold alone,

None seeke thee, nor must thou seeke none,  
But like a prisoner must be kept

In thine owne walles, till thou hast wept  
Thine eyes out, to behold thy sweete  
Dead children heapt about thy feete :

O Deerest ! say how can we chuse  
But haue a sad and drooping Muse,

When Coarses do so choake thy way  
That now thou lookst like *Golgatha* ;

But thus, The altring of a State  
Alters our Bodies, and our Fate,

For Princes deaths do euen bespeake  
Millions of liues ; when Kingdomes breake,  
People dissolute, and (as with Thunder)  
Cities proud glories rent asunder.

Witnes thy walls, whose stony armes  
But yesterday receiu'de whole swarmes |

<sup>13</sup> Read perhaps world ; or scornd ; <sup>25</sup> death's Q

D4<sup>v</sup>

10

20

30

- Ei Of frighted English : Lord and Lowne,  
Lawyer, and Client, Courtier, Clowne,  
All sorts did to thy buildings fly,  
As to the safest Sanctuary.  
And he that through thy gates might passe,  
His feares were lockt in Towers of brasse,  
Happie that man : now happier they  
That from thy reach get first away :  
As from a shipwrack, to some shore :  
10 As from a lost field, drownd in gore :  
As from high Turrets, whose Ioints faile :  
Or rather, from some loathsome Iaile :  
But note heau'ns Iustice, they by flying  
That would cozen Death, and sauе a dying,  
How like to chaffe abroad th'are blowne,  
And (but for scorne) might walke vnknowne ;  
Like to plumde Estridges they ride,  
Or like Sea-pageants, all in pride  
Of Tacklings, Flags, and swelling Sails,  
20 Borne on the loftiest wawe, that veiles  
His purple bonnet, and in dread  
Bowes downe his snowie curled head,  
So from th'infected citie fly  
These Swallowes in their Gallantry, |  
Eiv Looking that wheresoe're they light,  
Gay Sommer, (like a Parasite)  
Should waite on them, and build'em bowers  
And crowne their nests with wreathed flowers,  
And Swaynes to welcome them should sing  
30 And daunce, as for their Whisson King :

12, from] from, Q      20 waues Q

Feather of Pride, how art thou lost?  
 How soone are all thy beauties lost?  
 How easely golden hopes vn-winde?  
 The russet boore, and leatherne hinde,  
 That two daies since did sinck his knce,  
 And (all vncouered) worshipt thee,  
 Or being but poore, and meanely cloathed,  
 Was either laught to scorne or loathed,  
 Now thee he loathes, and laughs to scornc,  
 And tho vpon thy back be worne,      10  
 More Sattin than a kingdomes worth,  
 He barrs his doore, and thrusts thee forth :  
 And they whose pallat Land nor Seas,  
 Whome fashions of no shape could please,  
 Whome Princes haue (in ages past)  
 For rich attires, and sumptuous wast,  
 Neuer come neere : now sit they rownd  
 And feede (like beggers) on the grownd, !  
 A field their bed, whose dankish Sheetes      E2  
 Is the greene grasse : And he that meetes  
 The flatringst Fortune, does but lie      20  
 In some rude barne, or loathsome stie :  
 Forsooke of all, flouted, forlorne :  
 Owne brother does owne brother scornc,  
 The trembling Father is vndone,  
 Being once but breath'd on by his sonne ;  
 Or, if in this sad pilgrimage  
 The hand of vengeance fall in rage,  
 So heauy vpon any'es head  
 Striking the sinfull body dead,      30

21 flatringst? Q

30 dead. Q

O shame to ages yet to come !  
Dishonor to all Christendome !  
In hallowed ground no heaped gold  
Can buy a graue ; nor linnen fold  
To make (so farre is pittie fled)  
The last apparell for the dead :  
But as the fashion is for those  
Whose desperate handes the knot vnlose  
Of their owne liues, In some hye-way  
10 Or barren field, their bones they lay,  
Euen such his buriall is ; And there  
Without the balme of any teare, |  
E2v Or pomp of Souldiers, But (ô grieve !)  
Dragd like a Traitor, or some thiefe  
At horses tailes, hee's rudely throwne,  
The coarse being stuck with flowers by none,  
No bells (the dead mans Consort) playing,  
Nor any holy Churchman saying  
A Funerall Dirge : But swift th'are gon,  
20 As from some noysome carion.

O desolate Citie ! now thy wings  
(Whose shadowe hath bene lou'd by Kings)  
Should feele sick feathers on each side,  
Seeing thus thy sonnes (got in ther pride  
And heate of plenty, In peace borne,) |

To their owne Nation left a scorne :

Each cowheard feares a Ghost him haunts,

Seeing one of thine inhabitants,

And does a Iew, or Turke prefer,

30 Before that name of Londoner ;

4 fold] sold Q      8 desperare Q      24 ther] Read perhaps thy  
pride) Q      25 borne,) ] borne, Q

Would this were all : But this black Curse  
 Doing ill abroad, at home does worse,  
 For in thy (now dispeopled) streetes,  
 The dead with dead, so thickly meetes,  
 As if some Prophets voice should say  
 None shall be Citizens, but they. |  
 Whole housholds, and whole streets are stricken, E.3  
 The sick do die, the sound do sicken,  
 And *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, crying  
 Ere Mercy can come forth, th'are dying. 10  
 No musick now is heard but bells,  
 And all their tunes are sick mens knells ;  
 And euery stroake the bell does toll,  
 Vp to heauen it windes a soule :  
 Oh, if for euery coarse that's laide  
 In his cold bed of earth, were made  
 A chyme of belles, if peales should ring  
 For euery one whom death doth sting,  
 Men should be deaffe, as those that dwell  
 By Nylus fall ; But now one Knell, 20  
 Giues with his Iron voyce this doome,  
 That twentie shall but haue one roome ;  
 There friend, and foe, the yong and old,  
 The freezing coward, and the bold :  
 Seruant, and maister : Fowle and faire :  
 One Liuery weare, and fellowes are  
 Sailing along in this black fleete,  
 And at the New *Graues-end* do meeete,  
 Where Church-yards banquet with cold cheere,  
 Holding a feast once in ten yeere, | 30  
 To which comes many a Pilgrym worme,  
 Hungry and faint, beat with the storme E.3v

- Of gasping *Famine*, which before  
Onely pickt bones, and had no more,  
But now their messes come so fast,  
They know not where, or which to tast ;  
For before (Dust to Dust) be spoken,  
And throwne on One, more Graues be broken.  
Thou Iealous man I pittie thee,  
Thou that liu'st in hell to see  
A wantons eye cheapening the sleeke  
10 Soft Iewels, of thy faire wiues cheeke,  
My verse must run through thy cold heart,  
Thy wife has playd the womans part  
And lyen with Death : but (spite on spite)  
Thou must endure this very night  
Close by her side the poorest Groome,  
In selfe-same bed, and selfe-same roome :  
But ease thy vext soule, thus behold  
There's one, who in the morne with gold  
Could haue built Castells : now hee's made  
20 A pillow to a wretch, that prayde  
For halfe-penny Almes, (with broken lim)  
The Begger now is aboue him ; |  
E4 So he that yesterday was clad  
In purple robes, and hourely had  
Euen at his fingers becke, the fees  
Of bared heads, and bending knees,  
Rich mens fawnings, poore mens praiers  
(Tho they were but hollow aires)  
Troopes of seruants at his calling,  
30 Children (like to subiects) falling  
At his proude feete : loe, (now hee's taken  
By death,) he lies of all forsaken.

Pest-  
hou[se.]

These are the Tragedies, whose sight  
 With teares blot all the lynes we write,  
 The Stage whereon the Scenes are plaide  
 Is a whole Kingdome : what was made  
 By some (most prouident and wise)  
 To hide from sad Spectators eyes  
 Acts full of Ruth, a priuate Roome  
 To drowne the horror of deaths doome,  
 That building now no higher reare  
 The Pest-House standeth euery where,  
 For those that on their Beeres are borne,  
 Are nombred more, than those that mourne.  
 But you graue Patriots, whom Fate  
 Makes Rulers of this walled State,  
 We must not loose you in our verse,  
 Whose Acts we one day may rehearse  
 In marble nombers, that shall stand  
 Aboue Tymes all-destroying hand :  
 Only (methinkes) you do erre  
 In flying from your charge so farre.  
 So coward Captaines shrinke away,  
 So Shepheards do their flocks betray :  
 So Souldiers, and so Lambes do perish,  
 So you kill those, y'are bound to cherish :  
 Be therefore valiant, as y'are wise,  
 Come back again : The man that dies  
 Within your walls, is euen as neere  
 To heau'n, as dying any where ;  
 But if (ô pardon our bold thought)  
 You feare your breath is sooner caught

10

E4v

20

30

4 what] who Q

Here then aloofe ; and therefore keepe  
Out of Deaths reach, whilst thousands weepe  
And wring their hands for thousands dying,  
No comfort neare the sick man lying :  
Tis to be fear'd (you petty-kings,) |  
When back you spread your golden wings,  
A deadlyer siege (which heauen auert)  
Will your replenisht walls ingirt. |

F<sub>r</sub> Tis now the Beggers plague, for none  
10 Are in this Battaile ouerthrowne  
But Babes and poore : The lesser Fly  
Now in this Spiders web doth lie.  
But if that great, and goodly swarme  
(That has broke through, and felt no harme,) |  
In his inuenom'd snares should fall,  
O pittie ! twere most tragicall :  
For then the Vsurer must behold  
His pestilent flesh, whilst all his gold  
Turns into Tokens, and the chest  
20 (They lie in,) his infectious brest :  
How well heele play the Misers part  
When all his coyne sticks at his heart ?  
Hees worth so many farthings then,  
That was a golden God mongst men.  
And tis the aptest death (so please  
Him that breath heauen, earth, and Seas)  
For euery couetous rooting Mowle  
That heaues his drosse aboue his soule,  
And doth in coyne all hopes repose,  
30 To die with corps, stampft full of those.

20 infections Q      29 repose,] repose Q

Then the rich Glutton, whose swolne eyne  
 Looke fiery red (being boild in wine) |  
 And in his meales, adores the cup, F<sub>1</sub>V  
 (For when he falls downe that stands vp  
 Therefore a goblet is his Saint,  
 To whome he kneeles with small constraint,  
 When his owne goblet Scull flowes o're  
 He worships *Bacchus* on all foure,  
 For none's his God but *Bacchus* then,  
 Who rules and guides all drunken men,) 10  
 When He shall wake from wine, and view  
 More then Tauern-tokens, new  
 Stamt vpon his brest and armes,  
 In horrid throngs, and purple swarmes,  
 Then will he loath his former shapes,  
 When he shall see blew markes mock grapes,  
 And hang in clusters on each veine,  
 Like to wine-bubbles, or the graine  
 Of staggering sinne, which now appeares  
 In the December of his yeares, 20  
 His last of howers ; when heele scarce haue  
 Time to goe sober to his Graue.  
 And then to die ! (dreadfull to thinke !)  
 When all his blood is turnd to drinke :  
 And who knowes not this Sentence giuen,  
 Mongst all sinnes, none can reele to Heauen ? |  
 But woe to him that sinkes in wine, F<sub>2</sub>  
 And dyes so (without heau'd vp eyne)  
 And buried so ! O loathsome trench !  
 His graue is like a Tauerne bench. 30

17 in] on Q

- Tis fearefull, and most hard to say,  
How he shall stand at latter day.  
The adulterous and luxurious spirit  
Pawnd to hell, and sinnes hot merrit,  
That bathes in lust his leaprous soule,  
Acting a deed without controll  
Or thought of Deitie : through whose bloud,  
Runnes part of the Infernall floud :  
How will he freeze with horror? lying  
10 In dreadfull trance before his dying :  
The heate of all his dambd desires  
Coold with the thought of gnashing fires :  
His Ryots rauisht, all his pleasures,  
His marrow wasted with his treasures,  
His painted harlots (whose imbraces  
Cost him many siluer faces,  
Whose only care and thought was then  
To keepe them sure from other men)  
Now they dance in Ruffians handes,  
20 Lazy Lieftenents (without bandes,) |  
F<sub>2</sub>v With muffled halfe-fac'de Pandars, laughing,  
Whilst he lies gasping, they sit quaffing,  
Smile at this plague, and black mischance,  
Knowing their deaths come o're from *France* :  
Tis not their season now to die,  
Two gnawing poisons cannot lie,  
In one corrupted flesh together,  
Nor can this poison then fly thether :  
Theres not a Strompet mongst them all  
30 That liues and rises by the fall,

13 pleasures,] pleasures Q

Dreads this contagion, or her threats,  
 Being guarded with French Amulets.  
 Yet all this while thy selfe liest panting,  
 Thy Luxurious howers recanting,  
 Whilst before thy face appeares,  
 Th'adulterous fruit of all thy yeares  
 In their true forme and horrid shapes,  
 So many Incests, violent Rapes,  
 Chamberd adulteries, vncleane passions,  
 Wanton habits, riotous fashions,  
 And all these Anticks drest in hell,  
 To dance about the passing bell ;  
 And clip thee round about the bed,  
 Whilst thousand Horrors graspe thy head. |

10

*The Cure of the Plague.*

F3

**A**nd therefore this infectious season  
 That now arrests the Flesh for Treason  
 Against heauens euerlasting King,  
 Annoynted with th'eternall spring  
 (Of life and power) this stroke of Force,  
 That turnes the world into a Coarse,  
 Feeding the Dust with what it craues,  
 Emptying whole houses to fill graues,  
 These speckled Plagues (which our sinnes leuy)  
 Are as needfull as th'are heauy ;  
 Whose cures to cite, our Muse forbeares,  
 Tho he the *Daphnean* wreath that weares  
 (Being both Poesies Soueraigne King,  
 And God of medicine) bids vs sing

20

- As boldly of those pollicies,  
Those Onsets, and those Batteries,  
By Phisick cunningly applied,  
To beate downe Plagues (so fortified)
- 5 And of those Armes defensitue,  
To keep th'assaulted Heart aliue,  
And of those wardes, and of those sleights,  
Vsde in these mortall single fights, |
- F<sub>3</sub>v As of the causes that commence  
This ciuill warre of Pestilence,  
For Poets soules should be confinde  
Within no bownds, their towring mindes  
Must (like the Sun) a progresse make  
Through Arts immensiuē Zodiake :  
And suck (like Bees) the vertuous power,  
That flows in learnings seuen-fold flower,  
Distilling forth the same agen  
In sweet and wholesome Iuice to men :  
But for we see the Army great
- 20 Of those whose charge it is to beat  
This proud Inuader, and haue skill  
In all those weapons, that do kill  
Such pestilent foes, we yeeld to them  
The glory of that stratagem :  
To whose Oraculous voice repaire,  
For they those Delphick Prophets are,  
That teach dead bodies to respire  
By sacred Æsculapian fire :  
We meane not those pied Lunatickes,
- 30 Those bold fantastick Empirickes,  
*Quack-saluers*, mishrump *Mountebancks*,  
That in one night grow vp in rancks |

And liue by pecking Phisickes crummes,  
O hate these venomous broodes, there comes  
Worse sores from them, and more strange births  
Then from ten plagues, or twentie deaths :  
Only this Antidote apply,  
Cease vexing heauen, and cease to die.  
Seeke therefore (after you haue found  
Salue naturall for the naturall wound  
Of this Contagion,) Cure from thence  
Where first the euill did commence,  
And that's the Soule : each one purge onc,  
And Englands free, the Plague is gone.

F4

*The C[ure.]**The necessitie of a Plague.*

**Y**Et to mixe comfortable words  
Tho this be horrid, it affords  
Sober gladnes, and wise ioyes,  
Since desperate mixtures it destroies ;  
For if our thoughts sit truly trying  
The iust necessitie of dying,  
How needfull (tho how dreadfull) are  
Purple Plagues, or Crimson warre.  
We would conclude (still vrging pittie)  
A Plague's the Purge to clense a Cittie :  
Who amongst millions can deny  
(In rough prose, or smooth Poesic) :  
Of Euils, tis the lighter broode,  
A dearth of people, then of foode !  
And who knowes not, our Land ran o're  
With people ; and was onely poore

20

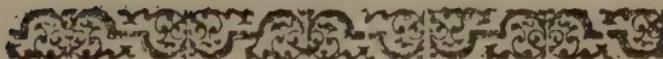
F4v

18 trying, Q

19 dying,] dying Q

- In hauing too too many, liuing,  
And wanting liuing ! rather giuing  
Themselues to wast, deface and spoyle,  
Than to increase (by vertuous toyle)  
The banckrout bosome of our Realme  
Which naked birthes did ouerwhelme :  
This begets famine, and bleake dearth :  
When fruites of wombes passe fruites of earth,  
Then Famines onely Phisick : and
- 10     The medicne for a ryotous Land  
Is such a plague : So it may please  
Mercies Distributer to appease,  
His speckled anger, and now hide  
Th'old rod of Plagues : no more to chide  
And lash our shoulders and sick vaines  
With Carbuncles, and shooting Blaines :  
Make vs the happiest amongst men,  
Immortall by our prophecying pen,  
That this last lyne may truly raigne,
- 20     The Plague's ceast, heauen is friends againe.

F I N I S.





THE  
Meeting of Gallants  
at an Ordinarie :

OR  
The Walkes in Powles.



L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. and are to be sold by Mathew  
Lawe, dwelling in Paulcs Church-  
yard. 1604.



A<sub>2</sub> A Dialogue betweene

Warre, Famine, and the Pestilence,  
*blazing their seuerall Euills.*

The Genius of Warre.

Famine and Pestilence, Cowards of Hell,  
That strike in peace, when the whole worlds vnarmde :  
Tripping vp soules of Beggars, limblesse wretches,  
Hole-stopping Prisoners, miserable Catchpoles,  
Whom one vacation stabs, dare you Furies  
10 Confront the Ghost of crimson passing Warre ?  
Thou bleake-cheeckt wretch, one of my plenteous wounds  
Would make thee a good coleur.

Famine.

I Defye,  
Thy blood and thee, tis that which I destroy,  
Ile starue thee Warre for this.

Warre.

ALasse weake Famine ;  
AWhy, a Taylor is the fardest man thou kilst  
20 That liues by bread, thou darst not touch a Farmer, |  
A<sub>2</sub>v No nor his griping Sonne in Lawe that weds  
His daughter with a dowry of stuft Barnes,

Thou runst away from these, such makes thee flye,  
 And there thou lightst vpon the Labourers mawe,  
 Breakst into poore mens stomackes, and there driuest  
 The sting of Hunger like a Dastard.

## Famine.

**B** Astard,  
**P** eace Warre, least I betray thy monstrous birth :  
 Thou knowest I can deriuē thee.

## Pestilence.

And I both.

10

## Warre.

**A** Nd I repugne you both, you hags of Realmes,  
**T** hou Witch of Famine, and Drab of plagues :  
 Thou that makest men eate slouenly, and feede  
 On excrements of Beasts, and at one meale  
 Swallow a hundred pound in very Doues-dung.

## Famine.

Therein thou tellst my glory and rich power.

## Warre.

And thou. |

20

## Pestilence.

A3

**B** Eware Warre how thou speakest of me,  
**I** haue friends here in England, though some dead  
 Some still can shewe, where I was borne and bred ;  
 Therefore be wary in pronouncing mee :  
 Many haue tooke my part, whose Carcases  
 Lye now tenne fadome deepe : many aliue

Can shewe their skars in my contagious Quarrell :  
Warre, I surpass the furie of thy stroake,  
Say that an Army fortie thousand strong,  
Enter thy crimson lists, and of that number,  
Perchance the fourth part falls, markt with red death?  
Why, I slay fortie thousand in one Battaille,  
Full of blew wounds, whose cold clay Bodies looke  
Like speckled Marble.

As for lame persons, and maimed Souldiers

10 There I outstrip thee too ; how many Swarmes  
Of bruised and crackt people did I leave,  
Their Groines sore pier'st with pestilentiall Shot :  
Their Arme-pits digd with Blaines, and vlcerous Sores,  
Lurking like poysoned Bullets in their flesh ?  
Othersome shot in the eye with Carbuncles,  
Their Lids as monstrous as the Sarazens.

### Warre.

**T**Hou plaguy woman, cease thy infectious brags,  
Thou pestilent strumpet, base and common murdresser,

13<sup>v</sup> What men of marke or memory haue fell

21 In thy poore purple Battaille, say thou'st slayne  
Foure hundred Silkweauers, poore Silk-wormes, vanish't  
As many Tapsters, Chamberlaines, and Ostlers,  
Darest thou contend with me thou freckled-Harlot,  
And match thy durty Glories, with the Splendor  
Of Kingly Tragedies acted by me?  
When I haue dyed the greene stage of the field,  
Red with the blood of Monarchs, and rich states,  
How many Dukes and Earles, haue I drunke vp

19 murdresser,] murdress, & Q      21 thy] they Q

At one courageous Rows? O Summer-Diuell,  
 Thou wast but made as Rats-bane to kill Bawds,  
 To poyson Drunkards, vomiting out their Soules  
 Into the Bulke of Hell, to infect the Corps  
 Of Pewter-buttonde Serieants, such as these  
 Venome whole Realmes: and as Phisitians say,  
 Poysons with poyson, must be forcst away.

## Pestilence.

**W**Arre, twit not me with double damned Bawdes,  
 Or prostituted Harlots, I leauue them 10  
 For my French Nephewe, he raignes ouer these:  
 Ile show you both how I excell you both.  
 Who euer read that Vsurers dyed in Warre  
 Grasping a Sword, or in an yron yeare,  
 Languisht with Famine? but by me surprizde  
 Euen in their Countinghouses, as they sate  
 Amongst their golden Hills: when I haue changed  
 Their Gold into dead tokens, with the touch  
 Of my pale-spotted, and infectious Rodde,  
 When with a suddaine start and gastly looke, | 20  
 They haue left counting Coyne, to count their flesh, A4  
 And summe vp their last vsury on their Brests,  
 All their whole wealth, lockt in their bony Chests.

## Warre.

**A**Re Vsurers then the proudest Acts thou playdst?  
 Pack-Penny fathers, Couetous rooting Moles,  
 That heauie their gold thrice higher then their soules:  
 Is this the Top of all thy glorious Laughters,

27 heauue] haue Q (see above, p. 97, l. 28)

To ayme them at my princely Massacres?  
Poore Dame of Pestilence, and Hag of Famine,  
I pittie your weake furies.

### Famine.

O H I could eate you both,  
I am so torne with Hunger, and with Rage :  
What is not flinty Famine, gasping Dearth,  
Worthy to be in ranke with dusty Warre?  
And little Pestilence, are not my Acts  
10 More stony-pittilesse then thine, or thine?  
What ist to dye stampf full of drunken wounds,  
Which makes a man reele quickly to his Graue,  
Without the sting of Torments, or the sence  
Of chawing Death by peecemeale? vndone and done,  
In the forth part of a poore short Minute?  
Tis but a bloody slumber, a read dreame,  
Not worthy to be named a torturing Death,  
Nor thine thou most infectious Citty dame,  
That for thy Pride art plagued, bearst the shape  
20 Of running Pestilence, those which thou strikest |  
A4v Were death within fewe dayes vpon their hearts,  
Or else presage amendment : when I raigne,  
Heauen puts on a brasse, to be as hard in blessing,  
As the earth fruitlesse in increasing. Oh,  
I rack the vaines and Sinewes, lancke the lungs,  
Freeze all the passages, plough vp the Mawe :  
My torment lingers like a sute in Lawe,  
What are you both to me insolent Euills?  
Ioyne both your furies, they waigh light to mine.

And what art thou Warre, that so wantest thy good?  
But like a Barber-Surgeon that lets blood.

Warre.

Out Lenten Harlot.

Pestilence.

Out on you both, and if all matter failes,  
Ile shewe my glorie in these following Tales.

F I N I S.





# THE MEETING of Gallants at an Ordinarie.

*Where the Fatte Host telles Tales at the vpper  
ende of the Table.*

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

 Hat Signior Ginglespur, the first Gallant I mette in Powles, since the one and thirtie daie, or the decease of July, and I may fitly call it the decease, for there deceast aboue three hundred that daye, a shrewde Prologue marry to the Tragedie that followed: and yet I speake somewhat improperly to call it a Prologue, because those that died were all out of their Partes; What dare you venture Sig. at the latter ende of a Fraye now? I meane not at a Fraye with swordes and Bucklers, but with sores & Carbuncles: I protest you are a strong Mettalde Gentle-man, because you do not feare the dangerous Featherbeds of London, nor to be tost in a perilous Blancket, or to lie in the fellowes of those sheetes that two dead Bodies were wrapt in some three monethes before. Naye I can tell you,

there is many an honest house in *London* wel stockt before Br<sup>v</sup> with large linnen, where now remaines not aboue two sheetes & a halfe, & so the good man of the house driuen to lye in the one sheete for shift, till the payre be washt and dried: for you knowe tenne wound out of one house, must for shame carry fие payre of sheetes with them, being coffind and put to boord-wages, the onely Knights policy to sauе charges in victualles. But soft Signior, what may he be that stalkt by vs now in a ruinous sute of apparell, with his Page out at Elbowes? tis a strange sight in *Powles* 10 Signior, mee thinkes, to see a broken Page follow a seament Maister.

Sig. Ginglespurre.

What doe you wonder at that sight now? tis a Limbe of the fashion, and as commendable to goe ragged after a plague, as to haue an Antient full of holes and Tatters after a Battaille: And I haue seene fие hundred of the same rancke in apparell, for most of your choyce and curious Gallants came vp in cloathes, because they thought it very dangerous to deale with Sattin this plague-time, being Diuell 20 ynough without the plague: beside there hath bene a great Dearth of Taylors, the propertie of whose deathes were wonderfull, for they were tooke from Hell to Heauen: All these were Motiues sufficient to perswade Gentlemen as they loued their liues, to come vp in their old sutes, and be very respectiue and carefull how they make themselues new-ones, and to venture vpon a *Burchen-lane* Hose and Doublet, were euen to shunne the villanous Iawes of *Charibdis*, and fall into the large swallow of *Scylla*, the deuouring Catch-pole of the Sea: for their bombast is 30 wicked ynough in the best and soundest season, and there

B<sub>2</sub> is<sup>1</sup> as much perill betweene the wings and the skirts of one of their Doublets, as in all the liberties of *London*, take *Saint Tooles* Parish, and all the most infected places of *England*.

Well, I haue almost mard their market, for Gentlemen especially, those that loue to smell sweete, for they are the worst Milliners in a Kingdome, and their sutes beare the mustiest perfume of any thing breathing, vnlesse it were an Vsurers Night-cappe againe: And indeed that sent  
10 worse then the strong breath of *Ajax*, where his seuen-fold shield is turnde to a Stoole with a hole in it. But see yonder, *Signior Stramazon* and *Signior Kickshawe*, now of a suddaine allighted in *Powles* with their durtie Bootes, lets encounter them at the fift Pillar, in them you shall finde my talke verified, and the fashion truly pictured. What *Signior*, both well met vpon the old worne Brasse, the Moone hath had aboue sixe great Bellies since wee walke  
20 here last together, and layne in as often: Mee thinkes *Signiors*, this middle of *Powles* lookest strange and bare, like a long-hayrde Gentleman new powlde, washt and shaued, and I may fitly say shaued, for there was neuer a lusty Shauer seene walking here this halfe yeare: especially if he loued his life, hee would reuolt from *Duke Humfrey*, and rather bee a Wood-cleauer in the Country, then a chest-breaker in *London*: But what Gallants march vp a pace now, *Signiors*; how are the high waies fild to *London*?

### Sig. Shuttlecocke.

Euery mans head here is full of the Proclamation, and the honest blacke Gentleman the Tearme, hath kept a great  
B<sub>2v</sub> Hall at *Westminster* againe: all the Tauerne in | *Kings-*

streete will be Emperors, Innes and Alehouses at least Marquesses a piece: Now Cookes begin to make more Coffins then Carpenters, and burie more whole meate then Sextons, fewe Bells are heard a nights beside old *John Clappers*, the Bellmans: And Gentlemen twas time for you to come, for I know many an honest Tradesman that would haue come downe to you else, and set vp their shops in the Country, had you not venturde vp the sooner; and he that would haue braude it, and bene a vaine-glorious silken Asse all the last Sommer, might haue made a Sute of 10 Sattin cheaper in the Plague-time, then a Sute of *Marry-muffe* in the Tearme-time; there was not so much Velvet stirring, as would haue bene a Couer to a little Booke in Octauo, or seamde a Lieftenants Buffe-doublet; A French-hood would haue bene more wondred at in *London*, then the *Polonians* with their long-tayld Gaberdines, and which was most lamentable, there was neuer a Gilt Spur to be seene all the *Strand* ouer, neuer a Feather wagging in all *Fleetstreete*, vnlesse some Country Fore-horse came by, by meere chaunce, with a Raine-beaten Feather in his Costrill; 20 the streete looking for all the world like a Sunday morning at sixe of the Clocke, three houres before seruice, and the Bells ringing all about *London*, as if the Coronation day had bene halfe a yeare long.

Sig. Stramazon.

Trust me Gentlemen a very sore discourse.

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

I could tell you now the miserable state and pittifull case of many Tradesmen whose wares lay dead on their hands by the burying of their seruants, and how those were held | 30

B3 especially very dangerous and perilous Trades that had any woollen about them, for the infection being for the most part a Londoner, loued to be lapt warme, and therefore was saide to skip into wollen cloathes, and lie smothing in a shag-hayrde Rugge, or an old fashionde Couerlid : to confirme which, I haue hard of some this last Sommer that would not venture into an Vpholsters shoppe amongst dangerous Rugges, and Feather-bed-tikes, no, although they had bene sure to haue bene made Aldermen when they  
10 came out againe : such was their infectious conceyte of a harmelesse necessary Couerlid, and would stop their foolish Noses, when they past through *Watling street* by a Ranke of Woollen Drapers. And this makes me call to memory the strange and wonderfull dressing of a Coach that scuddled through *London* the ninth of *August*, for I put the day in my Table-booke, because it was worthy the registering.

This fearefull pittifull Coach was all hung with Rue from the top to the toe of the Boote, to keepe the leather and the nayles from infection ; the very Nosthrills of the Coach-  
20 horses were stopt with hearb-grace, that I pittied the poore Beasts being almost windlesse, and hauing then more Grace in their Noses, then their Maister had in all his bosome, and thus they ran through *Cornewell* iust in the middle of the street, with such a violent Trample as if the Diuell had bene Coachman.

### Sig. Kickshow.

A very excellent Folly, that the name of the Plague should take the wall of a Coach, and drieue his Worship downe into the Chanell.

6 confirme Q

16 registering Q

But see how we haue lost our selues, Powles is change  
into Gallants, and those which I saw come vp in old  
Taffata Doublets yesterday, are slipt into nine yardes of B3<sup>v</sup>  
Sattin to day.

Sig. Stramazon.

And *Signiors*, wee in especiall care haue sent our Pages  
to enquire out a payre of honest cleane *Taylors*, which are  
hard to be found, because there was such a number of  
Botchers the last Sommer: and I thinke it one of *Hercules*  
Labours, to finde two whole Taylors about *London*, that 10  
hath not beene Plagued for their stealing, or else for sowing  
of false seeds, which peepe out before their Seasons.

Sig. Ginglespur.

But what, dare you venture to an Ordinarie? harke, the  
Quarter-Iackes are vp for a Leauen; I know an honest  
Host about *London*, that hath barreld vp newes for Gallants,  
like *Pickled Oysters*, marry your Ordinarie will cost you two  
shillings, but the Tales that lie in Brine will be worth  
sixpence of the money: for you know tis great charges  
to keepe Tales long, and therefore he must be somewhat 20  
considered for the laying out of his Language: for blinde  
*Gue* you know has six-pence at the least for groping in  
the Darke.

Sig. Stramazon.

Yea; but *Signior Gingle-spur*, you see we are altogether  
vnfurnished for an Ordinarie till the Taylor cut vs out and  
new mould vs: & to rancke amongst Gallats in old Apparel,  
why their very Apish Pages would breake Iests vpon our  
Elbowes, and dominere ouer our worne doublets most  
tyrannically. |

B4

## Sig. Gingle-spur.

Puh. *Signior Stramazoon*, you turne the Bias the wrong way, you doubt where there is no doubt, I will conduct you to an Ordinarie where you shall eate priuate amongst *Essex Gentlemen* of your fashioned rancke in Apparell, who as yet waite for fresh Cloathes, as you for new Taylers, & account it more commendable to come vp in seamerent Suites, and whole Bodies, then to haue infectious torne Bodies, and sound Suites.

10

## Sig. Kickshaw.

If it be so, *Signior*, (harke a Quarter strikes) wee are for you, we will follow you, for I loue to heare Tales when a merrie Corpulent Host bandies them out of his Flopmouth ; but how far must we march now like tottered Souldiers after a Fray, to their Nuncions ?

## Sig. Shuttlecocke.

Why, if you throw your eyes but a little before you, you may see the signe and token that beckens his Guest to him ; do you heare the Clapper of his Tongue now ?

20

## Sig. Stramazoon.

Sfoote, the mad Bulchin squeakes shriller thē the Saunce Bell at *Westminster*.

## Sig. Shuttlecocke.

Nay, now you shall heare him ring lustily at our entrāce, stop your eares if you loue thē, for one of his words wil run about your braines louder thē the Drum at y<sup>e</sup> Beare-gardē. |

*Enteringe into the Ordinarie.*B4<sup>v</sup>

Host.

What Gallants are you come, are you come? welcome Gentlemen; I haue newes enough for you all, welcome againe, and againe: I am so fatte and pursie, I cannot speake loude inough, but I am sure you heare mee, or you shall heare me: Welcome, welcome Gentlemen, I haue Tales, and Quailes for you: seate your selues Gallantes, (*enter Boyes & Beardes with dishes and Platters;*) I will be with you againe in a trice ere you looke for me.

10

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

Now *Signiors* how like you mine Host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knaue, and a merrie one too: and if you chaunce to talke of fatte Sir *John Old-castle*, he wil tell you, he was his great Grand-father, & not much vnlike him in Paunch, if you marke him well by all descriptions: and see where hee appeares againe. Hee told you he would not be longe from you, let his humor haue scope enough I pray, and there is no doubt but his Tales will make vs laugh ere we be out of our Porridge: Howe now 20 mine Host?

Host.

O my Gallant of Gallants, my Top and Top Gallant, how many Horses hast thou kilde in the Countrie with the hunting of Harlottries; goe too, was I with you, you madde wagges? and I haue beene a merrie Knaue this sixe and fortie yeares, my Bullyes, my Boyes. |

7 Geltlemen Q  
Platters; Q9 (*enter . . . Platters;*)] enter . . .  
27 catchword Sig

Ci

Sig. Kickshaw.

Yea, but my honest-larded *Host*, where be these Tales now?

Host.

I haue them at my tongues end, my Gallant Bullyes of  
fiue and twenty, my dainty liberall Landlords I haue them  
for you : you shall neuer take me vnprouided for Gentle-  
men, I keepe them like *Anchouises* to rellish your drinke  
wel : stop your mouths gallants, and I wil stufte your eares  
10 I warrant you, and first I begin with a Tipsie Vintner in  
*London.*





Of a Vintner in London, dying  
in a humour.

CIV

**T**HIS discourse that followes, Gentlemen-gallants, is of a light-headed Vintner, who scorning to be onely drunke in his owne Seller, would get vp betimes in the morning, to bee downe of his Nose thrice before euening : he was a man of all Tauerxes, an excellent Musitian at the Sack-but, and your onely dauncer of the canaries : this strange Wine-sucker had a humour this time of infection, to faine himselfe sick, and indeed he had swallowed downe many 10 Tauerne-tokens, and was infected much with the plague of drunkennes : but howsoever, sick he would be, for the humour had possessed him, when to the comforting of his poore heart, he powrde downe a leauen shillings in *Rose of Solace*, more then would haue cheerde all the sick persons in the *Pest-house* : and yet for all that he felt himselfe ill at his stomacke afterwards, wherefore his request was, reporting himselfe very feeble, to haue two men hired with sixpence a piecc, to transport him ouer the way to his friends house : but when he saw he was deluded, and had 20 no body to carry him, he flung his Gowne about him very desperatly, tooke his owne legges, and away he went with himselfe as coragiously, as the best stalker in *Europe* : where being allighted, not long after, he rounded one in the eare in priuate, and bad that the great Bell should be towlde for him, the great Bel of all, and with all possible speede

7 an] and Q

that might be : that done, he gagged open the Windowes,  
C<sub>2</sub> and when the Bell was towling, cried, lowder yet ; I heare  
thee not Maister Bell : then strutting vp and downe the  
chamber, spake to the Audience in this wise.

Ist possible a man should walke in such perfect memory  
and haue the Bell towle for him ? sure I neuer heard of any  
that did the like before mee.

Thus by towling of the great Bell, all the Parish rang  
of him, diuerse opinions went of him, and not without cause  
10 or matter to worke vpon : In conclusion, within fewe dayes  
after, he was found to be the man indeed, whose part he  
did but play before ; his Pulses were angry with him, and  
began to beate him ; all his Pores fell out with him ; the  
Bel towld for him in sadnes, rung out in gladnes, and there  
was the end of his drunken madnes ; such a ridiculous  
humour of dying was neuer heard of before : and I hope  
neuer shall be againe, now he is out of *England*.

### Sig. Stramazon.

This was a strange fellow mine *Host*, and worthy *Stowes*  
20 *Chronicle*.

### Host.

Nay Gallants Ile fit you, and now I will serue in another  
as good as Vineger and Pepper to your Roast-beefe.

### Sig. Kickshawe.

Lets haue it ; lets taste on it mine *Host*, my noble fat  
Actor. |

How a yong fellow was euen bespose and iested to  
death by Harlots.

Cav

**T**here was a company of intollerable light Women assembled together, who all the time of infection, liued vpon *Citizens* seruants : yong *Nouices* that made their Maisters Baggs die of the Plague at home, whilst they tooke Sanctuarie in the Countrie. Mistake me not, I meane not the best rancke of seruants : but vnderlings, and rogish Sottes, such as haue not witte to distinguish Companies, & auoyde the temptation of *Harlots*, which make men more <sup>10</sup> miserable then *Dericke*. These light-heelde Wagtailes who were armde (as they tearme it) against all weathers of Plague and Pestilence ; carrying alwaies a French *Supersedes* about them for the sicknesse, were determi ned being halfe Tipsie, and as light now in their Heads, as any where else : to execute a Iest vpon a yong vnfruitfull Fellow which should haue had the Banes of Matrimonie asked betwene him and a woman of their Religion, which would haue proued Bane indeede, and worse then Rattes-bane, to haue beene coupled with a *Harlot* : But note the euent of <sup>20</sup> a bespeaking Iest, these women gaue it out that he was dead, sent to the Sexton of the Church in all hast to haue the Bell rung out for him, which was suddainly heard, and many comming to enquire of the Sexton, his name was spread ouer all the parish, (hee little dreaming of that dead report being as then in perfect health & memorie,) on the morrow as the custome is, the *Searchers* came to the house where he laye to discharge their office, asking for the dead Bodie, and in what Room it lay, who hearing himself named,

8 bogish Q

12 were] where Q

in such a cold shape almost strucke dead indeede with their  
C<sub>3</sub> words, replyed | with a hastie Countenance (for he could  
play a Ghost well,) that hee was the man : At which the  
*Searchers* started, and thought hee had beene new risen  
from vnder the Table ; when vomiting out some two or  
three deepe-fecht Oaths ; hee askt what villaine it was  
which made that Iest of him : but whether the conceit  
strucke cold to his heart or whether the strumpets were  
Witches I know not, (the next degree to a *Harlot* is a *Bawde*,  
10 or a *Witch*,) but this yongster daunced the shaking of one  
sheete within fewe daies after, and then the *Searchers* lost  
not their labours, and therefore I conclude thus.

*That Fate lights suddaine tha'ts bespoke before,  
"A Harlots tongue is worse then a Plague-sore.*

Well rimde my little round and thicke *Host*, haue you any  
more of these in your fatte Budget ?

I haue them, my Gallant Bullies, and here comes one  
fitly for sawce to your *Capon*. |

11 steete Q



Of one that fell drunke off from his Horse,  
taken for a Londoner, dead.

C3<sup>v</sup>

**I**N a certaine country-towne not farre of, there was a boone companion lighted amongst good fellowes, as they call good fellowes now a dayes, which are those that can drinke best, for your excellent drunkard, is your notable Gallant, and he that can passe away cleare without paying the Host in the Chimney-Corner, he is the king of Cannes, and the Emperour of Ale-houses, this fellow tying his Horse by the Bridle vpon the red Lattis of the window, could not bridle <sup>10</sup> himselfe so well, but afterward proued more Beast then his Horse, being so ouerwhelmed with whole Cans, hoopes, and such drunken deuices, that his English Crowne weighed lighter by ten graines at his comming forth, then at his entering in: and it was easier now for his Horse to get vp a Top of *Powles*, then he to get vp vpon his Horse, the stirrup plaide mock-holy-day with him, and made a foole of his foote: at last with much adoe he fell flounce into the Saddle, and away he scuddled out at townes end, where he thought euery Tree he saw had bene rising vp to stop <sup>20</sup> him: so strangly are the sences of drunkards tost and transported, that at the very instant they thinke the worlds drownd againe; so this staggering Monster imagined he was riding vpon a Sea-mare: but before he was Tenne Gallops from the towne-side, his braine plaide him a Iades trick, and kickt him ouer, downe he fell. When the Horse soberer then the maister stood still and wonderd at him for a Beast; but durst not say so much; by and by Passingers passing too and fro, beholding his lamentable

C<sub>4</sub> downefall, cald ; out to one another to view that pittifull Spectacle, people flockt about him more and more, but none durst venture within two Poles length, nor some within the length of *Powles* : euery one gaue vp his verdit, and all concluding in one that he was some coward Londoner, who thought to fly from the sicknes, which as it seemed, made after him amayne, and strucke him beside his horse : thus all agreed in one tale, some bemoning the death of the man, othersome, wishing that all Curmudgins, Pennifathers, & 10 fox-furd Vsurers were serued of the same sauce : who taking their flight out of *London*, left poore Silke-weauers, Tapsters, and Water-bearers, to fight it out against sore enemies. In a word, all the towne was in an vprore, the Constable standing aloofe off, stopping his Nose like a Gentleman-vsher, durst not come within two stones cast by no meanes : no, if he might presently haue bene made Constable in the hundred : Euery Townseman at his wise *Non-plus*, nothing but looking and wondering, yet some wiser then some, and those I thinke were the Watch-men, told them flatly and 20 plainly, that the body must be remoued in any case, and that Extempore : it would infect all the Ayre round about else. These horesons seemed to haue some wit yet, and their politick counsell was tooke, and embracst amongst them, but all the cunning was how to remoue him without taking the winde of him : wherevpon two or three weather wisc Stinkards pluckt vp handfulls of Grasse, and tost them into the Ayre, and then whoopeing and hollowing, told them the winde blewe sweetly for the purpose, for it stood full on his Back-part, then all agreed to remoue him with 30 certaine long Instruments, sending home for hookes and

strong Ropes, as if they had bene pulling downe a house of Fire: but this was rather a Tilt-boate cast away, and all the people drowned | within: to conclude, these long C<sub>4</sub>v deuices were brought to remoue him without a writ; when by meere chaunce past by one of the wisest of the towne next the Constable, for so it appeared afterwards, by the hotnes of his deuice, who being certified of the storie, and what they went about to doe, brake into these words openly.

Why my good fellowes, friends and honest neighbours, trow you what you venture vpon, will you needs drawe <sub>10</sub> the plague to you, by hooke or by crooke, you will say perhaps your poles are long ynough. Why you neuer heard or read, that long deuices take soonest infection, and that there is no vilder thing in the world, then the smell of a Rope to bring a man to his end, that you all know.

Wherefore to auoid al farther inconueniences, dangerous and infectious, hearken to my exployt: If you drag him along the fields, our hounds may take the sent of him, a very dangerous matter: if you burie him in the fields, a hundred to one but the ground will be rotten this winter; wherfore <sub>20</sub> your onely way must be to let him lie as he doth, without mouing, and euery good fellowe to bring his Arme-full of straw, heape it vpon him, and round about him, and so in conclusion burne out the infection as he lies: euery man threw vp his old Cap at this, Straw was brought and throwne vpon him by Arme-fulls: all this while the drownd fellow lay still without mouing, dreaming of full Cannes, Tapsters, and Beere-barrells, when presently they put fire to the strawe, which kept such a bragging and a cracking, that vp-started the drunkard, like a thing made of fire- <sub>30</sub>

workes, the flame playing with his Nose, and his Beard looking like flaming *Apolloes*, as our Poets please to tearme it, who burst into these reeling words when he spied the fire hizzing about his pate.

What is the Top of *Powles* on fire againe? or is there a fire in the *Powle-head*? why then Drawers, quench me |  
Di with double Beere. The folkes in the Towne all in amaze,  
some running this way, some that way, knew him at last by  
his staggering tongue, for he was no far dweller, though  
10 they imagined he had dwelt at *London*, so stopping his  
Horse which ran away from the fierie Planet his Maister,  
as though the Diuell had backt him, euerie one laught at  
the Iest, closed it vp in an Alehouse, where before Euening  
the most part of them were all as drunke as himselfe.

Sit you merrie still, Gentlemen Gallants, your Dish of Tales is your best cheere, and to please you my noble Bullies, I would doo that I did not this thirtie yeares, Caper, Caper, my Gallant Boyes, although I cracke my Shins, and my Guts sinke a handfull lower. Ile doote, my  
20 lustie Lads, Ile doote.

With that the Host gaue a lazie Caper, and broke his Shins for Ioye, the Reckoning was appeized, the Roome discharged, and so I leauie them in *Powles* where I founde them.

### Host.

And now I returne to more pleasant Arguments, Gentle-  
men Gallants, to make you laugh ere you be quite out  
of your Capen: this that I discourse of now is a prettie  
merrie accident that happened about *Shoreditch*, although  
30 the intent was sad and Tragicall, yet the euent was mirth-  
full and pleasant: The goodman (or rather as I may fitlier

tearne him, the bad-man of a House) being sorely pesterd with the death of seruants, and to auoyde all suspition of the Pestilence from his house aboue all others, did very craftily and subtilly compound with the Maisters of the Pest-cart, to fetch away by night as they past by, all that should | chance to die in his house, hauing three or foure Div seruants downe at once, and told them that he knew one of them would be readie for them by that time the Cart came by, and to cleare his house of all suspition, the dead body should bee laide vpon a stall, some fие or sixe houses 10 of: where, there they should entertaine him and take him in amongst his dead companions: To conclude, night drewe on-ward, and the seruant concluded his life, and according to their appointment was enstalde to be made knight of the Pest-cart. But here comes in the excellent Iest, Gentlemen-Gallants of fие and twentie, about the darke and pittifull season of the night: a shipwracke drunkard, (or one drunke at the signe of the Ship,) new cast from the shore of an Alehouse, and his braines sore beaten with the cruell tempests of Ale and Beere, fell Flounce vpon a lowe stall hard 20 by the house, there being little difference in the Carcasse, for the other was dead, and he was dead-drunke, (the worse death of the twaine) there taking vp his drunken Lodging, and the Pest-cart comming by, they made no more adoo, but taking him for the dead Bodie, placed him amongst his companions, and away they hurried with him to the Pest-house: but there is an oulde Prouerbe, and now confirmed true, a Drunken man neuer takes harme: to the Approbation of which, for all his lying with infectious Bedfellowes, the next morning a little before he should be buried, 30

he strecht and yawnde as wholesomely, as the best Tinker  
in all *Banburie*, and returned to his olde Vomit againe, and  
was druncke in *Shoreditch* before Euening. |

D2

**Gingle-spur.**

This was a prettie Commedie of Errors, my round *Host.*

*Host.*

O my Bullies, there was many such a part plaide vpon  
the Stage both of the Cittie and the Subburbs.

Moreouer my Gallants, some did noble Exploys, whose  
names I shame to publish, in hiring Porters and base Vassalles  
to carrie their seruants out in Sackes to *White-chappell*, and  
such out places to poore mens houses that worke to them,  
and therefore durst doo no otherwise but receiue them,  
though to their vtter ruines, and detestable noysomnesse,  
fearing to displease them for their Reuenge afterwardes, as  
in putting their worke from them to others for their vtter  
vndoing: how many such prankes thinke you haue beene  
playde in the same fashion onely to entertaine Customers,  
to keepe their shops open, and the Foreheads of their doores  
from (*Lord haue mercy vpon vs*) many I could set downe  
heere and publish them to the world, together with all their  
strange shifthes, and vncharitable deuices.

Whereof one especially notable and politicke may euen  
leade you to the rest and driue you into Imagination of many  
the like: for one to burie foure or fife persons out of his  
house, and yet neither the Sexton of the same Parish, nor  
any else of his Neighbours in the streeete where hee dwelles  
in to haue intelligence of it, (but | all thinges be they neuer

so lurking, breake forth at the last) this being the cunning and close practise; politickly to indent with the Sexton of some other Church (as dwelling in one Parish) to see the Sexton of another by a pretie peece of Siluer, to burie all that die in the same house in his Churchedyard, which voides all suspition of the Plague from his shop, which may be at the least some sixe or seuen Parish Churches off; or at another to practise the like; nothing but compounding with a rauenous Sexton that liues vpon dead Carcasses, for no Trades were so much in vse as Coffinmakers and Sextons, they 10 were the Lawers the last Vacation, and had there bountifull Fees of their Graue-clients; wherefore they prayed as the Countrie-folkes at *Hartford* did, (If report be no lyar) very impiously and barbarously, that the sickenesse might last till the last Christmas; and this was their vncharitable meanings, and the vnchristian effect of their wishes: that they might haue the Tearme kept at *Hartford*, and the Sextons there Tearme still here in London; but *Winchester* made a Goose of *Hartford*, and ended the strife: Thus like Monsters of Nature they wisht in their Barbarous hearts, 20 that their desires might take such effects: and for the greedy Lucre of a fewe priuate and meane persons, to sucke vp the life of thousands.

Many other maruellous euents happened, both in the City, & else where. As for example, In dead mans place at *Saint Mary-oueries*; a man seruant being buried at seuen of the clocke in the morning, and the graue standing open for more dead Commodities, at foure of the clocke in the same euening, he was got vp aliue againe by strange miracle: which to be true and certaine, hundreds of people can 30

testifie that saw him act like a country-Ghost in his white |  
D3 peackled Sheete. And it was not a thing vnknowne on the  
other side, that the Countries were striken, and that very  
grieuously, many dying there : many going thither likewise  
fell downe suddainly and dyed, men on Horsebacke riding  
thither, strangely striken in the midst of ther iourneys, forst  
eyther to light off, or fall off, and dye : and for certain and  
substantiall report, many the last yeare were buried neare  
vnto hye-waies in the same order, in their cloaths as they  
10 were, booted and spurde euen as they lighted off, rowld  
into Ditches, Pits and Hedges so lamentably, so rudely, and  
vnchristianlike, that it would haue made a pittifull, and  
remorcefull eye blood-shot, to see such a ruthfull and dis-  
ordered Obiect : and a true heart bleed outright, (but not  
such a one as mine, Gallants, for my heart bleeds nothing  
but Alegant,) how commonly we saw here, the husband and  
the wife buried together, a weeping Spectacle containing  
much sorrow : how often were whole housholds emptied to  
fill vp Graues : and how sore the violence of that stroake  
20 was, that strooke tenne persons out of one house, being a  
thing dreadfull to apprehend and thinke vpon ; with many  
maruellous and strange Accidents. But let not this make  
you sad, Gallants : sit you merry stil : Here my  
dainty Bullyes, Ile put you all in  
one Goblet, and wash all  
these Tales in a Cup  
of Sack.

F I N I S.

11 Ditches. Q

19 Graues ? Q



A Rod for Run-awayes.

# Gods Tokens,

Of his fearful Judgements, sundry wayes pronounced  
vpon this City, and on seuerall persons, both flying from it,  
and staying in it.

Expressed in many dreadfull Examples of sudden Death, fallene upon both young and  
old, within this City, and the Suburbes, in the Fields, and open Streets, to the  
terroure of all those who liue, and to the warning of those who are to  
dye, to be ready when God Almighty shall bee pleased  
to call them.

By T H o D.



Printed at London for John Trundle, and are to be sold at his Shop in Smithfield. 1635.



# TO THE NOBLE Gentleman, M<sup>r</sup>. *Thomas Gilham,* CHIRVRGIAN.

SIR,

**I**N this Vniuersall sicknessse, giue mee leauue (in a few Leaues) to salute your Health, and I am glad I can do so.

To whom, in an Epidemiall confusion of Wounds, should a man flye, but to Physicke and Chirurgery? In both which you haue skill. In the last, the World crownes your Fame  
**10** (as beeing a great Master.) Many of your excellent Pieces haue beene (and are to bee) seene in this City. No Painter can shew the like, no Limner come neere such curious Workmanship. What you set out, is truely to the life; theirs but counterfeit. I honour your Name, your Art, your  
**A*i*v** Practice, your profound Experience: And, to | testifie I doe so, let this poore Monument of my loue bee looked vpon, and you shall finde it. The Sender beeing sorry, it is not worth your acceptation: But if you thinke otherwise, he shall be glad,

*And euer rest,*

*at your seruice,*

T H O. D E K K E R.

## To the Reader.

A2

**R**eader, how farre souuer thou art, thou maist here see (as through a Perspective-Glasse) the miserable estate of London, in this heauy time of contagion. It is a picture not drawne to the life, but to the death of aboue twelue thousand, in lesse then six weekes. If thou art in the Countrey, cast thine eye towards vs here at home, and behold what wee indure. If (as thou canst not choose) thou art glad thou art out of this Tempest, haue a care to man thy Ship well, and doe not ouer-lade it with bad merchandize (foule Sins) when thou art bound for this place : 10 for all the danger will be at thy putting in. The Rockes of infection lye hid in our deepe Seas, and therefore it behoues thy soule to take heed what sayles she hoyses, and thy body, what Pylote it carries aboord. Wee doe not thinke, but numbers of you wish your selues here againe : for your entertainement a far off cannot be courteous, when euен not two miles from vs, there is nothing but churlishnesse. But it is to be feared, some of you will get such falls in the Corne-Fields of the Country, that you will hardly bee able (without halting) to walke vp and downe London. But take good hearts, and keepe good legges 20 vnder you, and be sure, you haue hung strong Pad-lockes vpon your doores ; for in many Streetes, there are none to guard your goods, but the Houses themselues. If one Shop be open, sixteene in a row stand shut vp together, and those that are open, were as good to be shut ; for they take no Money. |

[A, first edition ; B, second edition.]

1 To the Reader.] To the Reader that flyes, the Reader that stayes, the Reader lying in a Haycocke, the hard-hearted Country-Reader, and the broken-hearted City-Reader. B 5 twelue thousand,] 23000. B 6 six] twelue B

A2v None thriue but Apothecaries, Butchers, Cookes, and Coffin-makers. Coach-men ride a cock-horse, and are so full of Iadish trickes, that you cannot be iolted sixe miles from London, vnder thirty or forty shillings. Neuer was Hackney-flesh so deare. Few woollen Drapers scl any Cloth, but euery Church-yard is euery day full of linnen Drapers : and the Earth is the great Warehouse, which is piled vp with winding-sheetes. To see a Rapier or Feather worne in London now, is as strange, as to meet a Low-countrey Souldier with Money in his Purse :  
10 The walkes in Pauls are empty : the walkes in London too wide, (here's no iustling;) but the best is, Cheape-side is a comfortable Garden, where all Phisicke-Herbes grow. Wee wish that you (the Run-awayes) would suffer the Market-Folkes to come to vs, (or that they had hearts to come) for the Statute of fore-stalling is sued vpon you. Wee haue lost your companies, and not content with that, you robbe vs of our victuals : but when you come backe, keepe open house (to let in ayre) and set good cheere on your Tables, that we may bid you welcome.

20

Yours,  
T. D.

1-2 Apothecaries, . . . Coach-men] Apothecaries, Comfit-makers, Butchers, Cookes, Coffin-makers, Clerkes, Sextons, Graue-makers, Herb-women, Bearers, Searchers : Coach-men B



# Gods Tokens, A3 Of His fearefull Iudgements.



EE are now in a set Battaille ; the Field is *Great Britaine*, the Vantguard (which first stands the brunt of the Fight) is *London* : the Shires, Counties and Countries round about, are in danger to be prest, & to come vp in the Reare : the King of Heauen and Earth is 10 the Generall of the Army ; reuenging Angels, his Officers ; his Indignation, the Trumpet summoning and sounding the Alarum ; our innumerable sinnes, his enemies ; and our Nation, the Legions which he threatens to smite with Correction.

*Sinne, the cause of the Plague.*

Sinne then being the quarrell and ground of this warre, there is no standing against so inuincible a Monarch (as God is) no defending a matter so foule, as our sinnes are.

*All Nations vpon earth punished for sinne.* Would you know how many Nations (for sinne) haue 20 beene rooted vp, and swept from the face of the earth, that no memory of them is left but their name, no

glories of their Kings or great Cities remaining but only this, Here they liued, Here they stood? Reade A3<sup>v</sup> the Scriptures, and euery Booke is full of such Histories, euery Prophet sings songs of such lamentable desolations.

For, *Iehouah*, when he is angry, holds three Whips in his hand, and neuer drawes bloud with them, but when our Faults are heauy, our Crimes hainous: and those three Whips are, the Sword, Pestilence and 10 Famine.

*Gods three whips.*

What Country for sinne hath not smarted vnder these? *Ierusalem* felt them all. Let vs not trauell so farre as *Ierusalem*, but come home, looke vpon Christendome, and behold *Hungaria* made desolate by sword and fire, *Poland* beaten downe by battailes, *Russia* by bloody inuasions: the Turke and Tartar haue here 100 their insolent triumphs.

*Hungary.  
Poland.  
Russia.*

Looke vpon *Denmarke*, *Sweden*, and those Easterne Countries: How often hath the voice of the Drumme 20 called them vp? Euen now, at this houre, the Marches are there beating. How hath the Sword mowed downe the goodly Fields of *Italy*? What Massacres hath in our memory beene in *France*? Oh *Germany*! what inundations of bloud haue thy Cities beene drowned in? what horrors, what terrors, what hellish inuentions haue not warre found out to destroy thy buildings, 17. Prouinces? Gods three whips haue printed deepe marks on thy shoulders; the *Sword* for many yeeres 20 together hath cut thy people in pieces; *Famine* hath

*Denmarke.  
Sweden.  
Norway,  
&c.*

*Italy.  
France.  
The  
miseries of  
Germany.*

22 hath] haue B      26 haue] hath B

*She may  
thanke the  
Spaniard  
for them.*

*Englands  
security.*

*Gods three  
whips  
ready to  
scourge  
England.*

*Sin, the  
offence.*

beene wearied with eating vp thy children, and is not yet satisfied; the Pestilence hath in many of thy Townes, in many of thy Sieges and Leagers, plaide the terrible Tyrant. In all these thy miseries, the Spaniard hath had his triumphs; his Fire-brands haue been flung about to kindle and feede all thy burnings; his furies haue for almost fourescore yeeres stood, and still stand beating at the Anuils, and forging Thunderbolts to batter thee, and all thy neighbouring Kingdomes in pieces. | 10

Whilst these dreadfull Earth-quakes haue shaken all A4 Countries round about vs, we haue felt nothing: *England* hath stood and giuen aime, when Arrowes were shot into all our bosomes. But (alas !) hath this Happinesse falne vpon her because of her goodnesse? Is shee better then others, because of her purity and innocence? Is shee not as vgly as others? Yes, yes, the *Sword* is now whetting; *Dearth* and *Famine* threaten our Corne-fields, and the rauing Pestilence in euery part of our Kingdome is digging vp Graues. 20 The three Rods of Vengeance are now held ouer vs.

And shall I tell you why these Feares are come amongst vs? Looke vpon the Weapon which hath struck other Nations; and the same Arme that wounded them, smites now at vs, and for the same quarrell (*Sinne.*)

The Gospell (and Gods Heralds, Preachers) haue a long time cryed out against our iniquities, but we are deafe, sleepy and sluggish; and now there is a Thunder speakes from Heauen to wake vs. 30

*It is not the* We flatter our selues, that the Pestilence serues but

as a Broome, to sweep Kingdomes of people, when they grow ranke and too full: when the Trees of Cities are ouer-laden, then onely the Plague is sent to shake the Boughs, and for no cause else: As in *Turky* and *Barbary*; where when a mortality happens, they fall sometimes ten thousand in a day by the Pestilence. But we that are Christians, and deale in the merchandise of our soules, haue other bookees of account to turne ouer, then to reckon that we dye in great numbers, onely because we are so populous, that we are ready (as the Fishes of the Sea) to eat vp one another.

numerous  
multitude  
of people  
causesth the  
Plague.

A4<sup>v</sup> Our eyes haue beene witnesses, that for two whole Reignes together of two most excellent Princes, & now at the beginning of a third (as excellent as they) we haue liued in all fulnesse: yet at the end of Queene *Elizabeths* foure and forty yeeres, when she dyed, she went not alone, but had in a traine which followed her, in a dead march of a twelue-moneth long, onely within London and the Liberties, the numbers of 38244. those, who then dyed of the Plague, being 30578. the greatest totall in one weeke being 3385. of all diseases, and of the Plague 3035.

The num-  
ber that  
dyed when  
Queene  
*Elizabeth*  
dyed.

Thus shee went attended from her earthly Kingdome, to a more glorious one in Heauen, it being held fit in the vpper-House of the Celestiall Parliament, that so great a Princesse should haue an Army of her subiects with her, agreeing to such a Maiesty. But what numbers God will muster vp to follow our Peacemaker (King *James* of blessed memory) none knowes: 30 by the beginning of this Prest which Death makes

amongst the people, it is to bee feared, they shall be a greater multitude.

To Queene Elizabeth and to King James, wee were an vnthankfull and murmuring Nation, and therefore God tooke them from vs ; they were too good for vs ; we too bad for them and were therefore then, at the decease of the one, and now, of the other, are deseruedly punished : our sinnes increasing with our yeeres, and like the Bells, neuer lying still.

*Sinnes like  
the Bells,  
neuer lie  
still.  
The Plague  
dreadfull  
for three  
causes.*

We are punished with a Sicknesse, which is dreadfull <sup>10</sup> three manner of wayes : In the generall spreading ; in the quicknesse of the stroke ; and in the terror which waites vpon it. It is generall : for the spotted wings of it couer all the face of the Kingdome. It is quicke : for | it kills suddenly ; it is full of terror, for the Father <sup>Br</sup> dares not come neere the infected Son, nor the Son come to take a blessing from the Father, lest hee bee poysoned by it : the Mother abhors to kisse her owne Children, or to touch the sides of her owne Husband : no friend in this battell will relieue his wounded friend, <sup>20</sup> no Brother shake his brother by the hand at a farewell.

This is something, yet this is nothing : many Physicians of our soules flye the City, and their sickle Patients want those heauenly medicines which they are tyed to giue them, & those that stay by it, stand aloofe.

*How the  
rich are  
buried.  
How the  
poore.*

The rich man, when hee is dead, is followed by a troupe of Neighbours : a troupe of Neighbours, not a troupe of Mourners. But the poore man is hurried to his Graue by nasty and slouenly Bearers, in the night, without followers, without friends, without rites <sup>30</sup>

of buriall commonly vsed in our Church, due to our Religion, to our Nation, to the Maiesty of our Kingdome ; nay, to the decency of a Christian. O lamentable ! more honour is giuen to a poore Souldier dying in the field, more regard to many a Fellon, after hee is cut downe from the Gallowes.

I need not write this to you, my fellow Sufferers in London ; for you know this to be too true, you behold this, you bewaile this. But I send this newes  
to you, the great Masters of Riches, who haue forsaken  
your Habitations, left your disconsolate Mother (the  
City) in the midst of her sorrowes, in the height of  
her distresse, in the heauinesse of her lamentations.  
To you that are merry in your Country houses, and  
sit safe (as you thinke) from the Gun-shot of this Con-  
tagion, in your Orchards and pleasant Gardens ; into  
B<sup>r</sup>v your hands | doe I deliuer this sad Discourse, to put  
you in minde of our miseries, whom you haue left  
behind you. To you that are fled, and to you to whom  
20 they flye, let me tell thus much, That there were neuer  
so many burials, yet neuer such little weeping. A teare  
is scarce to be taken off from the cheeke of a whole  
Family (nay, of a whole Parish :) for they that should  
shead them, are so accustomed, and so hardned to  
dismall accidents, that weeping is almost growne out  
of fashion. Why, saies a Mother, doe I showre teares  
downe for my Husband or Childe, when I, before to  
morrow morning, shall goe to them, and neuer haue  
occasion to weepe any more ?

1 commonly vsed in *Ashley A, B* : due to *Bridgewater A*  
5 hee *Bridgewater A* : he *Ashley A, B* 7 fellow-Sufferers *B*  
20 tell thus] tell you thus *B*

*Newes  
for Run-  
awaines.*

*Much  
wayling,  
little  
weeping.*

*Thursday  
the 21. of  
July.*

Whilst I am setting these things downe, word is brought me, that this weeke haue departed 3000. soules (within 200.) and that the Plague is much increased. O dismall tidings ! O uncomfortable Relation ! Three thousand men would doe good seruice in defending a City : but when in euery weeke so many thousands and more shall drop downe of our great Armies, what poore handfuls will be left?

*Coffins and  
corslets.*

To see three thousand men together in Armour in a field, is a goodly sight : but if wee should behold <sup>10</sup> three thousand Coffins piled (in heapes) one vpon another, or three thousand Coarses in winding sheetes, laid in some open place, one on the top of each other, what a sight were this? Whose heart would not throb with horror at such a frightfull obiect? What soule, but would wish to be out of her body, rather then to dwell one day in such a Charnell house?

*No gates  
keepe out  
Thunder.*

O London ! (thou Mother of my life, Nurse of my being) a hard-hearted sonne might I be counted, if here <sup>B2</sup> I should not dissolute all into teares, to heare thee powring forth thy passionate condolements. Thy <sup>21</sup> Rampiers and warlike prouision might haply keepe out an Enemy : but no Gates, none of thy Percullises ; no, nor all thy Inhabitants can beate backe the miseries which come rushing in vpon thee. Who can choose

2-4 departed . . . O dismall] departed 4855. in all, and of the Plague 4115. and that from the 2. of Iune to the 11. of August, haue dyed in all 23214. and of the Plague 14535 O dismall *B* 4-5 Three thousand] 23000. *B* 6 euery weeke] 12. weeks *B* 7 downe, *B* 9 three thousand] 23000. *B* 11 three thousand] 23000. *B* 12 three thousand] 23000. *B* Margin 7 keep *B*: keepe *A*

but break his heart with sighings, to see thee (O London) the Grandame of Cities, sit mourning in thy Widdowhood? Thy rich Children are runne away from thee, and thy poore ones are left in sorrow, in sicknesse, in penury, in vnpitied disconsolations.

*The rich  
fly, the  
poore dye.*

The most populous City of *Great Brittaine* is almost desolate; and the Country repines to haue a Haruest before her due season, of Men, Women, and Children, who fill their Houses, Stables, Fields and Barnes, with 10 their inforced and vnwelcommed multitudes. Yet still they flie from hence, and still are they more and more feared and abhorred in the Country.

*London  
growes  
leane.  
The  
Countrie  
too fat.  
Both sicke  
of one  
disease.*

How many goodly streets, full of beautifull and costly houses, haue now few people or none at all (sometimes) walking in the one, and not so much as any liuing rationall creature abiding in the other? Infection hath shut vp, from the beginning of Iune, to the middle of July, almost (or rather altogether) foure thousand doores. Foure thousand Red-Crosses 20 haue frightened the Inhabitants in a very little time: but greater is their number who haue beene frightened, and fled out of the City at the setting vp of those Crosses.

*Foure  
thousand  
doores  
shut vp.  
Foure  
thousand  
crosses  
set on.*

For euery thousand dead here, fiew times as many are gotten hence: with them must I haue about; to them onely doe I now bend my Discourse. |

*Now to  
the Run-  
awaines.*

18 July] August B

# To the Run-awaies from London.

B<sup>2</sup>v

*We may  
flye : and,  
we may  
not flye.*

**W**E are warranted by holy Scriptures to flie from *Persecution*, from the *Plague*, and from the *Sword* that pursues vs: but you flye to sauе your selues, and in that flight vndoe others.

In Gods Name flye, if you flye like Souldiers, not to discomfort the whole Army, but to retire, thereby to cut off the Enemy, which is, *Famine*, amongst the poore (your fellow Souldiers) and discomfort amongst <sup>10</sup> your brethren and fellow-Citizens, who in the plaine field are left to abide the brunt of the day.

Fly, so you leauē behind you your Armour for others to weare (some pieces of your Money for others to spend) for others to defend themselues by.

*Londoners  
must not  
liue upon  
dead pay.* 20  
Liue not (as Captaines doe in the Low-Countries) vpon dead pay; you liue by dead pay, if you suffer the poore to dye, for want of that meanes which you had wont to giue them, for Christ Iesus sake, putting the Money vp into your fugitiue purses.

*The poore  
perish.* How shall the lame, and blinde, and halfe-starued be fed? They had wont to come to your Gates: Alas! they are barred against them: to your doores, (woe vnto misery!) you haue left no Key behinde you to open them: These must perish. |

*The  
Prisoners  
pine :* Where shall the wretched prisoners haue their Baskets filled euery night and morning with your broken meat? These must pine and perish.

*Margin 10* perish: **B**

The distressed in *Ludgate*, the miserable soules in the Holes of the two *Counters*, the afflicted in the *Marshall-seas*, the Cryers-out for Bread in the *Kings Bench*, and *White Lyon*, how shall these be sustayned? These must languish and dye. You are fled that are to feed them, and if they famish, their complaints will flye vp to heauen, and be exhibited in the open Court of God and Angels, against you. For, you be but Gods Almoners; and if you ride away, not giuing that siluer <sup>10</sup> to the needy, which the King of Heauen and Earth puts into your hands to bestow as he inioynes you, you robbe the poore, and their curse falls heauy where it once lights. This is not good, it is not charitable, it is not Christian-like.

In *London*, when Citizens (being chosen to be Aldermen) will not hold, they pay Fines; why are they not fined now, when such numbers will not hold, but giue them the slip euery day?

It were a worthy act in the Lord Maior, and honourable Magistrates in this City, if, as in the Townes to which our Merchants, and rich Tradesmen flye, the Countrey-people stand there, with Halberds and Pitchforkes to keepe thē out; so, our Constables & Officers, might stand with Bils to keepe the rich in their owne houses (when they offer to goe away) vntill they leaue such a charitable piece of Money behinde them, towards the maintenance of the poore, which else must perish in their absence. They that depart hence, would then (no doubt) prosper the better; they that stay, <sup>B3<sup>v</sup> fare | the better, and the generall City (nay the vni-</sup>

*And (Run-awaies) all  
is long  
of you.*

*A new  
policy, good  
for the  
City.*

uersall Kingdome) prosper in blessings from Heauen, the better.

To forsake *London*, as one worthy Citizen did, were noble; it would deserue a Crowne of commendations: *A Phanix in London*. sent for some of the better sort of his Neighbours, asked their good wils to leaue them, and because (the poyson of Pestilence so hotly reigning) hee knew not whether they and he should euer meet againe, he therefore deliuered to their hands, in trust, (as faithfull Stewards) fourescore pounds to be distributed amongst the poore. I could name the Gentleman, and the Parish, but his charity loues no Trumpet. Was not this a rare example? but, I feare, not one amongst a thousand that goe after him, will follow him.

*Shops shut vp.* But you are gone from vs, and we heartily pray, that God may go along in all your companies. Your doores are shut vp, and your Shops shut vp; all our great Schooles of learning (*in London*) are shut vp; and would to Heauen, that, as our numbers (*by your departing*) are lessened, so our sinnes might be shut vp, and lessened too. But I feare it is otherwise: For all the Kings Iniunction of Prayer and Fasting, yet on those very dayes (acceptable to God, were they truely kept, and comfortable to our soules) in some Churches you shall see empty Pewes, not filled as at first, not crowding, but sitting aloofe one from another, as if, whilst they cry, *Lord, haue mercy vpon vs*, the Plague *Our sinnes stand open.* were in the holy Temple amongst them. Where, if you looke into the Fields, looke into the Streetes, looke into *A Festiuall Fasting.* Tauerne, looke into Ale-houses; they are all merry,

B4 all iocund ; no Plague frights them, no Prayers stirre vp them, no Fast tyes the to obedience. In the Fields they are (in the time of that diuine celebration) walking, talking, laughing, toying, and sporting together In the Streets, blaspheming, selling, buying, swearing. In Tauerne, and Ale-houses, drinking, roaring, and surfetting : In these, and many other places, Gods Holy-day is their Worke-day ; the Kings Fasting-day, their day of Riot. I wash an Æthiope, who will neuer  
10 be the whiter for all this water I spend vpon him, and therefore let mee saue any further labour.

And now to you, who, to saue your houses from Red Crosses, shift your poore seruants away to odde nookes in Gardens : O take heed what you doe ; in warding off one blow, you receiue sometimes three or four. I haue knowne some, who hauing had a Childe or Seruant dead, and full of the *TO KENS*, it has beene no such matter, a little bribe to the Searchers, or the conniuence of Officers, or the priuate departure  
20 and close buriall of such a party, hath hushed all ; but within a day or two after, three, four, or five haue in the same House deceased, and then the badge of Gods anger hath beene worne by them, as openly as by other Neighbours.

For, God will not haue his Strokes hidden : his  
marks must bee seene : Hee strikes not one at once,  
(when hee is vexed indeed) but many : one may bee couered, many cannot. As his mercy will bee exalted in our weeklye Bills (when the totall summes fall) so  
30 will hee haue his iustice and indignation exemplified, in the increasing of those Bills : and therefore let no

*No dallying  
with a  
Deity.*

*God must  
haue faire  
play.*

man goe about to abate the number : His Arithmetick brookes no crossing. |

To arme you therefore with patience (in this great B4<sup>v</sup> day of Battell, where so many thousands fall) take a strong heart, a strong faith vnto you ; receiue your wounds gladly, beare them constantly, be not ashamed to carry them about you, considering vnder what Commander you receiue them, and that is, *The great Omnipotent Generall of Heauen.*

Why should any man, (nay, how dare any man) 10 presume to escape this Rod of Pestilence, when at his back, before him, round about him, houses are shut vp, Coarses borne forth, and Coffins brought in? or what poore opinion, what madnesse fastneth that man, who goes about to conceale it, when the smiting Angell goes from doore to doore, to discouer it? Hee makes choyce in what Roomes, and what Chambers such a disease shall lye, such a sicknesse bee lodged in, and where Death must (as Gods Embassadour) be enterained. There is no resisting this authority, such Pur- 20 seuants as these cannot be bribed.

Stay therefore still where you are, (sicke or in health) and stand your ground : for whither will you flye? Into the Countrey? Alas ! there you finde worse enemies then those of *Breda* had in *Spinola's Campe.* A Spaniard is not so hatefull to a Dutch-man, as a Londoner to a Country-man. In Terme-time, a Sergeant cannot more fright a Gentleman going muffled by Chancery-lane end, than a Citizen frights one of your Lobcocks, though hee spies him fiew Acres off. 30

In middest of my former compassionate complayn-

*A wound  
well cared  
for, is halfe  
cured.*

*Angels are  
Heauens  
Harbin-  
gers, and  
appoynt  
our  
Lodgings.*

*A Lon-  
doner, a  
Bugbeare.*

ings (ouer the misery of these times) let mee a little  
quicken my owne and your spirits, with telling you,  
how the rurall *Coridons* doe now begin to vse our  
C<sub>i</sub> Run-awayes ; neyther doe I this out of an idle or  
vndecent merriment (for iests are no fruit for this  
season) but onely to lay open what foolery, infidelity,  
inhumanity, nay, villany, irreligion, and distrust in God  
(with a defiance to his power) dwell in the bosomes  
of these vnmannerly Oasts in these our owne Nether-  
D<sub>o</sub> landish Dorpes.

*A digres-  
sion a little  
merrily,  
taxing the  
incivility  
of the  
common  
people.*

When the *Brittaines* heere in *England* were opprest  
by *Pictes* and *Scots*, they were glad to call in the *Saxons*,  
to ayd them, and beate away the other : The *Saxons*  
came, and did so, but in the end, tasting the sweet-  
nesse of the Land, the *Brittaines* were faine to get  
some other Nation to come and drieue out the *Saxons*.  
So, the Countrey people, being of late inuaded by the  
*Pictes*, (beaten with wants of Money to pay their rackt  
Rents to their greedy Land-lords) with open armes,  
20 and well-comming throats, call'd to them, and receiued  
a pretty Army of our *Saxon-Citizens* ; but now they  
perceiue they swarme ; now they perceiue the Bels of  
*London* toll forty miles off in their eares ; now that  
Bils come downe to them euery Weeke, that there dye  
so many thousands ; they would with all their hearts  
call in very Deuils (if they were but a little better  
acquainted with them) to banish our briske *Londoners*  
out of their grassy Territories.

*The old  
Brittains  
opprest by  
the Pictes,  
call in the  
Saxons.*

And for that cause, they stand (within thirty and  
30 forty miles from *London*) at their Townes ends, for-

*The  
Country  
people  
the bold  
Brittaines,  
want of  
Moneys  
are the  
Pictes, and  
Londoners  
the Saxons,  
at first  
called in,  
but now  
they care  
not if the  
Diuell  
fetched  
them.*

Ouer-  
thrownne  
horse and  
foot.

bidding any Horse, carrying a *London* load on his back, to passe that way, but to goe about, on paine of hauing his braynes beaten out: and, if they spy but a footman (not hauing a Russet Sute on, their owne Country liuery) they cry, *Arme*, charge their Pike-Staues, before he comes neere them the length of a furlong; and, C<sub>IV</sub> stopping their noses, make signes that he must be gone, there is no roome for him, if the open Fields be not good enough for him to reuell in, let him pack. O you that are to trauell to your friends into the Countrey, <sup>10</sup>

*The foolish feare of the Corydons.* take heed what Clothes you weare, for a man in black, is as terrible there to be looked vpon, as a Beadle in blue is (on Court-dayes at *Bridewell*) being called to whip a Whore-master for his Letchery. A treble Ruffe makes them looke as pale, as if, in a darke night, they should meet a Ghost in a white Sheet in the middle of a Church-yard. They are verily perswaded, no Plagues, no Botches, Blaynes, nor Carbuncles can sticke vpon any of their innocent bodies, vnlesse a Londoner (be he neuer so fine, neuer so perfumed, neuer so sound) <sup>20</sup> brings it to them. A Bill printed, called, *The Red Crosse*, or, *Englands Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, being read

*An Essex Calfe, killed without a Butcher.* to a Farmers Sonne in *Essex*, hee fell into a swound, and the Calfe had much a doe to be recouered. In a Towne not farre from *Barnet* (in *Hartfordshire*) a Citizen and his Wife riding downe to see their Childe at Nurse, the doores were shut vpon them, the poore Childe was in the Cradle carryed three Fields off, to shew it was liuing: the Mother tooke the Childe

7 that] om. B 8-9 ,if the open . . . for him] om. B

18 Blaynes] no Blaynes B 20 neuer so perfumed,] om. B

Margin 13-14 Sparrow-blasting. B

home, and the Nurses valiant Husband (beeing one of the Traind-Souldiers of the Countrey) set fire of the Cradle, and all the Clothes in it.

A Broker in *Houndes-ditch* hauing a Brother in *Hamshire*, whom hee had not seene in fife yeeres, put good store of money in his Purse, and rode downe to visit his beloued Brother, beeing a Tanner ; to whose House when hee came, the Tanner clapped to his doores, C<sub>2</sub> and from an vpper wooden window (much like those in a Prison) comming to a Parlee, hee out-faced the Broker to be no Brother of his, hee knew not his face, his fauour, his voyce : such a Brother hee once had, and if this were hee, yet his Trade (in being a Broker) was enough to cut off the kindred, his Clothes smelt of infection, his red Beard (for he hath one) was poyson to him ; and therefore, if hee would not depart to the place from whence hee came, hee would eyther set his Dogges vpon him, or cause his Seruants to throw him into a Tan-Fat ; and if (quoth hee) thou art any 20 Brother of mine, bring a Certificate from some honest Brokers dwelling by thee (when the Plague is ceast) that thou art the man, and, it may bee, mine eyes shall bee then opened to behold thee : So, farewell. —With a vengeance (replyed the Broker) and so came home, a little wiser then hee went.

No further from *London* then *Pancridge*, two or threec Londoners, on a Sunday (being the seuenteenth of this last past Iuly) walking to the Village there-by, called *Kentish-Towne*, and spying *Pancridge-Church* doores 30 open (a Sermon being then preached) a company of Hobnayle-fellowes, with Staues, kept them out ; and

*A Hounds-ditch Broker entertained like a brother.*

*This was aboue three-score in the hundred.*

The wis-  
dome of  
Pancridge-  
Parish.

foure or fife Hay-makers, (who out of their Countries came hither to get worke) offering likewise to goe in, to heare the Preacher, they were threatned by the worshipfull wisdome of the Parish, to bee set in the Stockes, if they put but a foot within the Church-doores.

Hath not God therefore iust cause to be angry with this distrust, this infidelity of our Nation? How can wee expect mercy from him, when wee expresse such | cruelty one towards another? When the Brother defies C<sup>2v</sup> the Brother, what hope is there for a Londoner to 11 receiue comfort from Strangers?

The world  
is altered  
with  
Londoners.

Who then would flye from his owne Nest, which hee may command, to be lodged amongst Crowes and Rauens, that are ready to picke out our Eyes, if we offer to come amongst them? The braue Parlors, stately dining-Roomes, and rich Chambers to lye in, which many of our Citizens had here in *London*, are now turned to Hay-lofts, Apple-lofts, Hen-roosts, and Back-houses, no better then to keepe Hogges in : I doe 20 not say in all places, but a number that are gone downe, and were lodged daintily heere, wish themselues at home, (as complayning Letters testifie) but that the heat of Contagion frights them from returning, and it were a shame (they thinke) to come so soone backe to that City, from whence with such greedy desire, they were on the wings of feare hurryed hence.

Flocke not therefore to those, who make more account of Dogges then of Christians. The smelling to your Iuory Boxes does not so much comfort your 30

11 to B: to to A

Nosthrils, as the Sent of your perfumed brauery, stinkes  
in the Noses (now) of Countrey-people. It may bee  
perceyued, by the comming backe of many Carts laden  
with goods, which in scorne are returned to *London*,  
and cannot for any Gold or Siluer be receyued. What  
talke I of Cart-loades of Stuffe? If some more tender-  
hearted amongst the rest, giue welcome to his brother,  
kinseman, or friend; a Beare is not so woорried by  
Mastiffes, as hee shall bee by vncharitable Neighbours,  
when the Stranger is departed. They loue your Money,  
but not your persons; yet loue not your money so |  
C3 well, but that if a Carrier brings it to them from  
London, they will not touch a penny of it, till it be  
twice or thrice washed in a Pale or two of water.

But leauing these Creatures to be tormented by  
their owne folly and ignorance; yet praying that God  
would open their eyes, and enlighten their soules with  
a true vnderstanding of his diuine Judgements; I will  
now shut vp my Discourse with that which is first  
promised in the Title-page of the Booke, and those  
are, *Gods Tokens, &c.*

2-10 It may bee . . . is departed.] *om. B*

16-18 yet

praying . . . Judgements ;] *om. B*

Margin 1-6 *om. B*

*A Retreate  
sounded.*

*There be  
Inuries  
enough to  
sweare this.*

*To wash  
money, is  
against the  
Statute.*

# Gods Tokens.

AND now, O you Citizens of L O N D O N , abroad or at home, be you rich, bee you poore, tremble at the repetition of these horrors which here I set downe: and of which ten thousand are eare-witnesses, great numbers of you that are in the City, hauing likewise beheld some of these, or their like, with your eyes. Neither are these warnings to you of *London* onely, but to you (who-euer you bee) dwelling in the farthest parts of the Kingdome.

10

*Burials  
still  
passing.*

Shall I tell you how many thousands haue beene borne on mens shoulders within the compasse of fие or six weekes? Bills sent vp and downe both Towne and Countrie, haue giuen you already too fearefull informations. |

*Bels still  
going.*

Shall I tell you, that the Bels call out night and day C<sub>3</sub>v for more Burials, and haue them, yet are not satisfied? Euery street in London is too much frighted with these terrors.

*Church-  
yards still  
receiuing.*

Shall I tell you, that Church-yards haue letten their ground to so many poore Tenants, that there is scarce roome left for any more to dwell there, they are so pestered? The Statute against Inmates cannot sue these, for hauing taken once possession; no Law can remoue them.

*Graues still  
gaping for  
more.*

Or shall I tell you, that in many Church-yards (for want of roome) they are compelled to dig Graues like

2-3 abroad . . . poore,] om. B                  4-5 here I] I here B  
5-8 and of . . . eyes.] om. B                  12-13 fие or six] 12. or 13. B  
27 roome) B: roome, A

little Cellers, piling vp forty or fifty in a Pit? And that in one place of buriall, the Mattocke and Shouell haue ventured so farre, that the very Common-shore breakes into these ghastly and gloomy Ware-houses, washing the bodies all ouer with foule water, because when they lay downe to rest, not one eye was so tender to wet the ground with a teare? No, I will not tell you of these things, but of These, which are true (as the other) and fuller of horror.

*The horrors  
of the time.*

10 A woman (with a Child in her armes) passing thorow Fleet-street, was strucke sicke vpon a sudden; the Childe leaning to her cheeke, immediatly departed: the Mother perceiuing no such matter, but finding her owne heart wounded to the death, she sate downe neere to a shop where hot Waters were sold; the charitable woman of that shop, perceiuing by the poore wretches countenance how ill she was, ranne in all haste to fetch her some comfort; but before she could come, the Woman was quite dead: and so her childe 20 and she went louingly together to one Graue. |

*A woman  
and her  
childe.*

C4 A Gentleman (knowne to many in this Towne) *A Souldier.* hauing spent his time in the Warres, and comming but lately ouer in health, and lusty state of body, going along the streets, fell suddenly downe and dyed, neuer vttering more words then these, *Lord, haue mercy upon me.* Another dropped downe dead by *All-gate*, at the Bell-Tauerne doore.

30 A Flax-man in *Turnebull street*, being about to send his Wife to market, on a sudden felt a pricking in his arme, neere the place where once he had a sore, and

*A Flax-  
man.*

vpon this, plucking vp his sleeue, he called to his Wife to stay ; there was no neede to fetch any thing for him from Market : for, see (quoth he) I am marked : and so shewing Gods Tokens, dyed in a few minutes after.

*A country fellow.*

A man was in his Coffin, to be put into a Graue, in Cripple-gate Church-yard, and the Bearers offring to take him out, he opened his eyes, and breathed ; but they running to fetch *Aqua vitæ* for him, before it came, he was full dead.

10

*Another.*

A lusty country fellow, that came to towne to get Haruest-worke, hauing sixteene or eighteene shillings in his Purse, fell sicke in some lodging he had, in Old-street ; was in the night time thrust out of doores, and none else receiuing him, he lay vpon Straw, vnder Suttons Hospitall wall, neere the high way, and there miserably dyed.

*A woman in Barbican.*

A woman going along Barbican, in the moneth of July, on a Wednesday, the first of the Dog-daiies, went not farre, but suddenly fell sicke, and sate downe ; the 20 gaping multitude perceiuing it, stood round about her, afarre off ; she making signes for a little drinke, money was giuen by a stander by, to fetch her some : but Whosoever, the | vncharitable Woman of the Ale-house denied to C<sub>4</sub>v  
in my Name, gives a cup of cold water, &c. Tis the  
lend her Pot to any infected companion ; the poore soule dyed suddenly : and yet, albeit all fled from her when she liued, yet being dead, some (like Rauens) seized vpon her body (hauing good clothes about her)

6-10 A man . . . dead.] om. B Margin 3 om. B. In B  
the marginal note A country fellow. is placed against the anecdote told in ll. 11-17.

stripped her, and buried her, none knowing what she was, or from whence she came. *Prey makes the Thiefe.*

Let vs remoue out of Barbican, into one of the Churches in Thames-street, where a Gentleman passing by, who on a sudden felt himselfe exceeding ill, and spying a Sexton digging a Graue, stept to him, asked many strange questions of the fellow, touching Burials, and what he would take to make a Graue for him : but the Sexton amazed at it, and seeing (by his face) 10 hee was not well, perswaded him to get into some house, and to take something to doe him good. No (said he) helpe me to a Minister, who comming to him, and conferring together about the state of his soule, hee deliuered a summe of Money to the Minister, to see him well buried, and gaue ten shillings to the Sexton to make his Graue, and departed not till he dyed.

Now, suppose you are in *Kent*, where you shall see a young handsome Maid, in very good apparell, ready 20 to goe into the Towne, to a Sister, which dwelt there : but then as you cast an eye on her (comming into the City) so behold a company of vnmercifull, heathenish, and churlish Townesmen, with Bils and Glaues, driuing her by force backe againe ; enter there shee must not (it being feared she came from *London*) neither could her Sister be suffred to goe forth to her. Whereupon, all comfort being denied her, all doores bard against her, no lodging being to be had for her ; shee, full of Di teares in her eyes, full of sorrow in her heart, sighing,

27-28 all doores . . . for her ;] om. B

28-p. 162,

l. 1 ,full . . . hands,] om. B

wailing, and wringing her hands, went into the open fields, there sickned, there languished, there cracked her heart-strings with griefe, and there dyed, none being by her: When she was dead, the Den of a Serpent was not more shunned then the place she lay in. It was death (in any Townesmans thinking) but to stand in the wind of it: there the body lay two or three daies, none daring to approach it; till at the last, an old woman of Kent, stealing out of the Towne, ventured vpon the danger, rifled her Purse and Pockets, <sup>10</sup> found good store of Money, stript her out of her apparell, which was very good, digged a homely Graue (with the best shift she could make) and there in the field buried her.

The Kentish Synagogue hearing of this, presently laid their heads together, and fearing lest the breath of an old woman might poison the whole Towne, pronounced the doome of euerlasting banishment vpon her. And so was she driuen from thence, with vp-braiding and hard language, and must neuer come to <sup>20</sup> liue more amongst them.

*Thirty  
pound ill  
lost, well  
recouered.*

Into another part of this Kingdome (not full forty miles from *London*) did a Citizen send his man for thirty pound, to a country Customer, which was honestly payed to him; the young man departed merry, and in good health from him: and, albeit he had so much money about him, yet in his returne to

2-3 there languished . . . griefe,] *om. B*      3-7 dyed, . . .  
 it: there] dyed. There *B*      22-p. 164, l. 14 Into another  
 . . . decent buriall.] *om. B*

London, hee could get no lodging in any place, at which, being much afflicted in his minde, and offring an extraordinary rate to be entertained, neither Money, nor Charity, nor common Humanity, could get a doore opened to receiue him. Patient he was to endure this  
Dr<sup>v</sup> cruelty, and I comforted himselfe, that carrying health about him, he should make shift to get to the City : but God had otherwaies bestowed him, his time was come, the Glasse of his life almost runne out, and his iourney must bee shortned. For taking vp his lodging (by compulsion) in the open field, there he fell sick, and wanting all humane helpe and comfort, there dyed. It was soone knowne by those that walked out of the Towne, into their grounds, that there he lay dead, and as soone did they consult together what to doe with his body. None was so valiant as to come neere it : It was an eminent danger, to suffer the Carkasse lye aboue ground, and a greater danger for any one (as they thought) to remoue it from thence. In the end,  
20 one more couragious then the other, was hyred (for money) to rid the Towne of this mortall feare ; who (whatsoeuer should become of them) purposing to saue himselfe, muffled his mouth, went into the same field where the dead body lay, a far off digged a Pit (a Graue hee knew not how to make) and then, with a long Pole, hauing a hooke to it, taking hold of the young mans clothes, he dragged him along, threw him in, and buried him.

The Master of this seruant, musing at his long  
1 lodging A      2 afflcted A

*The like  
was done  
three and  
twenty  
yeeres agoe.*

staying, and being loth to lose both man and money, rode downe to see how both of them were bestowed ; and vnderstanding, that the Money was paid, and which way his man went for *London*, came to the same towne, where (by ghesse) he thought he must needs put in for lodging ; and vpon strict inquiry, if such a young fellow had not beene seene amongst them, it was confest, Yes, with all the former Relations of his death, and where he lay buried. The much-perplexed Londoner | hearing this, did, by faire meanes and D<sub>2</sub> money, get his Graue opened, had his body in the 11 clothes taken vp, and found all his Money about him, and then in the Towne bestowed vpon him, a friendly, louing, and decent buriall.

*Madnesse  
in merri-  
ment.*

It fell out better with a company of merry Companions, who went not aboue ten miles from *London* ; for they, getting with much adoe, into a country Victualing-house, were very iouiall, and full of sport, though not full of money. Beere and Ale they called for roundly, downe it went merrily, and the Cakes ☐ were as merrily broken. When the round O's beganne to increase to foure or six shillings, quoth one mad fellow amongst the rest, What will you say, my Masters, if I fetch you off from the Reckoning, and neuer pay a penny? A braue Boy, cryed all the company, if thou canst doe this. Hereupon, the Oastesse being called vp for t'other Pot, and whilst it was drinking, some speech being made of purpose, about the dangerous time, and the sicknesse, it fortuned that the Tokens were named. Vpon which, the Woman wondring what 30

kinde of things they were, and protesting she neuer saw any, nor knew what they were like ; this daring companion (who vndertooke the shot) clapping his hand on his brest ; How (quoth hee) neuer saw any ? Why then I feare, I can now shew you some about me ; and with that, hastily vnbuttoning his Doublet, opened his bosome, which was full of little blue Markes, receiued by Haile-shot out of a Birding-piece through a mischance. At sight of these, his Comrades seemed  
10 to bee strucke into a feare ; but the innocent Oastesse was ready to drop downe dead. They offred to flye,  
D<sup>2</sup>v and leaue him there. | Shee fell on her knees, crying out, Shee was vndone. A reckoning then being call'd for, because they would be honest to the house ; the poore woman cared for no reckoning, let them call for as much more (so they dranke it quickly) and there was not a penny to pay ; prouided, that they would take the spotted man away with them. They did so, and being gotten some little distance from the house,  
20 the counterfeit sick Companion danced and skipped vp and downe, to shew hee was well : Shee cursing them for cheating Raskalls, that so had gulled her. This was a tricke of merriment, but few men, I thinke, would fill their bellies with drink so gotten. It is not safe to kisse Lightning, mocke at Thunder, or dally with diuine Iudgements.

The Bells, euen now toll, and ring out in mine eares, so that here againe and againe I could terrifie you

12 catchword She A.      26-27 *The passage inserted in B between these two paragraphs is reprinted on pp. 169-171.*

with sad Relations. An ample Volume might be sent downe to you in the Country, of dismall and dreadfull Accidents; not onely here within London, but more in the Townes round about vs. Death walkes in euery street: How many step out of their Beds into their Coffins? And albeit, no man at any time is assured of life, yet no man (within the memory of man) was euer so neere death as now: because he that breakes his fast, is dead before dinner; and many that dine, neuer eat supper more. Let these then (as 10 terrifying Scourges) serue to admonish the proudest of vs all, to haue a care to our footing, lest we fall suddenly.

*Miserable  
obiects.*

How many euery day drop downe staggering (being strucke with infection) in the open Streets? What numbers breathe their last vpon Stalles? How many creepe into Entries, and Stables, and there dye? How | many lye languishing in the common High-wayes, and D<sub>3</sub> in the open Fields, on Pads of Straw, end their miserable liues, vnpittyed, vnrelieued, vnknowne? 20

The great God of mercy defend vs all from sudden death: and so defend you (the rich Run-awayes) at your comming backe to this desolate and forsaken City, that, as you fled hence to scape the Stroke of Contagion, you bring not, nor lay heauier strokes of mortallity and misery vpon vs, when you returne to your Houses. It so fell out in the last great time of Pestilence, at the death of the Queene, and comming in of the King: The Weekes did rize in their numbers

1-4 An ample . . . about vs.] om. B 10-13 Let . . . suddenly.]  
m. B 18 High-waies; B Margin 2 obiects. B: obiects A

of dead, as the numbers of the liuing did increase, who then came flocking to Towne: As the fresh houses were filled with their old Owners, so new Graues were opened for the fresh commers.

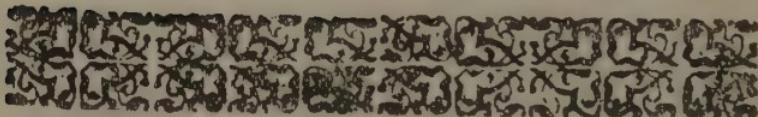
A heauy and sad welcome they had at home, after their peaceable being in the Countrey: and how could it happen otherwise? They went out in haste, in hope to preuent death; in iollity, to preserue life; But when they came backe, then began their terrors, then  
10 their torments: The first foot they set out of their Countrey-Habitations, was to them a first step to their Graues: the neerer to *London*, the neerer to death. As condemned persons, going to execution, haue often-times good colour in their faces, cheerefull countenances, and manly lookes all the way that they are going: but the neerer and neerer they approch the place where they are to leaue the World, the greater are their feares, the paler they looke, the more their hearts tremble; so did it fare with Londoners in those  
20 dayes; but we that are heere, pray that you may speed  
D<sub>3</sub>v better: that you | may returne full of health, full of wealth, full of prosperity; that your Houses may bee as Temples to you, your Chambers as Sanctuaries; that your Neighbours, Kindred, Friends, and acquaintance may giue you ioyfull and hearty welcomes; that the City may not mourne then for your thronging in vpon it, as shee lamented to behold you (in shoales) forsaking her in her tribulation; but that God would be pleased to nayle our sinnes vpon the Crosse of his  
30 Sonne Christ Iesus, restore vs to his mercy, render vs

Merry  
mornings  
goe before  
sad  
eueninges.

a Nation worthy of his infinite blessings, and plucking  
in his reuengefull Arme from striking vs downe  
continually into Graues, wee all (abroad and  
at home, in Countrey and City) may  
meete and imbrace one another,  
and sing an *Alleluiah* to  
his Name.

(\*\*\*)

*FINIS.*



[Between the paragraph ending 'dally with diuine Judgements.' and that beginning 'The Bells, euen now toll' (p. 165, ll. 26-27) the following passage is inserted in B:]

C<sub>3</sub> You in the Country, I know, haue itching eares, to listen after vs in the City, and we here, lye like spies to vnderstand how you doe there. The longings of both I haue in some sort (with a free-hand) feasted, and yet because none shall goe grudging away, here are some other dishes (set vpon my table of Newes) to which you haue not beeene inuited before. And thus are they serued vp.

An ancient mayd in London, had by her owne thrifty sparing, and from some of her friends, gotten together 150. pound. But being in this Battell of the Pestilence, stricken to the heart with an Arrow of death, she bequeathed this Money to one whom she was to marry : This man, in a short time after her death, fell sicke too, and at point of death gaue the same money to a Brother of his, who thought

C<sub>3</sub>v himselfe a braue fellow, in the possession of such a | prize :

But the Ball not being so to lye still, Death had another 20 Bandy, and strucke him vnder line ; hee sickned, and dyed too ; but first gaue the hundred and fifty pounds to another Maide (a Sweet-heart of his) who immediately (to keepe the true dance) followed in death her beloued ; and left this portion of Money to the Poore of the parish where she dyed. After so many distributing hands, it came at last to the right Almoner. This was current Money indeed.

We send this Carrier to you in the Country : and now comes one of yours (though few be suffered to come) with a Newes from you, which is this : A Citizen and his Wife, 30 to flye the Contagion, went to *Rowell* (a Towne in *Northamptonshire*) but Gods arme, like a Girdle, going round

about the world, found him out there, from whence it was set downe, that one of them should neuer depart aliue. The man dyed, and the sad wife is now in *London*: but vpon his death, note (and pity) the folly, fury, and infidelity of these Saluages (the Country-people.) All the Londoners, both in that Towne and places neere adioyning, were presently imprisoned in their dearely hired lodgings, the doores nayled vp, Padlockes hung vpon euery doore, and the innocent Malefactors of *Troynouant* (within immured) were not suffered (so much as lay in their guard of Goblins) 10 to peepe out at their Loop-holes.

Will your eyes neuer be opened (O you *Curuæ in Terras Animæ, & Cælestium inanes!*) Albeit then (like Moales) you loue your owne Blindnesse, yet I hope your eares (though you stop your Noses at vs) are buttoned vp; and therefore let me tell to the world one thing more which we heare of you.

A Citizen, well mounted, neatly habited, and with thirty pounds in Gold in his Pockets (besides Siluer) riding into the Country for safety (as he thought) fell sicke in his 20 Journey, and spying Hay-makers, or other people at worke a farre off, he strucke thorow a by-Lane, to make towards them. In the Lane he met with an ancient Country-man (that was a Constable in the Towne) to him the Londoner complayned, that on the sudden he felt the finger of God vpon him (he was not well) told him he had Money enough about him, to buy any earthly comfort that might be brought him; intreated him, for Gods cause, to appoint him to any place where he might be relieved. This Con- 29 stable, albeit fearefull, and keeping | his distance (his C4 *Longé*, as Fencers teach) yet hauing more compassionate

humanity then many of the rest, pointed either to a Barne or a Stacke of Hay (the best Lodging the misery of the time and his pity, could there and then affoord him) the Citizen offred any gold for a Cup of drinke. The Country-man said, Hee would fetch him some: And so stepping to the Hay-makers, told them what was hapned, and that if any one of them had a heart to venture, he might be well paid for his paines. One fellow, more daring then the rest of the Chickenly broode, went and fetched the sicke man (no good  
10 drinke) but faire water in his bottle, which he deliuered (fearefully) to him. He greedily (to coole his deadly and fatall thirst) dranke it, and thanked him. Instantly feeling life ready to betray it selfe to him that sought it (*Death*) he requested the Hay-maker not to come too neere him, for he was but a dead man; yet when he was dead, if hee would helpe him to a Graue, there was enough in his Purse to recompence the paines. He dyed, the fellow (after the Country way) buried him in his Clothes, but diuing into his Pockets, tooke out thirty Pieces, and store of white  
20 Money; with which in triumph, roaring to his Companions, and boasting what hee had done, they all (like tall Souldiers) threw downe their Weapons, and left the field. A charge being giuen him, neuer more to come neere the Towne; he, drawing out one handfull of gold, and another of siluer, cryed, A Pox of your towne and you, I haue enough to keepe me any where; I haue made Hay whilst my Sunne shined: and away he went.



London  
LOOKE BACKE,  
AT THAT YEARE OF YEARES  
1625.

AND  
LOOKE FORVVARD, VPPON  
THIS YEARE, 1630.

how much on the Yeare 1625. 1626. the plague  
which sweeped over London, would be due to the conflagration  
which destroy'd Witten, not to Terrifie, about 13000 in  
But to Comfort. three dayes.  
which may bee bello



*GULLYH.*

---

LONDON  
Printed by A. M. and are to bee sold by  
Ed. Blackmoore at the Angel in Pauls  
Church-yard, 1630.





# London

*Looke Backe.*

---

**L**O looke backe at *Ills*, begets a Thankefulnesse, to haue escap'd them : So the Children of *Israel* hauing dry-foot passed through the red Sea, looked backe, with a double *Joy* ; To see themselves on Shore, & their enemies Drown'd.

To Looke Backe, at our sinnes, begets a Repentance : Repentance is the Mother of Amendment ; and Amendment leades vs by the hand to Heauen : So that if wee looke not Backe, ther's no going forward in that Journey to *Ierusalem*.

To looke Backe at an enemie, from whom wee flye ; Calls vp *Hope*, and *Feare* ; *Hope* to out-runne him, *Feare* to be ouer-taken : *Hope* to fight with him agen, *Feare* neuer to fight more. To looke backe, strengthens wisedome ; to looke forward, armes Prouidence : and lendet eyes to Preuention.

What Marriner hauing gotten safely by a Rocke, but with a liuely spirit lookes backe, and prayseth Heauen, for Sayling by such a danger ? What Generall, but at

the end of a Battaille, lookes backe, on his slaughtered Souldiers, with sorrow : and on his liuing Regiments, with Gladnes ; What a Glory is it, to repeate the story of the fight ? How such a Captaine cut a braue way to Victory with his Sword ! How another brake through | the Battalias, like the God of Warre.

A2v

The yeare  
1625.

Looke backe therefore (ô L O N D O N) at Time, and bid him turne ore his Chronicles, and shew thee, that Yeare of Yeares, 1625. For, if euer there was in England, a yeare, great with Childe of wonder, that to very yeare was then deliuered of that Prodigious Birth.

Fatall to  
our King-  
dome.

It was a yeare, Fatall to all our Kingdomes ; For, the Courts of our Kings, were forced to fly from place to place for safety, and yet the pursuing enemie, Death, tracde the and ouertooke the by the prints of their feet.

To the  
Citty.

It was fatall (O thou Empresse of Citties, faire Troy-nouant) to thee ; For (Bloud shedde excepted) thou with Ierusalem, didst feele as grieuous a Desolation : eating vp, with Mariam, thine owne children, with Samaria thou wert beseiged, though not (like Samaria) 20 with Benhadad King of the Aramites, and 32. Kings more with him : But with a farre more cruell enemy, (the Pestilence,) and an infinite Army of Sinnes, which to this very day, fight against thee.

1 Kings. 20  
1.

A more terrible Tyrant, then Benhadad (and that is Death) sayd then to thee, as hee did to Samaria ; Thy Gold and thy Siluer are mine, thy Women also, and thy faire Children are mine. O how much of the one was then buried in Earth, and what excellent Pieces of the other lay then deflowered in Graves !

30

With Ierico, the walles of thy Glory (O London) Iosh. 6. 20.  
 were broken down, for thy Princes tooke from thee  
 the Honour of their Chariots, thy Diuines the harmony      *Londons*  
 of their Eloquence ; Thy Magistrates, the splendor of  
 their Authority ; Thy Merchants, the Renowne of  
 Commerce : Thy Physitians gaue thee ouer ; Thy  
 Soldiers like Cowards left thee in the open field : Thy  
 old Men went away, and thy young-men fled before  
 thee in the fulnes of their Marrow.

10 Reader, to Feast thee with more variety, cast thine  
 eye on these following verses, in which is set downe  
 a more full, and more liuely Description of that  
 Lamentable Time. |      

A3 This was that yeere of wonder, when this Land,  
*Was Ploughed vp into Graues, and graues did stand*  
*From morne, till next morne, gaping still for more :*  
*The Bells (like our lowde sinnes) ne're giuing ore.*  
*Then, life look't pale, and sicklier then the Moone,*  
*Whole Households, well i'th morne, lying dead at Noone.*

20 Then, sicknessse was of her owne face affrayde,  
*And frightening all yet was her selfe dismayde :*  
*L O N D O N was great with childe, and with a fright*  
*Shee fell in labour.—But O pitious sight !*  
*All in her Child-bed Roome did nought but mourne,*  
*For, those who were deliuer'd were still-borne.*  
*The Citty fled the Citty, for those Bells*  
*Which call'd the Church-man, rung his neighbors knells :*  
*The Citty fled the City, and in feare,*  
*That enemy shunn'd who met her euery where.*

4 Magist ates Q

13 catchword This

29 Perhaps

shunn'd, in Q

Margin 1 Ioh. Q

*The Citty so much of her Body lost,  
That she appear'd, a gastly, headlesse Ghost :  
Paules Organs (then) were passing-bells, to call  
This day a Quirist to his Funerall  
Who yesterday sate singing : Men did come  
To morning Mattens, yet ere they got home,  
Had Tokens sent them that they should no more  
Heare Anthems there ; They were to goe before  
Him, to whose name, those Anthems were all sung,  
To instruments, which were by Angels strung.*

10

By this little Picture you may guesse, if that yeare of 1625. was not one of the worlds Climactericall yeares : If it bee not (to this day) more remarkeable, than any other yeare in the memory of man, looke backe but on such Calenders, as your obseruations may set downe, and then be your owne iudges.

First, then (in your looking backe) remember those faynt and purgatiue Fluxes, which then were the Vant-currers, making way for other Diseases | which A3 immediately brake in vpon vs : How many Families 20 fell by that Consumption ! How many householders did that (then not regarded) Sicknesse carry away ? Did one 10. in a Thousand escape it ? Or if happily they got out of his fingers, did not a spotted Feauer then presently print her Nayles vpon their flesh ?

How many Bodyes were by this Purveyor of Death, mark'd for Funeralls !

Our Doctors gaue that young Sicknesse then (as they doe this, now Reigning) a fine gentleman like name, the

spotted Feauer, as if it had beene Ermynd, the spotted Feauer, as if it had beene a Beautifull faire skind Sickenesse, and those Spotes, the freckels in the face of it. But how many did this spotted Leopard set vpon, and teare in peces !

The  
spotted  
Feauer.

The Physicians were modest, and gaue it a pretty  
harmelesse Name, (the spotted Feauer) but wofull  
experience made vs confesse, it was the direct *Plague*,  
or Couzen-germane to it : The spotted Feauer serued  
10 but as a By-name : The spots were the signes that  
hung at the Doores, but the Pestilence dwelt within.

A kinsman  
to the  
Plague.

Agen looke backe vpon that Moone, and that officious  
Starre, waiting so close vpon her, and reade in both  
their faces, what followed after.

The Moon  
and her  
Waiting-  
mayde.

Agen looke backe, at the sudden, and vnexpected  
death of K. Iames : He lead the way, and Millions of  
Subiects followed after him ; Hee dyed of a Burning  
Feauer, but that burning went cold to a great many  
Hearts in *Christendome*, and it struck cold to vs in  
20 *England*, till the breath of Trumpets, glittering of Bon-  
fires, and Acclamations of People, heated vs agen, with  
the happy Newes of a Glorious *Sunne* risen : And that  
*Sunne* was the Great *Charlemayne*, our now present  
*Soueraigne*.

The Death  
of K. I.

A bluster-  
ing March  
yet a milde  
Moneth.

Agen looke backe, vpon the deaths of our Nobility : *Dukes, Earles, and Lords*, being at that time snatch't  
from vs.

The Death  
of Noble  
Men.

Agen looke backe, on the heapes of English, then  
29 swallowed in the Sea, & eaten vp in the *Low-Countries*. |  
A4 Reckon our Losses of Men abroad, and at that

The Sea  
a wide  
graeue.

time, the ruine of Men, Women, and children at home.

Al this Remembrances being thus added vp together, poynt if you can (through all the Reignes of our *Kings*) to any one yeare so full of wonderful mutations ! Such Shifting of the Windes from faire to foule, and frō foule to faire weather. Such Eclipses, and such affrighting Changes, and then my Penne shall be silenc'd.

But of al the changes happening that yeare, the greatest is not yet mention'd : When our Sinnes were 10

*The great Change.* in a full Sea, *God* call'd in the waters of our punishment, and on a sudden our miseries ebb'd : Whē the Pestilence struck 5000. and odde in a Weeke into the

Graue ; an *Angell* came, and held the Sword from striking : So that the waues of Death fell in a short time, as fast as before they swelld vp, to our confusion : Mercy stood at the Church doores, and suffered but a few Coffins to come in : And this was the most wonderfull change of all the rest.

This was a Change, worthy to bee set ouer euery 20

*Crosses turn'd to Blessings.* doore in Letters of Gold, as before Red painted Crosses stood there, turning *Cittizens* to runn-awayes. But

A Repriue. a white Flagge was held out in signe of Truce ; A par-  
don was promis'd, and it came to the great Comfort of all our Nation. When more than threescore thousand were mowen downe by the syeth of time : Deaths haruest towards the end of that yeare was allmost all in. Looke backe (*O L O N D O N*) at these, and on thy knees, sing *Hymnes* to heauen for thy then deliuernace.

Tis strange to obserue, that if a Bell be heard to Ring out, and that tis voyc'd, in such a Parish within the walls of *L O N D O N*, a man is dead of the *Plague*, O what talke it breedes ! If the next Weeke it mounts to two, then the Report stickes cold to the heart of the whole *Citty*. But if (as now) it rises to 41. Trading hangs the Head, and thousands fearefully suspect, they shall bee vndone. And is there not great reason for this, thinke you ? Yes there is.

10 For all other Infirmitieſ, and maladieſ of the Body, |  
 A4<sup>v</sup> goe ſimply in their owne Habit, and liue wheresoever they are entertainde, vnder their proper and knowne Names ; As the Goute paſſeth onely by the name of the Goute : So an Appoplex, an Ague, the Pox, Fistula, &c. But that dreadfull ſcourge (ſo ſtrunge with Bell-ropeſ that they Toll and Ring out, ſometimes, night and day,) that ſudden destroyer of Mankind : that Nimble executioner of the Diuine *Iuſtice* : (The Plague or Pestilence) hath for the ſingularity 20 of the Terrors waiting vpon it, This title ; *THE SICKNEſſE*.

It hath a Preheminenſe aboue all others : And none being able to match it, for Violence, Strength, Incertainty, Suttleſy, Catching, Vniuerſality, and Desolation, it is called the *SickneſſE*. As if it were, the onely *SickneſſE*, or the *SickneſſE* of *SickneſſEſ*, as it is indeede.

But, for all this Tyrants Raging and Rauing vp and downe this *Citty* ; after punishment : Mercy, as you heard before, came downe : when the deluge was past, 30 a *Raine-boω* was ſeenē : *Martyrdome* went before,

3 man] many Q  
Margin 1 One] On Q

5 ſtickes] Read perhaps ſtrikes

One plague  
Bell sets  
London  
Langling.

A terrible  
Enemie.

The com-  
manders  
in the  
Army.

and *Glory* with a Crowne of Starres immediately followed.

To Dye is held fearefull : and the Graue hath many formidable shapes.

*Men aliuie  
in graue.* A Prisoner being drag'd to a Layle, out of which hee can neuer be deliuered, may truely call his Chamber, his Liuing Graue, where his owne sorrowes and the cruelty of creditors, bury him.

They, who with fearefull labour, maintaine life by digging vnder-ground, goe daily to their Graue ; So 10 doe all Traytors that lay traynes to Blow vp their K. and Countrey : So doe all those whose blacke consciences prick them on to digge Pitts for others, into which they fall themselues.

*A graue  
Opened.* But to open a graue as it is indeede, the graue is our last Inne, and a poore wooden Coffin our fairest Lodging Roome. No : the Graue is not our Inne, (where we may lie to Night and be gon to Morrow) but it is our standing House, it is a perpetuity, our Inheritance for euer : A peece of ground (with a litle 20 garden in it,) | fwe or sixe foot long, full of flowres Br and herbes, purchas'd for vs, and our posterity, at the decrest Income in the world, the losse of *Life*.

*The World  
a fair Inne,  
but il  
Lodging  
in it.* The World is our common Inne, in which wee haue no certaine abyding : It stands in the Road-way for all passengers ; And whither we be vpon speed, or goc slowly on foot, sure we are that all our Iourneys arc to the land of death, and that's the Graue.

*A Cham-  
berline* A sicke-mans bed is the gate or first yard to this Inne, where death at our first arriuall stands like the 30

Chamberlaine to bid you welcome, and is so bold, as to  
askē if you will alight, and he will shew you a Lodging.

for all  
Traualers.

In this great yeare of contagion, (I meane 1625.) whē  
the Bell-man of the *Citty* (Sicknesse) beate at euery  
dore, there was one who whilst he lay in his graue  
(his death-bed as he accounted it :) yet afterwards he  
Recouered, reported to his friends he beheld strange  
apparitions.

He saw a purchas'd Sessions; The Judge was terrible:  
10 In his hand, Lightning, in his voyce, Thunder: After  
thousands were cast, and condemn'd to dye, (sayd this  
sicke man) I saw my selfe a Prisoner, and cal'd to the  
Barre: The Judge looking sternly vpon mee, was angry:  
my offences (being read to me) were heauy, my accusers  
many; what could I doe but pleade guilty! And falling  
on my knees, with hands held vp, cry for mercy.

A man in  
his Graue  
sees  
strange  
sights.

A sick-  
mans  
Sessions.

Teares, sighes, and Anguishes of soule, speaking hard  
for me, the Judge melted in compassion, signed a  
repriue, sau'd me from death, and set me free. O in  
20 what a pittifull state had I beene else! for my con-  
science araigned me, my owne tongue accus'd mee, my  
owne guilt condemn'd mee: Yet the mercy of the  
Judge sau'd mee.

The best  
Judge in  
England.

In this graue I lay, my memory being dead, my  
Sences buried, my Spirits couered with Earthly weak-  
nesses, and all the faculties of my soule, cold as the clay  
into which I was to be turned. Yet loe! I was called  
out of this Graue; I quickned and reuiued: Seeing  
then that albeit death was about to thrust mee downe

When man  
is weakest,  
God is  
strongest.

10 Lightning,] Lightning Q Margin 7 fights. Q Margin  
11 best, Q

with one | hand, yet life gentley pluckt me vp by the Br<sup>v</sup>  
other, what did I but looke backe at the Horror which  
had beset me round ! I did not onely looke backe, but  
I look'd forward at the Happinesse comming toward  
mee, which with spred armes I embraced : neither did  
I onely looke forward, but I looked vpward to heauen.

A due debt Had I not reason to pay my heauenly Physitian with  
must be an humble & hearty Thankes-giuing ! I did so. Haue  
payd. I not reason to put al others, (that either this yeare,  
or in any yeare to come, shall be call'd to the same 10  
Judgment-seat) in minde of their deliuerance !

Wee, being (at least we ought to be) Christs followers,  
vse as he did to giue thankes, before we breake our  
Bread : and when we are satisfied, he is not satisfied,  
vnlesse wee pay him, thankes agen, thankes ! that's all :  
Poore is that good turne which is not worth goda-  
mercy : That benefit withers, which is not warm'd by  
the breath of the Receiuer. Here, leaue we our sick-  
man, well recouered, and singing holy Ditties for his  
restoring : Let vs now agen looke backe, and stedfastly 20  
fix our Eyes, vpon the Terrible face of that former  
wonderfull yeare. How many in that swallowing Sea  
of contagion, were strucke with dreadfull Calentures,  
and Madnes of the Braines ! Rauing, Raging and  
Rayling : yea cursing God to his face ! And who had  
greater cause to Register vp his mercy, in fetching them  
out of such a hell, then they ?

**Job. 3. 3.** How many did then, with *Job* (through the anguish  
of their Soares) wish that the day might perish in  
which they were borne ! Yet some at the same time 30  
being recouered, did not onely not send vp prayers and

praises for their safety, but hauing tasted of the full Cup of Gods mercy, they agen did tempt his Iustice. If Drunkards before their Sickenesse, they were ten times worse, after they were well.

They were not good, for Ioy they grew vnto strength, but being perfectly healthfull, were madd in their heartes that their purses were too weake to B<sub>2</sub> main-|tain thē in their old Riots. What would not such haue ventur'd vpon, but that pouerty gaue them 10 Lame hands. These People had a minde to Cheate God by thinking they owed him nothing: But God stop't them in their Carreere; for seeing no amendment in them, after they had beene smitten downe once or twice, at the third blow he struck them into Earth.

To close vp this sad Feast, to which none but Wormes were invited: let vs looke onely once more backe, at this all-Conquering yeare, 1625. And remem-ber that Preaching in many Churches, was in the heate of the Battaille, forced to fly: Law, was at a *Non-plus*, 20 Traficke cast ouer-board, Trading in the Citty lay Bed-ridde, and in the Countrey sorely shaken with an Ague.

Remember O you *Cittizens*, that our Schooles then lock'd out Learning, (a wound to your children;) that your Seruants got little (a Bruze to your Family!) that your selues spent much, and many of your Stockes were almost wasted to nothing: (a Mayme to the Citty) But then afterwards on the sudden, to see all

2 tempt, Q            8 catchword [main-]taine            17 this, Q  
19 Battails Q    Non-plus. Q            20-22 In Q Traficke . . . Ague.  
is a new paragraph.

Old sores  
ill cured,  
breake  
out agen.

Many men  
dead, few  
amended.

this disioynted Buildings, put orderly into frame agen !  
was there not great reason to reioyce ?

The  
number  
that dyed  
in 1625.

When that mighty number of 50000. and odde, in *L O N D O N*, and round about were carryed on Mens shoulders to their last Home, what Glory is due to the Diuine mercy ! That wee (who now walke vp and downe the Streets,) Liue ! Nay, not onely liue in Health, but liue ! hauing been layd in deaths Lappe, full of Sores, of Feauers, of Frenzes, yet are now healed in body and cured in minde.

10

Had euery Man, and Woman, as many voyces as Birdes haue notes : All of them ought to be singing from Morne to Night, *Praises, Hymnes, and Honours* to this almightyie *Iehouah*.

Are you not wearied, thus long with looking backe, turne your Heades therefore round, and now looke forward. |

Looke not (as all this while you haue done) through <sup>B2v</sup> perspectiue-glasses, to make obiects afarre off, appeare as if they were neere you, but looke with full eyes, at <sup>20</sup> those presentations, which are directly now before you.

Looke forward as the Men of *Genazaret* did, who bringing all the sicke in the Countrey to Christ, besought him, that they might touch the Hemme of his Garment onely.

Mark. 7.  
30.

Looke forward, as the *Cananitish* Woman did who cryed alowd to Christ, saying : Haue mercy on mee O Lord, thou Sonne of *Dauid* ; My daughter is miserably vexed with a Deuill. Christ sayd nothing at first :

3 5000. Q      10 cured in] cured n Q      14 Iobouab. Q  
Margin 5    Mark.] Luk. Q

Hee put her by once or twice, but see how the Key  
of opportunity, can open the very gates of Heauen !  
Her incessant intreaties, wonne him at length to say,  
O woman, great is thy faith, bee it to thee as thou  
desirest, and her Daughter was made whole at that  
houre.

Looke forward as the füe wise Virgins did, to fill <sup>Math.</sup>  
your Lampes with Oyle, and expect the comming of <sup>25. 4.</sup>  
the Bridegroome.

10 When open warre is denounced against a Nation,  
they (albeit before they slept in security, and lay  
drown'd in sensuall stremes) yet then awaken, they  
start vp, and looke forward for their armour, lest the  
enemy should come vpon them vnprouided.

To looke forward is to see where the fire is giuen to  
the Cannon, and so that weake part, which lyes subiect  
to battry, is fortified for resistance.

20 Looke forward therefore now ; For now the Drumme  
of Death is beating vp : the cannon of the Pestilence  
does not yet discharge, but the small shot playes night  
and day, vpon the suburbes : And hath sent seauē  
bullets singing into the *City*. The arrowes fly ouer  
our heades and hit some, though they as yet misse vs ;  
But none knowes how soone the strong Archer, may  
draw his Bow, and cleave our very heartes : Looke  
B3 forward | howsoeuer, and looke vp with open eyes,  
vnder your sheildes to receiue them as they come  
flying, lest they peirce you quit through, & nayle you  
to destructiō.

30 This World is a Schoole, wee are Gods Schollers ;  
Our Schoole-master has taken vp (this yeare) as yet,

A wicked  
Schoole,  
but the  
best  
Schollers.

To  
trewants.

Loue thy  
Physitian.

but the twigge of a Rodde, in comparison of that bundle of Roddes hee vsed in that yeare 1625. He shakes the twigg at vs, and a few (of the lower formes in the Schoole) feele the smart, but the head Schollers that sit in the higher formes, doe not as yet so much as tremble. Many are preparing to breake vp Schoole and steale into the Countrey : But take heed, and looke forward on the Booke, which your Schoole-master sets you to reade : For if hee findes you not perfect in your Lessons ; Hee is binding the Rodde in his hand, harder and harder, and bee sure (when hee strikes) to bee payd soundly.

The Bell tolles in a few places, but heartes ake in many. Is Sicknesse come to thy doore ! Hath it knock't there? And is it entred? There are many good Bookes set forth, to driue backe Infection, or if it cannot be driuen away, instructions are giuen how to welcome it. Make much of thy Physitian : let not an Emperick or Mounti-bancking Quacksaluer peepe in at thy window, but set thy Gates wide open to enter- 20 taine thy learned Physitian : Honour him, make much of him. Such a Physitian is Gods second, and in a duell or single fight (of this nature) will stand brauely to thee. A good Physitian, comes to thee in the shape of an *Angell*, and therefore let him boldly take thee by the hand, for he has been in Gods garden, gathering herbes : and soueraine rootes to cure thee ; A good Physitian deales in simples, and will be simply honest with thee in thy preseruatiō. I neuer sat with *Æsculapius* at the Table ; I scarce know what a Saluator- 30

box meanes : yet (without asking leue of the learned Colledge, to hang out my bill or begging licence at Surgeons hall, to seale a *probatum est* vpon my Vnguents B<sup>3v</sup> and Plasters,) | I will aduenture to Minister Physicke, and Salues to any one, that in this time, is troubl'd with the *Sicknesse* : and my Patients in the end, shall confesse : That *Gallen, Hyppocrates, Paracelsus*, nor all the great Maisters, of those Artes, did neuer lay downe sounder prescriptions. And heere come my Medicines 10 martching in.

Art thou (in this visitation) stricken with Carbuncles, Blaynes, and Blisters, Is thy body spotted all ouer? Art thou sure death bids thee come away, by some Tokens which he hath sent thee? Be rulde by me, and take this receipt; Trust to it, for it cur'd a King of *Israel*.

Cry out with *Dauid*, O Lord ! Chastize me not in thy wrath, for thine Arrowes haue lighted vpon mee : There is nothing sound in my flesh, because of thine anger : neither is there rest in my bones because of my 20 sinnes. My woundes are putrifid ; my Reynes full of burning : I am weakned and sore broken. My heart panteth : my strength fayleth me : And the light of mine eyes (euen they) are not mine owne : my Louers and my friends stand aside from my Plague, and my Kinsemen stand afarre off : Yet continue thou with the holy singer, and conclude thus, O Lord, hast to helpe mee.

3 a *probatum*] *aprobatum Q*

4 Plasters,) ] Plasters. *Q*.

A space is left after Plasters. as if for a new paragraph to begin on the next page. But the first line on sig. B 3<sup>v</sup> is not indented.

12 spottec *Q*

18 flesh,) ] Perhaps flesh in *Q*

King  
*Dauids*  
Physicke.

How like you, this Medicine? Is it of such vertue,  
that albeit, thou art sick to thy Death: It will by  
degrees take away all thy Torments.

A Iulep. This second is a Iulep to sweeten the mouth of thy Stomacke, after the bitternessesse of thy sickenesse: For, when by an Armpotent hand, thou art lifted out of thy death-bed; when the Bell hath ceast tolling for thee, and thy Women-sleepers leauie gaping for thy Linnen, thy goodes, and thy money: And are madde they are not likely to Rifle thy House: when thou hast an <sup>10</sup> appetite to eat, and that thy feete are able to walke vpon that Earth, which was hungry to deuoure thy whole body; Then fall thou vpon that Earth, and Magnifie God. Then say, though thy sinnes in thy sickenesse made thy conscience shew a face to thee as blacke as Hell, | yet speake thou to it, and tell it, that <sup>B4</sup> this Recovery with new repentance (continued) shall make it like the wings of a Doue, couered with Siluer:

*David's Song set to our tune.* and whose Feathers are like the yellow Gold; Say to thy Soule, it shal bee as white as the Snow in *Zalmon*, <sup>20</sup> and confesse that Gods Mercy is like the mountaine of *Bashan*: Say to thy Health, that the Chariots which God sent to guard it were twenty thousand Angels, amongst whom, the Lord was as in the Sanctuary of *Sinay*.

Nay, albeit Death should lay his Mouth to thine Eare, and bid thee put thy House in order: For, thou

<sup>1</sup> Is it] Read perhaps It is      <sup>13</sup> bday Q      <sup>15</sup> shev Q

<sup>16</sup> seake Q      Margin 5-6 68. 17.] 67. Q. A wrong reference is also given in Looke Vp and see Wonders (see below, p. 250).

shall Dye; Yet, an *Isaiah* (some good Mans prayer, or thine owne,) may bee heard, and God may Adde to thy dayes fifteene yeares more, as he did to *Hezekiah*, vpon his Repentance.

<sup>2 Kings  
20. 1.</sup>

Repentance is a Siluer Bell, and soundes sweetly in the Eare of Heauen. It is a Dyamond shyning and sparkling in the darke, to inlighten all our miseries. It is a Balsum for euery wound: It is a golden ladder by whose steppes wee climbe to immortality. It is <sup>Good Men  
sicke.</sup> <sup>10</sup> a Chayne of Orient Pearle, tying vp Gods handes that hee shall not strike vs: Repentance smellethe sweeter then the Oyntment which the Woman Annoynted Christs feete, when shee wiped them with her Hayre. <sup>Luke 7. 38.</sup> Repentance winnes the King of Heauen, to smile vpon vs as if wee were his Fauorites: and to say thus.

If thou still art ascending, and getting vp this hill of Repentance, blessed shalt thou bee in the Citty, and blessed in the field; Blessed shall bee the fruit of thy <sup>Great  
wages  
to good  
Seruants.</sup> <sup>20</sup> Body, and the fruit of thy Ground, and the fruit of thy Cattle, the increase of thy Kine, and the flockes of thy sheepe: Blessed shall bee thy Basket, and thy Dough: Blessed shalt thou bee when thou comest in, <sup>Deut. 28.</sup> and blessed also when thou goest out.

Thy Land-soldiers (O *England* !) Shall not stand in feare nor thy Royall Nauy, for thine enemies that rise |   
<sup>B4v</sup> against thee, shall fall before thy face: They shall

<sup>1</sup> prayer,] prayer<sup>t</sup>) Q  
Read perhaps feete with  
and Deuteronomy, 28. 4.

<sup>2</sup> owne,) ] owne, Q      <sup>13</sup> feete]  
<sup>19</sup> shall] om. Q. See below, p. 250,  
<sup>21</sup> flokces Q      Margin

<sup>4</sup> sicke.] sicke Q

come out against thee one way, and fly before thee  
seauen wayes.

His word (that speakes this) may bee taken better  
then any Kings in the world: And therefore, hold  
out both thy hands, vnder this Tree of Blessings, and  
catch the golden apples when so freely they are shaken  
downe into thy lappe.

Bad ser-  
uice, bad  
wages.

But, if thou trample these gifts vnder thy feete, and  
spurnest at Gods fauour bestowed vpon thee, in thy  
Health, in the midst of a hot sicknesse: If the Tolling <sup>10</sup>  
of Bells cannot awaken you, nor the opening of graues  
affright you: If Bill-men standing at other mens dores,  
cannot put you in minde, that the same guard, may  
locke vp yours, and the same red Crosses bee stucke in  
your Banners: If to bee shut vp close for a Moneth,  
seeme but a short Sene in a Tragedy, and not car'd for,  
when tis Acted; Then heare (*O England* and thou her  
eldest Daughter, so admired amongst Nations for thy  
Beauty.) Heare what New Quiuers of Punishments  
will bee opened; For, these are the Arrowes which <sup>20</sup>  
God himselfe sayes hee will draw out at rebellious  
Kingdomes: A Pestilence cleaving fast, Consump-  
tions, feauers, burning Agues; The Sword, Blasting,  
new-Dewes, Heauen shall bee turned to brasse, and  
Earth to Iron: Our Houses to haue others dwell in  
them, our Vineyardes, to haue others tast them, our  
Oxen to bee slaine, yet wee not eate them, our Sheepe

5 , vnder] vnder, Q      6 shaken] taken Q. See below, p. 250.  
10 sicknesse. Q      15 Banners,: Q      18 amonst Q  
23 Blasting,) Blasting Q      24 new-Dewes] See note.  
25 Our] Or Q      Margin 1-2 seruice. Q

to bee slaughtered, and to feede our enemies. These, and hideous squadrons besides are threatened to bee sent out against disobedient people : What Physitians, Doctors, Surgeons, or Apothecaries, haue wee to defend vs in so dreadfull a Warre? None, not any.

If therefore with *Naaman*, thou wouldest bee cleansed from Leprosy, thou must obey *Elisha*, and wash thy selfe seauen times in *Iordan*: Weepe seauen times a day : Nay, seauen times an houre for thy sinnes. |

C<sub>r</sub> Whosoeuer with *Abaziah*, (the King of *Samaria*) falleth sicke, and sendeth for recouery to *Baal-zebub*, (the god of *Ekron*) and not to the true God indeede, hee shall not come from his bed, but dye the Death. |

For, wee sincke to the Bottome of the watters, as the Carpenters Axe did : But, though neuer so Iron-hearted, the voyce of an *Elisha*, (the feruency of prayer and praysing God) can fetch vs from the bottome of Hell : And by contrition make vs swimme on the toppe of the waters of Life.

20 Now, albeit at the first crying to God, nay, the Second, Third, Fourth, or twentieth time, hee will not heare thee; But that thy sighes are neglected: Thy teares vnpittyed: Thy sores not repented: Thy hunger not satisfied; Thy pouerty not relieved; Yet giue thou not ouer: stand at the gate of Gods mercy still; Begge still: Knock still, and knock hard: For, *Hannah* was barren, yet being an importunate suiter, her petition was heard, and signed. Shee was fruitfull, and had three Sonnes, and two Daughters.

2 hideons Q

24 relieved. Q

squaldrons Q

Margin 4 2.] 2 Q

23 not] nor Q

God loues  
an earnest  
Suiter.

1 Sam. 1.  
13.

So, albeit wee bee barren in Repentance, in Thanks-giuing, in Charity, in Patience, in Goodnes : Yet if vnfeignedly wee pray to Heauen, wee shall bee fruitfull : And these fие shall bee our Sonnes and Daughters.

Ruth. 1.  
20.

By this meanes our *Mara* shall change her Name agen to *Naomi*, and our bitternes, bee turned into sweetnes.

Art thou sick ? Thy best and onely Doctor dwells aboue : Hast thou beene sick ? Art thou amended ? Fill Heauen and Earth, full of Songes to thy Eternall 10 Physition, who takes nothing of thee, for any *Electuaries* hee giues thee ; His Pilles are bitter, but wholesome, and of wonderous operation : And so much the better, because what he giues, comes *gratis* !

Art thou recouered ? Hast thou pluck't thy foot out of the graue, when it was stepping in ?

Syrach.  
30. 14.

Then with the Sonne of *Syrach*, acknowledge, that a | Beggar in health is better then a diseased Monarch, CIV Health and Strength, are fairer then gold, and a sound body is an infinite Treasure. 20

So that, if thou doest not open thy Lippes, to Magnifie him, that hath snatched thee out of the Lawes of destruction, His blessings are to thee, as messes of meate set vpon the graue.

I must yet once more wish thee (O *Troynouant*) to cast thine eyes about thee : Looke forward on thy sad Neighbour (distressed *Cambridge*,) Sickenesse shakes her, her glorious Buildings are emptied, her Colledges shut vp, her Learned Sonnes forsake her, her Tradesmen cry out for succour. Want walkes vp and downe 30

14 *gratis* ? Q      25 *Troy nouant* Q      Margin 3 Syrack. Q

her streetes, a few Rich, a many Poore ; But the hands  
of the one cannot feede, nor fill the mouthes of the  
other.

To thee therefore (O thou Nourishing mother of all  
the Citties in *England*) to thee (albeit thou art in some  
Sorrow thy selfe) does this afflicted Nource of Schollers  
come ; What tree hath Branches broad enough to  
shelter her from stormes but thine ? Where is a Sunne  
10 to warme her frozen Limbes if it moues not in thy  
*Zodiack*? Thou (O Queene of *Citties*) art Royall in  
thy gifts ; Charity sits in thy Gates, and compassion  
waites vpon thee in thy Chamber ; So that with *Dido*,  
thou often sayest.

*Non ignara mali, Miseris succurrere disco.*

My miseries to my selfe being knowne,  
Makes me count others wants, mine owne.

*F I N I S.*



THE  
BLA CKE  
ROD:  
AND  
THE VVHITE  
ROD.

(*Justice and Mercie.*)

Striking, }  
and } LONDON.  
Sparing,

---

P S A L . 91.

Surely hee will deliver thee from the snare of the Hunter,  
And from the noisome Pestilence. Hee will cover thee  
under his wings, and thou shalt be sure under his Feathers.  
Thou shalt not bee afraid of the Pestilence, that walketh  
in the Darke, nor of the Plague, that Destroyeth at Noone-  
day.

Pugna suum Finem, cum jacet Hostis, habet.

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1630.



# THE BLACKE AND WHITE ROD.



His World is a Royall Exchange, where all sorts of Men are Merchants: Kings hold Commerce with Kings, and their Voyages are vpon high Negotiations: As, the deare buying of another Country, with their owne Subiects Bloud: The Purchasing of new Crownes, and new Scepters,   
not satisfied with the old.

And, as Kings, so Princes, Dukes, Earles, Lords, Clergy-men, Judges, Souldiers, haue their Trading in particular Marchandizes, and walke euery day for that purpose vpon this Old Royall Exchange.

They talke in seuerall Languages, And (like the murmuring fall of Waters) in the Hum of seuerall businesses: insomuch that the place seemes Babell, (a Confusion of tongues.)

The best, (yet most incertaine) Commodity, which all these Merchants striue for, is Life: if Health be got into the bargaine, He is a Made man, into whose hands it comes. Yet when these two inestimable Treasures are shipped in one Bottome, together; There are Winds, and Waues, and Woes, which still fill the Sayles, and hang vpon the Tacklings. |

What's the end of this Voyage?

*Currit Mercator ad Indos.*

To heape vp Gold,

The Merchants Name i'th Indies, is inroll'd.

Nay, though he casts a Girdle about the World, yet, Anchor he must in one Harbour or another, to come to shore, and Proclaime his Lading on this Ryalta, this Burse, or this Royall Exchange, And when the Exchange-Bell rings, (his passing-Bell tolles) That's the warning-Peece to tell him hee must goe off, he must for that time talke there no more of his Transitorie Commodities, the Exchange of this world with him is then done, and Home does he hasten to dine <sup>10</sup> with Wormes.

This Earthly spacious Building, in which we Dwell, (as Tenants onely for life) is likewise a glorious Theater, full of admirable Conueyances and Curiosities ; The Frame or Module of it is round, with a Siluer mouing Roofe (call'd the Heauens) to couer it by day, and a Golden Canopy of Starres to Curtaine about it by Night.

In stead of Arras and Tapeстrie, (which commonly doe now, and euer haue adorned, the old Amphitheaters,) this is richly hung round about with the Element of Ayre. 20

The beauties of the Earth are the Stage : Furnished bounteously, and set forth in all Brauery, with Woods, full of Trees, Gardens full of Flowers, Orchards full of Fruit, Fields full of standing Corne, (like so many Speares ready for a Battaille) Mountaines high in Pride, Valleys sweet in Pleasure. |

Our Mothers Wombe is the Tyring-house, where we make A<sub>3</sub> vs ready ; And our Cradle, the Musicke-Roome, for there we are sweetly strung with Innocence. Nothing (then) puts vs out of tune, but a peale of crying, And whats that? 30

1 Gold. Q      6 rings. Q      19 Amphitheaters,)] Amphitheaters, Q

Onely a little Note, a little too high ; which being mended, the Melodie is Heauenly ; for, there is no Concord without Discord.

Vpon this goodly Stage, all sorts of People (Men, Women, and Children) are Actors ; Some play Emperours, some, Kings, some Beggars, some Wise-men, some Fooles. The hardest part to play is a good Man : and 'tis rare to see a long part giuen him to study.

On this stage are presented Tragedies, and Comedies ;  
10 The terriblest Tragedie is that, of the Soule, fighting to get off (well,) from the Body. The best and most pleasing Comedie, is that of a white Conscience, and the Peace of Mind.

Some haue Plaudits, Showts and Acclamations, and those are such who haue play'd good parts, and play'd them Brauely-well. Some goe hissed off the Stage. And that is for want of being perfect in those good parts, which are put into them.

Some, play very long Parts, (and they are old Men) some,  
20 haue done in the midst of the Play, (And they are young Men) some, being but in a Scæne, before they speake, are out, and lost, (And they are Children.)

Euery Actor hath his Entrance, euery one his Exit : As one comes out, another goes off, and sometimes meeting on the Stage together, they leaue the Stage together. But in the Conclusion, He that can get Angels to sit, in the Galleries of Heauen, and clap his action with theyr Immortall hands,  
A3v he is the onely Roscius of the time, | and one of the best Actors that euer stept on stage.

30 The sum, vpshot, and cloze of all, is this : That, as many Men as that walke on that Royall Exchange, and seeme rich,

doe often breake and are lay'd in Prison : So in this World ; when we appeare neuer so strong in Body, neuer so stirring in minde ; yet, if health turnes Banquerupt once, and that the Sergeant with the Blacke Rod, (Sicknesse) Arrests vs ; if eyther Casualties, by Sea or Land, if losses, vexations, misfortunes or miseries, breake our hearts, whether then are we carried ! To our euerlasting Prison the Graue.

And so, when in this Magnificent Theater, we haue Ietted long on the Stage, And borne our Heads high ; yet, our Parts being done, we are inforced to put off our gay bor-<sup>10</sup> rowed garments, and wrapping our selues in poore winding-Sheets, Hasten to our owne homes, and (still) that's the Graue.

The Graue then, is the Rendez-vouz where we all meet ; The Market-place where the Drum of Death beates, to haue vs come together : The Towne-Hall, where all our brablings are ended : The Castle, to appeare at, which at the Assizes, the Body is bound ouer, and there it is Cast : In the Feild of dead mens Sculs, and fleshlesse bones, must the great Army of all Mankind muster, on Mount *Caluary*, C H R I S T <sup>20</sup> lost his life, And in Dust and Ashes must we leauie Ours.

We need not read any Bookes to proue this : Euery man holds a Pen in his hand, to write a story of it.

To passe ouer the Volumes of the Graue, (filled by *Adam* and his Children,) in the first World ; And clasping-vp, those likewise which haue beene euer since, after the Deluge, in this second World : Let vs cast our <sup>A4</sup> Eyes onely at that Blacke Rod, and that white Rod, which from time to time, haue first smitten, and then spared, This Kingdome of Great Britaine.

In the Raignes of *William the Conquerour, Rufus, and Hen*: 1. (his Brother,) Death walked vp and downe this Land in strange shapes: Men, Women, and Children, fell by the Pestilence: So great were the numbers of those who dyed, that the numbers of the liuing could hardly bury them. Cattell were stricken in the Feild, Birds drop'd from the Ayre, Fishes, perish'd in the Waters, Famine followed, Tillage went to Ruine, so that the Earth, which wont to feed others, had in the end no meate for her selfe.

10 Then, for foure Kings together, little mention is made of any deuouring mortality of people by the Pestilence; yet were there blazing Starres, Earthquakes, Stormes of Hayle, which kill'd Cattell, and beat downe Corne: with the Apparition of Spirits in the Ayre, in the likenesse of strange, vgly Fowle, flying with fire in theyr Beakes, and doing much mischiefe to Houses.

But presently after in the Raigne of *Hen*: 3. the Kingdome in generall was torne in pieces, by two Dragons, (Dearth, or want of victuals, and an exceeding great sweeping Plague.)

20 So, *Edward the second*, saw the fall of his people, and the famishing of his Countrey by the two fore-named Tyrants.

So, *Edw. 3.* in his long Raigne of fiftie yeeres, lamented the losse of his then warlike Nation, so struck downe by a Pestilent Contagion, that many who had health in the morning, lay in their Graues at night: Forty Bodies at one time, crowding in those cold Beds together, for want of more and better roome. |

A4<sup>v</sup> Thirteene yeares after, Death spread his Cullors againe, and then in that dismall Battell *Henry Duke of Lancaster,* 30 his Dutchesse, and the Earle of *Warwicke*, fell vnder the cruell Conquerours hands.

Besides in one yeare, in a plot of ground, being at that time in Compasse, thirteene Acres, (then called Spittle-Croft, or the Charter-house, founded by *Gualter Manny Knight* of the Garter, who there lyes Intoomb'd,) were buried 50000. Persons, besides those who tooke vp their euerlasting lodgings in other places. In this yeare, the Blacke Rod smarted deeply : The Sword of Diuine Iustice had a sharpe terrible edge, and where it hit, it strucke home.

Few of the then following Kings, but had their Subjects snatched from them by these hot and speeding calamities. 10 We will now, (omitting all the rest) looke onely, at these two great Plagues indeed, (fresh, too fresh in our memories) the first, beginning when Q. *Elizabeth* left vs, and that K. *James*, tooke vs to be his people : The second, when K. *James* tooke his way to Heauen, and left both all his Kingdomes, and their mighty Nations, to his Royall Sonne, our most gracious Soueraigne King *Charles*, whose yeares the great Arithmetician of Heauen, multiply, and blesse the numbers, till they bee all golden ones. But, let vs now draw our Arrowes, to the Marke we ayme at ; Those two last 20 Visitations, this Hydra-Sicknesse with so many Heads, The Plague ! Why carryes it the Name of Plague ? *Plaga* signifies a stripe, and this Sicknesse, comes with a blow, or stripe, giuen by the hand of Gods Angell, when (as he did to *Dauid*) he sends him to strike a people for their sins.

Our sinnes therefore, were and are the Whirlwinds, | breaking open Ichouahs Armory, and forcing him (the better B1 to keepe vs from further Rebellion) to shoot his fiery and consuming indignation against vs. He hath seuerall sorts of weapons ; seuerall Punishments, for seuerall Offences. 30

When Q. *Elizabeth* departed, and went on her Progresse

to Heauen ; what a Traine followed her ! How many thousands of Coffins, wayted on her Herse ! 'Tis fit, at the Deaths of great Princes, that there should be a great number of Mourners. And so, at the comming in of new Kings, there is a kind of State to be obserued, that multitudes of the old Subiects, who haue done seruice to their Country before, should giue way to others, to step into their places.

At the Arriuall therefore of King *James*, vpon this, his Crowne-Land, God beate a Path (narrow at first, though <sup>10</sup> it stretched wider) to lead vs by the hand as it were, to this Funerall Ceremony of dying Subiects.

We were at the Coronation of our new King, (King *James*) not a new Nation, but the selfe-same stiffe-necked people we were before. As mighty in our sinnes, as in our Multitudes. Roome therefore must be made ; for our sins were so Ruffianly, and such roaring Boyes, they did nothing but iustle one another for the wall, to try, which sinne should haue the vpper hand.

The Thunderer looking downe vpon this, was loath, to <sup>20</sup> shoot his Arrowes feathered with Lightning, and headed with Vengeance, vtterly to confound the Mis-dooer. No ; Pitty stood in his eyes, and Compassion lean'd vpon his Bosome. So that spying two Rods lying before him, A White one, and a Blacke, the Blacke he threw by, till he should <sup>BIV</sup> haue time (by compulsion) to vse it ; And then, taking vp the white Rod, he lay'd it gently, vpon the head onely of one, who forthwith dyed of the Plague : And this was on the thirteenth of Ianuary, in the yeare 1602. Now almost twenty eight yeares agoe.

<sup>30</sup> There dyed then but one of the Plague ! O sparing Mercy ! From such a huge Tree (as *London* is,) so laden

with all sorts of Fruit, but one Apple to drop to the ground !  
No more to be shaken downe ! But one windfall ! A Mountainous Quarry of stony hearts, to haue but one poore pibble,  
digg'd away !

In the next weeke (that yeere) soft Mercy forgot the white Rod too and strucke None, None at all ; Not One ! In the Weeke after, foure felt the smart : Then 1. againe. Then none againe : then 3. then none : then 3. then 2. then 3. then 2. then 6. then 4. then 4. and then 8. So that in 15. Weekes, which by this time reached to the end of 10 Aprill, there dyed of the Plague but 39. This was the Rod of Mercy, the white Rod, the Fatherly Correction ! It goes on a little quicker ; for then the Number swelling vp, and increasing by Tens, amounted in *June* (23. day) to 72. (the highest ;) So there dyed in these other 9. weekes, the full number of 297.

It increased then to hundreds weekly, so that in *July* there dyed 917. in one weeke here. The white Rod, (no amendment in our liues being seene) was for a time layd by, and the blacke officer of Death, comming abroad, thousands 20 were stricken downe euery weeke : So that from *July* 28. to *October* 13. being 12. weekes, were buried, twenty fие thousand, sixe hundred and sixe. Here, the Diuine Iustice, sate in her full Throne, roab'd in Scarlet, with a face threatening Terrors. |

But Mercy then step'd in, and held hands with Iustice, B<sub>2</sub> so that a Retreat was sounded ; The terrible Execution, was not so hotly pursued ; The Pestilentiall Enemy, retyr'd a little, and fell backe, yet so ; that from *October* the 20. to *Decemb.* the 1. being seauen weekes, there dyed 600. and 30 odde, 500. and odde, 400. 200. 100. and odde still euery

weeke. And then abated againe to tens, (as at first it did rise by tens,) the greatest number of the Dead, in December 22. being onely 74.

So that in all these maine Battels, Seidges, Sallyes, Batteries, and skirmishes ; (Continuing for a whole yeare \*From De-  
together,\*) in and about *London*, (then the most desolate of 23. Anno  
Cities,) there dyed, of all Diseases, 38244. Out of which December  
number the Plague challenged, 30578. for her share : yet 22. Anno  
the yeare immediately following, (Giue thankes ô noble 1603.

10 Troynouant) giue thankes) thou then didst freely walke vp,  
and downe in health, when all thy Neighbours and Friends  
(when all the Shires in *England*) were mortally beleaguer'd  
by the same furious Enemy.

Now, as when Q. *Elizabeth* resigned her Crowne and Scepter to King *James*, and that he sate in the Throne, all these changes were visibly seene : So, when the Royall Father went to rest, and that his most Princely Sonne (C H A R L E S, our Royall succeeding King, and now gracious Soueraigne) was the Top-branch, of the Tree, (Nay, the  
20 Cædar it selfe,) A second Angell was sent downe, to turne ouer the Audit-Books of our Transgressions.

And finding *London* (for her part) to be run out, in deepe Arrerages, she was not too suddainly nor too Rigorously B2v call'd vpon, but the Steward of Gods Court | (Mercy) pointing with her white wand, onely at One, set a fine of Death vpon his head, and that party was taken from thence on the sixth of January, *Anno 1624*. And this was the first Weekes worke of the Plague for that yeare. It began at One.

Death then had little to doe within the Walles or without,  
30 for his Infections, by the space of 12. weekes following ; In

which time there dyed no more but 26. of the Sicknesse. And then for 11. weekes following the former, it amounted to 480. The other foure weeks succeeding them, (wherein they fell by hundreds,) could shew in their Bils, of all Diseases, 3314, out of which the Plague tooke 1387.

And all these three Reckonings, grew to this last heighth, from the sixth of Ianuary, Anno 1624. to the 7. of July, Anno 1625. being fully seauen and twenty weekes. But then on the 14. of July, (being the same Moneth) the dead Marches began to come in by thousands in a company. 10

Obserue therefore in what dreadfull Equipage, the two Armies of both our Kings, (I meane King I A M E S, and King C H A R L E S,) went along to those fearefull Encounters.

## King I A M E S. 1603.

28. July.	1728	1396
4. August.	2256	1922
11. August.	2077	1745
18. Aug.	3054	2713
25. Aug.	2853	2539
1. Septemb.	3385	3035
8. Septemb.	3078	2724
15. Sept.	3129	2818
22. Sept.	2456	2195
29. Sept.	1961	1732
6. October.	1831	1641
13. October.	1312	1146

*In all.* | *Plague*  
29120 | 25606

## King C H A R L E S. 1625.

14. July.	1741	1004
21. July.	2850	1819
28. July.	3583	2471
4. August.	4517	3659
11. Aug.	4855	4115
18. Aug.	5205	4463
25. Aug.	4841	4218
1. Septemb.	3897	3344
8. Septemb.	3157	2550
15. Sept.	2148	1672
22. Sept.	1994	1561

*In all.* | *Plague*  
38788 | 30876

B3

20

So, by this Accompt, there fell in that great ouerthrow 30 giuen to King *Iames* his Subjects, for 12. Weeks together,

14 C H R L E S Q  
24 15. Sept.] 14. Sept. Q

15 1396] 1495 Q

20 5205] 3205 Q

(when they drop'd downe by thousands) the full number of twenty nine thousand, one hundred and twenty : The terror and cruelty of the Plague sweeping from that number, twenty five thousand, sixe hundred and sixe.

But in that lamentable defeature of Bodies, which fell vpon vs in the raigne of K. *Charles*, Anno 1624. to the end of that yeere in 1625. There dyed in all, (within the Compasse of eleuen Weeks,) thirty eight thousand, seauen hundred fourescore and eight : of which the blache Rod of  
B3<sup>v</sup> Pestilence smote, thirty thousand, | eight hundred seauenty  
11 and sixe. The difference of the numbers in those twelue Weekes in King *James* his Raigne, and those eleuen in that yeere of King *Charles*, being : 14. thousand, nine hundred, thirty and eight : The latter exceeding the former (in a few weekes) by so much. The number of all the dead for those two yeaeres of the two Kings, Amounting to one hundred, fifty eight thousand, fife hundred and four.

Now, if within so small a Compasse, as a Citty, and the adiacent places, so many went out of the world, how many  
20 millions, did the whole Kingdome loose !

But note the exceeding, Incomprehensible loue of a Father to vs his Children ; The mildnesse and Mercy, of our Iudge ! On the 22. of December, which ended that yeere of 1624. (going on to 1625.) there was strucke but one : It began with one, and ended with one. O iust and euen Ballance, of the Heauenly Compassion ! How much are we in Thankes indebted (for more we are not able to pay) for this wonderfull sparing vs, Now, in this third Visitation ! In that former yeaeres Iuly, about this time, there dyed 2471. of the Sick-

8 Weeks,) Weeks, Q      16-17 , fifty] fifty, Q      23 1624] 1604 Q  
24 1625] 1605 Q

nesse ; Now (praised be Heauen) the greatest number is but sixty seauen. Here was a Fall ! There is a Fauour.

In the end, this fall from such a great number to one, came to nothing, - (A Cypher.) And so continued a long time. Heauen held out a Flagge of Truce, and all was quiet ; The Bils proclaimed no such mortall wars ; The Sexton opened some few Graues for common Diseases, to lye in, and for fие yeares together, the burning Pestilence, had not kindled her fires amongst vs. |

Yet in that interim of yeares, other calamities afflicted vs ; Warres eate vp many of our Gallants, the Sea swallowed others ; Quarrels tooke away some, by the fatall stabbe or desperate fighting in the Feild. We haue but one doore, at which we come into the World, but a thousand Gates (set wide open) to send vs out of it. For such ill bargaines doe we make with life, that the Body and the Soule, being deere Partners, and setting vp together, doe euery day, by many deuises, plots, and conspiracies vndoe one another.

What one sinne, Vice or ill custome, since the Departure of the last great Sicknesse is gone out of the Kingdome, or hath forsaken the City ?

Fasting and Prayer, (whilst Gods Artillery shot off, and battered downe the Wals of our flesh, making breaches into the liues and estates of thousands) Ran euery weeke to the holy Temples. Much Condoling, there was, much crying for Mercy, and mercy came downe. But where is fasting now, vnlesse with those that are almost staru'd with hunger ? At how few mens dores sits Charity ? Yet are there great numbers of Religious, Godly, and Faithfull Relieuers of the Poore : But take all this City in a lumpe together, and how

little true Charity, true Loue, true Christianity, true Friend-  
ship is there one to another? What cruelty dwels in our  
hearts, if we catch a man (by Law) at aduantage? How  
doe we grinde his Bones, and gnaw his heart in peeces?  
How doe Tradesmen enuy one another? How doe Gentle-  
men vndoe themselues and their Posterities by Ryots! How  
doe an infinite number of Schollers complaine of want?  
How doe Souldiers gape after spoyle! What Couetous  
B4<sup>v</sup> Farmer, but is glad of a deere yeare? | A dearth of Corne  
10 makes such Cormorants Fat! Is not Pride, (which fие  
yeares agoe shew'd not her face in the City, being afraid  
of the Plague) now to bee seene jetting vp and downe in  
euery street! Does not the Drunkard that was then, haunt  
still the same Tauerne!

The Body is both the Caroach, in which the Soule (being  
the Queene of life) rides, and the Coachman too, that driues  
her from one place to another, from one wickednesse to a  
worse; And the Horses, that draw vs, are our wilde passions,  
or our intemperate desires. Our sinnes with a Dyals motion,  
20 leade vs to destruction, in a soft pace, but insensible: Our  
Ruines steale vpon vs with woolly feet, all the time it comes  
after vs, but being ouertaken, It smites home: for, sinne is  
such a Boone companion, it goes to Bed with vs, and all  
night sits waking, on those very Pillowes, on which we lay  
our heads: when we rise, It makes vs ready, waytes when  
we goe forth, followes vs all day, and is more seruile, more  
fawning, more flattering then a slauie; And neuer goes in  
mourning, till he sees vs going to our Graues.

The Soule is the Mistresse, the Body the Chambermaid,  
30 that rules that Mistresse; if the Soule sayes, I will rise, and

doe good to day : O sayes the Chambermaid you are young enough, lye longer, take your ease, be merry, and care for nothing ; Twenty yeeres hence you may doe these pious deeds, and by this wicked Councell of the Mayd, the Mistresse pulls backe her hand.

Thus from time to time, we deferre doing well, and thus from houre to houre, we headlong run vpon our owne miseries. |

This being perceiued by him, whose eye measures all mens Actions, Now againe, (this yeare) hath he opened his Quiuer, 10 and is still shooting the blacke and dismal Arrowes of the Pestilence, both at Country, and City : In many places of the Country, these darts of Contagion sticke vp to the very feathers ; some harts haue beene strucke quite through here in the City, yet nothing to that Army which fell in the last Plague.

This began in March last, and then, from the eleventh day of March, to the eighteenth, it rise to foure. The totall of all that dyed that weeke, being 153. And of the Christenings 187. So that 34. came into the World more 20 then went out of it.

Then, the Sicknesse fell, and at the beginning of Aprill was but one againe. Another Weeke dyed 2. then 7. then 3. the highest it hath since mounted to, in any one Weeke (and that was now in August) being 75.

So that in 8. of the greatest Weekes of sicknesse this Summer, (omitting the rest) there haue dyed of all Diseases, within London (being 97. Parishes within the Walles,) and the nine out-Parishes, and the Pest-house 1593.

Of the Plague in those 8. Weekes, 165. to which adde 30

54. of the sicknesse last weeke, and 67. this Bartholomew weeke, it maketh 286.

Of Children in that short time, 402. of Consumptions some 300.

And to repaire these losses and ruines amongst vs, obserue the numbers of Children christened, which in those few weeks amount to 1434. out of which deduct 402. buried, there remaines 1032. aliue. Then take that Number from Crv the former 1593. of all diseases, there | haue for these 8.

10 Weekes but 561. departed out of the World more than are come into it: *Westminster* being not reckoned in this Accompt, The Burials there being very few, Neither is the greatest number of dead Bodies formerly set downe, so terrible as so to hurt, spartle, and afflict so mighty and populous a City, as we see it does, but that Country Townes round about, are infected, and for that cause onely are Faires and Concurses of People forbidden, for feare the Contagion by Throngs meeting together, (mingled with some infected Persons) should increase.

20 In the former passages of this yeares sicknesse, Note the great Mercy of God extended to Infants, in calling such a number of them to Heauen, because he would haue that place glorified with some white pure, and vnspotted Soules, snatched from the Societie of the wicked.

Oh happy Fathers and Mothers, that are surc you haue so many Saints entertained aboue, before they could haue time to offend their Maker. You weepe for them when you follow them to their Graues, but you should rather call it a Tryumph, for they then are going to a Cœlestiall Coronation. If you but looke vpon your Childrens cloathes, you

call them to mind, and then, beat your breasts, and teare your hayre, but remember, they are cloathed in the roabes of immortality. When you but talke of your little darlings, you tell how beautifull they were, how well-fauoured, how forward : but now, where they are, all the beauty of the world is vglinesse to that sweetnesse which they possesse : They haue faces and formes Angelicall, and are Play-fellowes and Companions with none but blessed Creatures. |

Be glad therefore, that they are ridde from the miseries C<sub>2</sub> of the World ; that Time neuer layd foule hands on them ; 10 they are free from want, hunger, thirst, diseases, cold, heat, weeping and wayling, and all other Calamities, which euen rocke vs in our Cradles ; they are well and happy, we left behind them, miserable.

As therefore here you are counselled, to beare the absence of your little-ones with patience, so comfort you others, with this, that both their Children and yours, are gone to that high Starre-Chamber Office, where their names are entred into the Booke of Life.

Now albeit in so many set Battailles of the Pestilence in 20  
yeares before, and in the light skirmishes of this Summer,  
so many haue falne : Yet (blessed be Heauen) wee are  
a populous Nation still ; we haue Peace and Plenty, and all  
Blessings that Heauen and Earth can bestow vpon a people :  
sing therefore Hymnes vnto the Almighty I E H O V A H ;  
send vp Sacrifices of Feare, Loue and Obedience to him :  
Cry to him, as D A V I D did, when he numbred his people,  
and euery one say, I haue sinned exceedingly, in that I haue  
done : therefore now L O R D I beseech thee, take away the  
Trespass of thy Seruant, for I haue done very foolishly, 30  
A nd then, though there dye of the people from Dan cuen

to Beer-sheba, seauenty thousand men, in three dayes : yet when the Angell, is stretching out his hand vpon *Ierusalem* to Destroy it, The L O R D will repent him of the Euill, and say to the Angell that destroyeth the people ; *It is* 2. Sam. 24. *sufficient, Hold now thine hand.* | And then the blacke Warder shall be throwne downe to part Death and our Kingdome from falling into so terrible a Combat.

But art thou in feare of an Arrest, now that Writs are gone out (from the Kings-Bench Office of Heauen,) to  
10 Attach seuerall Mens Bodies ! Art thou in doubt to be laid vp ! In danger to be imprisoned in thy Graue ! Hath sicknesse knock'd at thy doore ! Does she sit on thy Beds side ! Hath Infection blowne vpon thee with her Contagious, noysome and stinking breath ! Hath the Pestilence, (Now in this present drooping, and sick-wing'd season) Printed her nayles within thy Flesh, and hast thou tokens sent thee to come away !

Fall on thy knees, Call for Mercy, to helpe thee, Cry out vpon thy sinnes, send for thy Heauenly Physitian, to  
20 minister good things to thy Soule, settle thy minde in peace, shake off the world, looke vp at Heauen, Thither is thy Journey, prepare for no voyage else !

Art thou all-spotted ouer ! They are G o d s rich Ermines ; to Inroabe thee like a King, and to set a Crowne of Glory on thy Head.

Art thou mark'd with Tokens, and hast thou thy Memory ! Make vse of that Memory, and seeing those Markes are so set vp, That thine eye may shoote at them and hit them, now draw the last Arrow home, and winne the game of thy  
30 euerlasting Saluation.

Remember why those Tokens are sent: To make all the hast thou canst to set forward, for away thou must: Hug them therefore, as thy Louer; Kisse, | and bid them wel-<sup>C3</sup> come, thanke that sweet Token-sender for his guift, and hauing nothing (which thou canst call thine) to send backe to him, leaue thy Body with some Friend in Trust, and bid thy Soule goe cheerfully on her journey.

Cheerfully indeed, and with all Alacrity, for now thou art trauailing into a farre Country, where all thy Friends are. There, thou shalt meet with thy old Parents, (thy old Father <sup>10</sup> and Mother) A D A M and E V E.

There shalt thou see that great Nauigator of the World (N O A H) who in one ship, carried all the people in the world then liuing. There wilt thou find A B R A H A M and his Sonne I S A A C; Old I A C O B, and his twelue Sonnes the Patriarches. M O S E S and A A R O N will there receiue thee into G O D s *Sanctum Sanctorum*; In that glorious Pallace, shalt thou behold, all the Kings of I S R A E L, all the Tribes of I V D A, all the ancient Prophets, all the Apostles, all the Saints and glorious Army of Martyrs, with <sup>20</sup> branches of Palme-trees in their Hands, and golden Starres sticking on their fore-heads.

Nay, there thou shalt see thy Redeemer sitting at the right hand of his Father; There (face to face) shalt thou see G O D himselfe, attended on by Angels, Archangels, Principalities, and Powers, Cherubins, and Seraphins; And who would not reioyce, to be setting forward on this blessed Iourney, to the end he may at length come to be a fellow-Citizen, in the Heauenly H I E R V S A L E M.

All the Kingdome<sup>s</sup> on the Earth, are not worth the <sup>30</sup> Seeling of that glorious Chamber of Presence, | which is in C3v

this Court : This is a Kingdome, where there are no changes  
of Kings ; No alterations of State : No losse of Peeres : No  
Warres : No Reuenges : No Citizens flying for feare of  
Infection : None dying of Them, that stay, No Women-  
keepers to rob you of your Goods, nor to hasten you to  
your End : In this Cœlestiall Kingdome, there is true  
Majestie, True Glory, True Honour, True Beauty,  
True Peace, True Liberty, True Health :  
There is all Life, All Happinesse, All  
Immortality. To this Kingdome,  
the King of Heauen and Earth,  
call vs when it is his  
Pleasure.

*F I N I S.*



## NOTES

### THE WONDERFULL YEARE

*Date of Composition.* *The Wonderfull yeare* was written when the plague was almost at an end (cf. p. 38, ll. 5 and 14), i.e. in the late autumn of 1603. It was printed before the fifth of December, when all copies were called in (cf. the Bibliography, p. xxix).

Page 4, l. 20. *To be a man in print.* A quibble on the two meanings of 'a man in print': (1) an author, (2) a perfect or thorough man. Cf. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. i. 157: 'All this I speak in print [to a nicety], for in print I found it.'

l. 21. *the old Wethercock.* In 1603 St. Paul's had no weathercock or steeple. See note on p. 53, ll. 24, 25.

Page 5, l. 2. Haggler in the sense of a bungling archer occurs again in Dekker and Webster's *West-Ward Hoe* (1607), II. ii. (P., ii. 306): 'your husbands down the wind, and wil you like a haglers Arrow, be down the weather.'

l. 3. *setting vp all these rests,* venturing all these final stakes. 'To set up one's rest' is a metaphor from primero, meaning 'to stake one's all'. Cf. p. 41, ll. 7, 8, and p. 70, l. 8.

l. 7. Part of the last line of *Amphitruo*. Perhaps Dekker had in mind Jonson's words in the Conclusion (afterwards altered because not relished by the audience) of *Everyman Out Of His Humor* (1600): 'I will not doe as *Plautus* in his *Amphytrio* for all this (*Summi Iouis causa, Plaudite* :) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake.'

Page 6, ll. 1, 2. *pufft out like a Swizzers breeches.* Coryat refers to the singularity of the Swiss in wearing 'round breeches with codpecces' (*Coryats Crudities*, MacLehose ed., ii. 106). Cf. also *Jacke Drums Entertainment* (1601), sig. B 1—'Swizars slopt greatnes'.

l. 24. *like the dogs of Nylus.* Cf. Gaius Julius Solinus, *De Situ Orbis Terrarum et Memorabilium Liber*, in Arthur Golding's translation: 'The dogs of *Ægypt* neuer lap of the Nyle but running, for auoyding the Crocodiles which lye in wait for them' (ed. 1587, sig. N 1v). Dekker more

probably took his information from this source than from Claudius Aelianus, *Varia Historia*, i. 4. See note on p. 26, l. 8.

l. 31. *Bancks his Curtall*. For the tricks of this famous horse—dancer, arithmetician, and climber of Paul's—see the commentators on *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. ii. 53. See also note on p. 126, ll. 15, 16.

Page 7, l. 3. *mad Greekes*, merry fellows. See also p. 53, ll. 19, 20. In *The Guls Horne-booke* (1609), sig. C4<sup>v</sup> (G., ii. 227), and in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. ii. 104 and iv. iv. 55, the phrase is 'merry Greek'. C. T. Onions (*Modern Language Review*, i. 231) suggests that it probably sprang from some version of the Alexander or Troy story.

Page 10, l. 4. Rosemary was strewn about the floor and worn in posies at weddings. Juliet's nurse remarked that rosemary and Romeo began both with a letter (ii. iv. 200). The herb ('that's for remembrance') was used too at funerals: see p. 27, l. 8, and p. 46, l. 22. It was also in demand as a prophylactic against the plague. Hence the exorbitant price asked for it in 1603 (p. 35, l. 1).

Page 11, l. 4. Elizabeth died at Richmond on the 24th March 1602/3.

Page 12, l. 29. Long Lane, Aldersgate, 'is now lately builded on both the sides with tenements for brokers, tiplers, and such like' (Stow, *Survey*, ed. Kingsford, ii. 28).

Page 15, l. 10. Cf. p. 199, l. 25—p. 200, l. 2.

Page 16, ll. 21, 22. A 'nest of bowls' is a series of bowls each fitting into that which is next in size to it. The bowls 'breed in feasts' by simple division.

l. 23. *pulls*. Dekker finds the plural in -s convenient for his rhyme. See also 'reiects' on p. 17, l. 6 and 'giues' on p. 85, l. 22. For many Shakespearian examples see E. A. Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 333.

Page 17, ll. 20, 21. 'Mr Rous said that the Queene began hir raigne in the fall, and ended in the spring of the leafe. "Soe shee did but turne over a leafe," said B. Rudyerd.' Manningham's Diary (ed. J. Bruce, p. 155), 29 March 1603.

ll. 23, 24. Elizabeth was born on the 7th September 1533, the eve of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, and died on the 24th March 1603, the eve of the Annunciation.

ll. 25–28. In 1558–9 the Lord Mayor was Sir Thomas Leigh, Mercer, and in 1602–3 Robert Lee, Merchant-tailor. Cf. Stow's *Survey* (ed. Kingsford), ii. 183, 186.

Page 18. The ‘passionate dolefull Lines’ of the second of these absurdly conceited Epigrams are quoted in Camden’s *Remaines* (1614), p. 378.

Page 19, l. 6. The prediction of Regiomontanus made in 1475 upon the year 1588—‘Octuagesimus octavus mirabilis Annus’—is referred to in Bacon’s essay ‘Of Prophecies’ (ed. Aldis Wright, p. 151 and note), in Lyly’s *Gallathea*, III. iii. 41 and v. i. 6, and in Stow’s *Annales* (1631), p. 743. The last four lines of this ‘horrible prediction’ explain the fear of the almanac-makers that their trade would be utterly overthrown :

Si non hoc anno totus male concidet orbis,  
Si non in nihilum terra fretumque ruat ;  
Cuncta tamen mundi sursum ibunt atque deorsum  
Imperia, et luctus undique grandis erit.

l. 12. About the year 1540 Robert Wyer printed *The Pronostycacion For euer of Erra Pater : A Iewe borne in Iewery, a Doctour in Astronomye, and Physycke. Profytable to kepe the bodye in helth. And also Ptholomeus sayth the same. . . This Pronostycacion seruetb for all the worlde ouer.* Almanacs with the same title were still being printed in the seventeenth century. It is doubtful whether Erra Pater ever existed.

l. 17. *Platoes Mirabilis Annus.* An allusion to Plato’s *annus magnus* or cyclical year. See *Timaeus*, 39. Cf. *Tamburlaine*, l. 1540—‘Euen from this day to *Platoes* wondrous yeare’.

l. 19. *throwe Platoes cap at.* ‘To throw one’s cap at’ is a proverbial expression meaning ‘to despair of overtaking’. See John Ray, *A Compleat Collection Of English Proverbs* (1768), p. 181. Cf. the mock prognostication *Platoes Cap. Cast at this Yeare 1604, being Leape-yeere. London Printed for Jeffrey Chorlton. 1604.* Did Dekker’s allusion suggest the title of this pamphlet or is ‘Plato’s cap’ a cant phrase of the time?

l. 30. Holinshed records that in 1576 Peter Bales ‘by his industrie and practise of his pen, contriued and writ within the compasse of a penie in Latine, the Lords praier, the creed, the ten commandements, a praier to God, a praier for the queene, his posie, his name, the daie of the moneth, the yeare of our Lord, and the reigne of the queene’. He presented it to the Queen in the head of a ring of gold with ‘an excellent spectacle by him devised for the easier reading thereof’ (ed. 1587, vol. iii, p. 1262).

Page 20, l. 6. *wilde Ireland became tame.* News of Elizabeth's death reached Ireland on the 5th April. Tyrone first heard of it a few days later when he came to Dublin to make his submission. Cf. S. R. Gardiner, *History of England, 1603–1642*, i. 364.

l. 7. *some English great ones*, a reference to the conspiracies in which Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Cobham, and Sir Walter Raleigh were implicated.

l. 8, 9. *The same Parke which great Julius Cæsar inclosd.* Stow did not accept the common opinion that Julius Caesar was the 'originall Authour and founder' of the Tower of London (*Survey*, ed. Kingsford, i. 44).

l. 14, 15. *Stowes Chronicle in Decimo sexto.* The reference is to the Abridgement of Stow's *The Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles*, first published in 1566. See the bibliography in Stow's *Survey* (ed. Kingsford), i. lxxxiii. The Abridgement is in 16mo, Holinshed in folio.

Page 23, ll. 5–8. 'King Iames the sixt of Scotland', writes William Vaughan in *The Golden-grove* (1600), sig. Y6, 'is a notable Poet, and daily setteth out most learned Poems, to the admiration of all his subiects.' See also Drayton's sonnet (published in 1602) *To the high and mighty Prince, James, King of Scots.* James had published books of verse in 1584 and 1591.

l. 14. Unicorn's horn, like *aqua caelestis*, was thought a sovereign remedy. Half a dram mixed with the same weight of angelica root made 'a good Opiat to expell venom and prouoke sweat' (S. Kellwaye, *A Defensative against the Plague*, 1593, sig. F3v). Many quacks grew rich on the sale of this commodity. In plague-time it was worth half a city (G., ii. 221), yet a piece of old shoeing-horn easily deceived the ignorant. Not everybody knew Topsell's method of testing whether the horn was 'right' or not: 'put silke vpon a burning cole, and vpon the silke the aforesaid horne, and if so be that it be true the silke will not be a whit consumed' (*The Historie Of Foure-Footed Beastes*, 1607, p. 720). Doctors, however, were well acquainted with the rarity of this beast, and remembered that Alexander the Great was at great charge and expense to procure one, 'neither may it be taken aliuie, for that it liueth in places desart and solitary in the extreamest parts of India and the East' (Thomas Lodge, *A Treatise of the Plague*, 1603, sig. H3v).

ll. 26, 27. *a pearle in his eye.* In Elizabethan English pearl might

mean not only the gem but also a kind of cataract. The same quibble is in *The Spanish Gipsie* (Middleton's *Works*, ed. Bullen, vi. 142) and also perhaps at p. 18, l. 15 above.

Page 24, ll. 3-11. The players were indeed in a fool's paradise, for the plague closed the theatres for almost a year. The Privy Council ordered the restraint of stage plays on the 19th March 1603 (*B.M. Add. MS. 11402*, fo. 86), perhaps because of the Queen's illness. The theatres opened again in April. On the 5th May the Admiral's Company ceased playing at the Fortune 'now at the King's coming', and Worcester's Company and probably the other companies reopened on the 9th May (*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, i. 174, 190). But the players had no time to enjoy the blessings of a crowded London, for the theatres were closed before the 17th May (see the licence to Fletcher, Shakespeare, and others of this date). The players were busy in the provinces during the summer, but though they were back in London by the 21st October the theatres were not allowed to reopen till Easter Monday, 9th April 1604 (*Henslowe Papers*, ed. Greg, pp. 59 and 61). It was fortunate that during this close-time James showed his appreciation of English plays and players by giving them plentiful employment at the Court's Christmas festivities (*Cunningham, Extracts From The Accounts Of The Revels At Court*, pp. xxxiv-xxxvii).

l. 29. Theobalds, in the parish of Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, was built by Lord Burghley between 1564 and 1588. In 1607 Sir Robert Cecil exchanged it with King James for the palace of Hatfield. It was destroyed during the Commonwealth.

l. 29. *the grand Cayr*: 'the Citie of *Grand Cayro* . . . is wonderfully populous, and is one daies iourney about the wals' (*Hakluyt, Principal Navigations*, 1589, p. 223).

Page 26, l. 8 and marginal note. For a similar reference cf. *A Strange Horse-Race* (1613), sig. E4 (G., iii. 362), where Dekker cites Polyhistor as his authority, i.e. Solinus (*De Situ*, cap. xxv). See note on p. 6, l. 24. Shakespeare in *Othello*, i. iii. 144, may be using Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, ed. 1601, i. 154.

ll. 11, 12. *more (by many) then 40000*. During the year covered by the bills of mortality (from 23 December 1602 to 22 December 1603) there were 38,244 deaths in London and the out-parishes, of which 30,578 were of the plague. See p. 207, ll. 7, 8. Adding the deaths in the outlying

districts of Westminster, Lambeth, Newington Butts, the Savoy, Stepney, Hackney, and Islington, we get a total of 43,154 deaths, of which 35,104 were of the plague. Bills of the mortality in 1603 in London and in the outlying districts are in MS. Rawl. D. 859.

Page 27, l. 18. *Mandrakes shriking*. On this vulgar error, twice countenanced by Shakespeare, see Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, ii. 6.

Page 28, ll. 1-3. Creighton (*A History Of Epidemics*, i. 482) cites this passage as an illustration of the evasion of the order issued in 1547 (i.e. 1547, 1548) prohibiting night-burials. It is rather an evasion of the order prohibiting concealment of plague-deaths, for night-burials were legalized in London in May 1603 (*Journal of the London Court of Common Council XXVI*, fo. 98).

l. 2, 3. *the fatall hand-writing of death*. A red cross, 13 inches in length and in breadth, was painted in oil colours upon infected houses. On the lintel was fastened a paper with the inscription 'Lord have mercy upon us'. Cf. *Journal XXVI*, fo. 98 (May, 1603), and see below, p. 131, ll. 19, 20. An infected house was shut up for 28 days. In *Lantborne and Candle-light* (1608), sig. K4<sup>v</sup> (G., iii. 300, 301), Dekker again refers to the unscrupulous masters who sought to escape segregation by sending away servants and apprentices as soon as these were infected with the plague, and left them to perish in the fields or in garden-houses. See also pp. 129-132, 151 below, and G., ii. 77.

Page 29, l. 19. *tokens*. The *petechiae* or spots which are one of the symptoms of bubonic plague were perhaps so called from their resemblance to the halfpenny or farthing tokens of cheap metal or leather issued by tradesmen. They are likened to coins on p. 97, ll. 29, 30, and p. 110, l. 21, and to tavern-tokens on p. 98, l. 12, and p. 122, l. 11. These spots were often called 'God's tokens': see below, pp. 140 ff. Cf. S. Bradwell, *Physick For The Sicknesse* (1636), sig. G3<sup>v</sup>: 'The Spots (otherwise called Gods Tokens) are commonly of the bignesse of a fleabitte spot: sometimes much bigger. Their colour is according to the prædominancie of the humor in the body: namely Red, or reddish if Choler; Pale-blew or Darke-blew if Flegme; and Leaden or Blackish if Melancholy abound. But they have ever a circle about them. The Red ones a purplish-circle, and the others a redish circle. They appeare most commonly on the breast and backe.'

Page 30, l. 31. *graue-matters*. The quibble is characteristically Elizabethan. Compare Mercutio's 'Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man' (III. i. 94). See also *The Revengers Tragædie*, III. v, and see below, p. 39, l. 19—'graue neighbors'—and p. 132, l. 12—'Graue-clients'.

Page 31, l. 22. *stalking Tamberlaine*. 'Stalking' suggests the robustious manner in which the part of Marlowe's Tamburlaine was acted. Cf. T. M.'s *The Blacke Booke* (1604), sig. D1: 'the Spindle-shanke Spyders . . . went stalking ouer his head, as if they had bene conning of Tamburayne.' Cf. also *The Puritaine* (1607), sig. F2 (III. v. 84): 'haue you neuer seene a stalking-stamping Player, that will raise a tempest with his young, and thunder with his heeles ?'

l. 24. *sinsfully-polluted Suburbs*. The suburbs of London were notorious for poverty, vice, and disease. The plague of 1603, like that of 1625, began in the suburbs. It was very dangerous in St. George's parish in Southwark as early as 5th April (*Repertory of the London Court of Aldermen XXVI*, Pt. I, fo. 124 b).

l. 28. Dunkirk was at this time a nest of pirates, who preyed indiscriminately upon the ships of every nation. Cf. p. 40, l. 22, and *P.*, ii. 36.

Page 32, l. 21. *Smiibfield*, the horse-market outside Aldersgate, where Bardolph went to buy a horse for his master (*2 Henry IV*, I. ii. 46).

l. 23. 'The world runs on wheels', i.e. 'proceeds swiftly or uninterruptedly' (*N. E. D.*), is a proverbial expression. Chapman wrote a play and John Taylor a pamphlet with this title.

l. 23. *the Pest-cart*. A coach or wagon was specially set apart to carry the sick or the dead to the Pesthouse. Cf. J. Godskall, *The Arke of Noah* (1603), sig. H<sup>3</sup>v, and see below, p. 130, ll. 5, 15, 24.

Page 33, l. 5. *the Standard of the Citie*, in punning reference to the Standard, a conduit in Cheap. It is shown in the view of Cheapside given in P. de la Serre's *Histoire de l'Entrée de la Regne Mère* (1638) and reproduced in *Mediaeval England* (ed. H. W. C. Davis), p. 317.

l. 18. *Bucklersbury*, the street of the grocers and apothecaries. Falstaff knew how perfumed the street was when herbs were being dried in readiness for winter use: 'these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time' (*The Merry Wives*, III. iii. 60).

l. 19. *Mithridatum* and *dragon-water* were antidotes against the

plague. The grocer in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (I. iii) did good business by selling them to infected houses.

ll. 24-6. As dogs were suspected of spreading the infection, many parishes appointed a parochial dogkiller in plague-time. In 1603 Robert Wells, dogkiller to St. Margaret's, Westminster, killed 80 dogs before the 19th June and 422 more before summer was over. He was paid a penny a dog. Cf. M. E. C. Walcott, *The History of the Parish Church of Saint Margaret, in Westminster* (1847), p. 62.

ll. 27, 28. *what dead Marches were made of three thousand trooping together.* The weekly bills of mortality in 1603 exceeded 3,000 in the weeks ending the 18th August, the 1st, 8th, and 15th September.

Page 34, ll. 7-25. Many writers accused clergymen, clerks, and sextons of banding together with the bearers 'to rack the dead'. Heavy charges were made for the tolling of bells which were not rung and for funeral sermons which were not delivered. T. F. in *Newes from the North* (1579) deplored the ungodliness of 'the parish Clark of a Town that was sore visited with the Plague, who said vnto his wife vpon a day, Wife (quoth he) if there come two corpses to-day : we will haue a shoulder of Mutton and a quart of Sack to supper, & if there come but one : we will haue a shoulder of Mutton and but a pinte of Sack. Content husband (quoth she).'

l. 17. The mortality from the 14th July 1603 to the 22nd December at St. Olave's, Southwark, was 2,541 (2,383 of the plague), at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, it was 2,408 (1,745), and at St. Sepulchre's 2,223 (1,861). All other parishes returned less than 2,000 deaths. See the bill of mortality for 1603 in MS. Rawl. D. 859.

ll. 18, 19. Jehochanan (John of Giscala) took an important part in the defence of Jerusalem in A.D. 72. Simon and Eleazar were leaders of rival factions. John and Simon did not unite until the Romans were at the gate. See the article on John of Giscala in *The Jewish Encyclopedia* (1904).

Page 35, ll. 3-14. The parish of St. Clement, Temple Bar, suffered heavily from the plague. It was one of fourteen parishes which returned more than 600 deaths in the five months from the 14th July 1603 to the 22nd December.

ll. 5, 6. *the Bakers good Lord & Maister, charitable S. Clement.* St. Clement is the patron saint of the Bakers' Company in London.

l. 20. *this Estridge disease.* The digestion of the ostrich was notoriously good. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, iii. 22. This is a favourite allusion with Dekker. Cf. *The Belman of London* (1616), sig. B1: 'Shee feedes vpon gold, as the Estredge doth vpon Iron.' Cf. also *G.*, iii. 223, and *P.*, i. 120.

l. 23, 24. *Decidis in Scyllam.* The generally accepted form is 'Incidis n Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim'. Cf. Erasmus, *Adagia*, chil. 1, cent. v, no. 4. W. F. H. King in *Classical and Foreign Quotations* attributes it to Gualterus de Castellione, *Gesta Alexandri* (Rouen, 1487), lib. 5, ver. 297.

Page 36, l. 12. *a flat-cap.* By 1603 Londoners were wearing the Spanish felt in preference to the round or flat cap (Stow, *Survey*, ed. Kingsford, ii. 195), but 'flat-cap' served for many years as a general term for London citizens.

l. 13. *a treble-ruffe.* Cf. *The Guls Horne-booke* (1609), sig. B4 (*G.*, ii. 211): 'your trebble-quadruple Dædalian ruffes, . . . your stiffe necked Rebatoes (that haue more arches for pride to row vnder, then can stand vnder ffe London Bridges)'.

l. 16. Birch Lane by Cornhill was inhabited by hosiers and wealthy drapers. See Stow, *Survey* (ed. Kingsford), i. 81 and 199. See also below, p. 114, l. 27.

ll. 27, 28. *Pinders Ale.* Cf. *Pimlyco. Or, Runne Red-Cap* (1609), sig. C4<sup>v</sup>:

. . . that old two-peny Ale of Pynder,  
That many a Porter oft did hinder  
From carrying Burdens.

ll. 28, 29. *their simples were simple things.* The same pun occurs in a similar context in Nashe, *Works* (ed. R. B. McKerrow), ii. 230. See also below, p. 188, l. 28.

Page 36, l. 29—Page 37, l. 1. Chaucer's Doctor knew Hippocrates, Galen, Rhasis, and Avicen: see the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, ll. 429–34, and Skeat's note. Paracelsus (c. 1490–1541) is linked with Galen in *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. iii. 11, as a learned and authentic fellow. Fernelius is Jean François Fernel (1497–1558), a famous French physician. Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus are mentioned again on p. 189, l. 7.

Page 36, l. 30. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a foolish knight, eponymous hero of a play attributed to Chapman.

Page 37, l. 14. *Aurum Potabile*. With this cordial Francis Anthoine claims to have cured of 'grieuous passions' Mistress Cicely Boulstred, the subject of epitaphs by Donne and Jonson. See his *The Apologie, Or Defence Of A Verity Heretofore Published Concerning a Medicine Called Aurum Potabile, that is, the pure substance of Gold, prepared, and made Potable and Medicinable without corrosives, helpefully giuen for the health of Man in most Diseases* (1616). But Sir Thomas Browne held that the substance of gold was 'invincible by the powerfulest action of natural heat; and that not only alimentally in a substantial mutation, but also medicamentally in any corporeal conversion'. Moreover, it was dubious and not yet authentically decided whether gold might work by effluences and emanations (*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, ii. 5).

l. 31. *common Cages*. A cage is a lock-up, 'a prison for petty malefactors' (Johnson). There was one in each ward, under the charge of the alderman and the wardmote inquest. Cf. *Repertory XXV*, fo. 5 (1599).

Page 38, l. 4. Robert Fabyan, sheriff of London in 1493, died in 1513. His Chronicle was first printed in 1516.

Page 39, ll. 26, 27. In *The Dead Tearme* (1608), sig. E1 (G., iv. 51), the middle aisle of St. Paul's is said to show 'like the Mediterranean Sea, in which as well the Merchant hoysts vp sayles to purchace wealth honestly, as the Rouer to light vpon prize vniustly'. See also G., ii. 230.

ll. 28–30. Vincentio Saviolo was an Italian teacher of fencing in London. The fencing terms in ll. 29, 30 are taken from *Vincençio Saviolo his Practise In two Bookes* (1595). Florio in *Queen Anna's New World Of Words* (1611) defines them as follows: *mandritto*, a right-handed or downright blow; *imbrocata*, a thrust given over the dagger; *stramazzone*, a downright blow; *stoccata*, a thrust. Stramazon is a character in *The Meeting of Gallants*. See below, pp. 115 ff.

Page 40, ll. 14, 15. Much inferior butter and cheese was imported from the Low Countries at this time. Dutchmen were contemptuously called 'butter-boxes'. Cf. P., i. 21.

Page 41, l. 20. *Tearmes*, the law-terms when London was most crowded and beggars most importunate.

Page 42, l. 15. Rhadamanth was the judge of the dead in the underworld, together with Aeacus and Minos. Cf. Seneca's *Hercules Furens*,

l. 734. The English Senecans are fond of exclaiming upon Rhadamanth. See *The Spanish Tragedie*, *passim*.

Page 44, ll. 14 ff. Compare the entry in the burial register of St. Peter's, Cornhill (Harleian Society's Publications), under the date 20 August (a Saturday) 1603: 'Lea Barkar wif of William Barkar and daughter of Edward Goodwin Merchaunt. shee sickned the same daie shee was married beeing monday afore 21 [years old].'

Page 45, l. 13. After the wedding service it was the custom for the bridal party to drink muscadine wine with sops or cakes in it. At Petruchio's wedding (*The Taming of the Shrew*, III. ii. 168) the bridegroom

quaff'd off the muscadel,  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face.

Page 46, l. 14. *Wedsday*. The second and third editions acquit Dekker of the pun.

Page 49, ll. 19, 20. *medle with no more patches*. Dekker is punning on the two meanings of 'patch': a piece of leather, and a fool, a madman.

ll. 21-4. Balthazar in *The Spanish Tragedie* loves Bel-imperia. Aided by her brother Lorenzo the jealous man murders her lover Horatio. The murder is revealed and the murderers punished by Horatio's father old Hieronimo.

Page 50, l. 5. *Paucos palabros*: Spanish *pocas palabras*, few words, garbled by Christopher Sly into *paucas pallabris* (*The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, l. 5). Perhaps Dekker remembered that the expression is used by old Hieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedie* (III. xiv. 118), to which he has just referred.

Page 51, l. 6. 'The case is altered', a proverbial expression still extant as the sign of an inn. For theories as to its origin see John Ray, *A Compleat Collection Of English Proverbs* (1768), p. 175.

ll. 7, 8. *the bloud of the Burdeaux Grape*, claret. Cf. *The Honest Whore*, Pt. I, iii. i (P., ii. 45)—'my head runs Claret lustily'—and modern pugilistic slang.

l. 26. *danced the Canaries*. The Canaries is (1) a lively Spanish dance, the movements of which were 'gaillards, & neantmoins estranges, bizarres, & qui resentent fort le sauage' (Jehan Tabourot,

*Orchesographie*, 1588, p. 95 b), (2) a light sweet wine from the Canary Islands. The quibble occurs again at p. 122, l. 8.

Page 53, ll. 9, 10. See the Bibliography, pp. xxxi, xxxii.

ll. 24, 25. In *The Dead Tearme* (1608) (G., iv. 46–9) Dekker tells us that St. Paul's church was destroyed by fire in 1087, and that the steeple was burnt down in 1444 [i.e. 1444/5], and again in 1561. Cf. Stow, *Survey*, ed. Kingsford, i. 324–31. The cathedral was still 'headless' when it perished in the fire of 1666.

ll. 27, 28. *a flaske for gun-powder when King Henry went to Bulloigne*: by 1603 a very old-fashioned powder-flask, for Henry VIII besieged and took Boulogne in 1544. Cf. *The Batchelars Banquet* (1603), sig. D2 (G., i. 193): 'with a sword by his side, which was found vnder a hedge at the siege of Bullen'. Cf. also G., ii. 57.

Page 53, l. 28–Page 54, l. 9. One of many Elizabethan caricatures in the same vein and on the same topic. Cf. R. Greene, *Works* (ed. Grosart), xi. 242; R. West, *Newes from Bartholmew Fayre* (1606), passim; *A New merry Newes* (1606, reprinted in W. C. Hazlitt's *Fugitive Tracts*, vol. ii, no. ix); and *Pasquils Fests* (1629), sig. A2v. But all these noses are outshone by Bardolph's.

Page 55, l. 7. *search*, in the special sense of examining the corpse to decide whether the cause of death was plague. From 1578 two persons—both 'honest and discreet matrons'—were appointed for this purpose in each London parish. They took an oath to make true report to the clerk of all who died of the plague. Their usual fee was fourpence or sixpence a body. Cf. *Journal XX*, Pt. II, fo. 407. They are referred to on pp. 124, 125, and 151 below.

l. 16. *the coarse*, the corpse.

l. 21. *more greazie than a kitchin-stuffe-wifes basket*. 'What kitchen-stuff ha' ye, maids?' was the cry of women who sought to fill their baskets with the greasy refuse of the kitchen.

Page 57, l. 24. *being not to learne*, not being ignorant of. Grosart alters unnecessarily to 'being not [vnwilling] to learnt'.

Page 59, ll. 6, 7. *Hauye any more Londoners to bury*. The London bearers gave notice of their approach by ringing a bell and by crying 'Have you any dead bodies to bury'. Cf. Nashe, *Works* (ed. McKerrow), ii. 286.

l. 27. *nailed vp for counterfets*. Tradesmen nailed counterfeit money

to the doors of their shops. Cf. *Claudius Hollyband, The French Schoole-Maister* (ed. 1615, sig. N3<sup>v</sup>) : 'There is a counterfet shilling: nayle it at the threshold of the doore'. Cf. also *Dekker his Dreame* (1620), sig. B4<sup>v</sup> (G., iii. 23) : 'Nailed vp like to *Pieces Counterfet*'.

Page 60, ll. 3, 4. *haue about with*. And at p. 76, ll. 6, 7; p. 147, l. 25. Cf. also *The Defence Of Conny catching* (1592), sig. A3<sup>v</sup>, and Armin's *Works* (ed. Grosart), ii. 29. This phrase, which is not recorded in the *N. E. D.*, seems equivalent to 'have a bout with'.

ll. 11–16. *Julius Caesar* was a popular motion or puppet-play. It is mentioned in T. M.'s *Father Hubbards Tales* (1604) (Middleton's *Works*, ed. Bullen, viii. 95). In Day and Chettle's *The Blind-Beggar Of Bednal-Green*, to which Bullen refers, is an allusion to a similar historical jumble : 'You shall likewise see the famous city of *Norwiche*, and the stabbing of *Julius Cæsar* in the *French Capitol* by a sort of Dutch *Mesopotamians*. . . . Or if it please you shall see a stately combate betwixt *Tamberlayn* the Great, and the Duke of *Guyso* the less, perform'd on the *Olympick Hills in France*.' The master of the motion speaks with a 'snuffling' voice (1659 ed., sig. G2).

l. 24. *the hundred mery tales*, the jest-book from which Benedick accused Beatrice of stealing her wit (*Much Ado*, II. i. 113).

i. 28. *Keeper*, nurse. Cf. Dekker's *English Villanies* (1632), chap. xv: 'They are called keepers, because whatsoeuer they get but hold of, they keepe it with griping pawes neuer to let it goe.' They make up false medicines, continues Dekker, and when death is near pull away their patient's pillow to hasten him on his journey. Webster is as bitter. After the strangling of Brachiano in *The White Divel Gasparo* asks, 'What is it done ?' and Lodovico replies :

The snuffe is out. No woman keeper i' th' world,  
Though shee had practis'd seuen yere at the Pest-house,  
Could haue don't quaintlyer. My Lordes hee's dead.'

ll. 29, 30. *the common Iayle, and the holes of both Counters*. The two City Counters, each under the control of a sheriff, were in Wood Street and in the Poultry. The holes of the Counters and the common jail at Newgate were the worst apartments, inhabited by the poorest prisoners who lived on the common alms. See note on p. 148, ll. 26–8.

Page 61, ll. 16–20. This anecdote is told again on p. 132, ll. 25 ff.

l. 23. *Derick*, at this time a famous hangman at Tyburn. He is mentioned again at p. 124, l. 11. His name is preserved in the modern 'derrick'.

#### NEWES FROM GRAVES-END

*Date of Composition.* The poem was written before the return of the runaways (p. 96, l. 26) and before the end of the plague (p. 103, ll. 17-20). It may be assigned then to the autumn of 1603. The dedicatory epistle was written 'in the taile of the Plague' (p. 66, l. 5) during the Christmas season of 1603-4 (p. 66, l. 20).

Page 65, ll. 3-11. Compare Marston's dedication to *The History Of Antonio and Mellida. The First Part* (1602) : 'To the onely rewarder, and most iust poiser of vertuous merits, the most honorably renowned No-body, bountious Mecænas of Poetry, and Lord Protector of oppressed innocence'. John Day dedicates his *Humour out of breath* (1608) to 'Signior No-body'.

l. 15. *Lycosthenes Apothegmata : Apophtegmata, ex Probatis Græcæ Latinæque Linguae Scriptoribus* by Conradus Lycosthenes (Conrad Wolffhart, 1518-61). Dekker himself was not above the use of a florilegium. The sentences from the Fathers at the end of his *Foure Birds Of Noahs Arke* are taken from the *Flores Doctorum* of Thomas Hibernicus.

Page 66, ll. 16, 17. The *Orbis terrarum typus* of Peter Plancius (1552-1622) was published in 1590 and often reprinted. T. Blundevile's description of it appeared in 1594. Gerard Mercator (1512-94) published his first map of the world in 1538.

Page 67, l. 11. *fret out worse than gumd Taffaty*. Gum improved the gloss but chafed the fabric. Cf. *I Henry IV*, II. ii. 2 : 'Falstaff . . . frets like a gummed velvet'.

ll. 28, 29. *the Players old Hall at Dowgate*: I cannot explain the allusion.

Page 68, ll. 12-15. An allusion to the golden bough which Aeneas at the bidding of the Sibyl takes as an offering to Proserpine when he visits hell. *Aeneid*, vi. 136 ff.

ll. 19 ff. Which is the seventh art? I do not understand the drift of this passage.

l. 23, 24. *the knights Warde*: an apartment in the Counter, not so good as the Master's side of the prison, but better than the Twopenny Ward or

the Hole. Cf. *Eastward Hoe*, v. ii, and *Westward Hoe*, iii. ii (*P.*, ii. 318). In *The Miseries of Inforst Mariage* (1607), sig. E1<sup>v</sup>, George Wilkins speaks of the feather bed in the Master's side of the Poultry Counter, the flock bed in the Knight's Ward, and the straw bed in the Hole.

l. 24. Stone, a celebrated fool, is mentioned in E. Guilpin's *Skialeibea* (1598), sig. C4<sup>v</sup> and in Selden's *Table Talk*, chap. 38. In *Volpone*, II. i (first acted in 1606) Peregrine remarks that

Stone, the foole, is dead ;  
And they doe lacke a tauerne-foole, extremely.

Charles Chester is called a scoffing fellow in Harrington's *An Apologie* (c. 1596), sig. C c 6, and in a letter of 4th May 1598 John Chamberlain alludes to a brabble between Chester and a ruffian Snelling (*Letters*, ed. S. Williams, p. 7). He was, says Aubrey, 'a bold impertinent fellowe, . . . a perpetuall talker & made a noyse like a drumme in a roome : so, one time at a taverne, Sr W. R[aleigh]. beates him and seales up his mouth (i.[e.]) his upper and neather beard with hard wax. From him Ben: Johnson takes his Carlo Buffono (Jester) in *Everyman out of his Humour*.' MS. Aubrey 6, fo. 76 (*Brief Lives*, ed. A. Clark, ii. 184).

l. 29. *Æsops Gallus Gallinaceus*, Aesop's fable of the dunghill cock and the diamond (Fable 1). The opening sentence of a Latin version current in Dekker's time is: 'Gallus gallinaceus, dum verrit stercorarium, offendit gemmam.'

Page 69, l. 22. *Irish Chimny-sweepers*. Cf. *The Noble Souldier* (1634), sig. E3<sup>v</sup>: 'I can be treacherous with the *Wallowne*, drunke with the *Dutch*, a Chimney-sweeper with the *Irish*.'

ll. 29, 30. *Duke Humphres walke in Powles*. Sir John Beauchamp, whose tomb was on the south side of the nave, 'is by ignorant people mis-named, to be *Humfrey Duke of Gloucester*, who lieth honourably buried at Saint Albons' (Stow, *Survey*, ed. Kingsford, i. 335). This tomb was the haunt of sharpers, idlers, and penniless gallants. See *The Guls Horne-booke*, chap. iv (*G.*, ii. 232-7). Cf. also p. 115, l. 23 below, and *G.*, iv. 50.

Page 70, ll. 13, 14. *those whom Theocrytus calls the Muses Byrds*. Cf. *Idyl* vii. 47, 48 :

. . . Μοισᾶν ὄρνιχες, ὅσοι ποτὶ Χῖον ἀστὸν  
ἀντία κοκκύζοντες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντι.

l. 18. *the ship of Fooles*, the title of Alexander Barclay's translation (1509) of Brandt's *Narrenschiff* (1494). Allusions to this popular book are frequent. Cf. *P.*, ii. 214, *G.*, ii. 204 and iii. 344.

Page 71, ll. 12–26. Sir William Waad, a clerk of the Privy Council, writing to Cecil on the 31st August 1603, reports that the Aldermen and better sort of people in the City and the Justices in Middlesex near London had all removed into the country, and that inferior officers were unregarded. *State Papers, Domestic, James I*, vol. iii, doc. 41.

Page 72, ll. 6–21. See above, p. 29, and see below, pp. 94, 95 and pp. 158, 159. Dekker complains again in 1606 of the want of places for burial in London: ‘thou tumbledst them into their euerlasting lodgings (ten in one heape, and twenty in another) as if all the roomes vpon earth had bin full.... But suppose the *Pestiferous Deluge* should againe drowne this little world of thine, and that thou must be compeld to breake open those caues of horror and gastlinesse, to hide more of thy dead household in them, what rotten stenchē, and contagious damps would strike vp into thy nosthrils?’ *The Seven deadly Sinnen* (1606), sig. G1<sup>v</sup> (*G.*, ii. 76, 77).

ll. 13, 14. The Court of Common Council passed many Acts against the filling and pestering of houses with inmates, i.e. with more families or households than one. See also 35 Eliz., c. 6—an Act against new building enforcing penalties on persons taking inmates. A royal proclamation of 16 September 1603 ordered all houses infested with multitudes of dwellers to be razed to the ground and not to be rebuilt. But, says Stow, ‘nothing was done touching that matter’. *Annales* (1605), p. 1417.

Page 73, l. 7. *Tam mari quam mercurio*, a tag of uncertain origin often used by Elizabethan authors. It appears lawfully on the title-pages of George Gascoigne's works, for he had fought in the Low Countries.

Page 74, l. 1. *burnt (like hereticks) at the Crosse*: perhaps a reference to the burning of heretical books at Paul's Cross. Tyndale's New Testament was burnt there in 1526. Cf. R. Demaus, *William Tyndale* (1886), pp. 149, 150.

ll. 11, 12. *come not neere them by twelue-score at least*. Only a very notable archer like old Double could ‘clap i’ the clout’ at twelve score yards (2 *Henry IV*, III. ii. 45). Yet the arrows of pestilence reached their target ‘at eighteen and twenty score’ (p. 35, ll. 29, 30).

l. 17. *Winchester-Termie*. Owing to the continuance of the plague in

London, part of the Michaelmas Term was adjourned to Winchester. See note on p. 76, l. 13. No person who had had the plague in his house since 20 July was allowed to approach the town.

Page 75, l. 5. *neither weiby nor wag taile*, a proverbial expression. Dekker has it again in *The Wonder Of A Kingdome* (1636), l. i (P., iv. 223). Cf. J. Ray's *A Compleat Collection Of English Proverbs* (1768), p. 121 : 'It's an ill horse can neither whinny nor wag his tail.'

l. 19. *maister Maiors trusse of Forditch*. Perhaps Fordwich near Canterbury, once the smallest of Kentish municipalities, 'where as yet ys a poore Mayr' (Leland, ed. Hearne, 1769, vi. 145).

Page 76, ll. 7, 8. *laugh and lye downe*, given as a Scottish proverb by David Fergusson (*Scottish Proverbs*, 1641) and by Ray (ed. 1768, p. 298).

l. 13. 4. of the Returns. Michaelmas Term (10 October–28 November) had eight returns, i.e. days for the return of Sheriffs' reports upon any writs directed to them. On 16 September term was adjourned till the 4th return (called *Mense Michaelis*) : and on 18 October term was adjourned to Winchester till the 6th return (*Crastino Sancti Martini*). It was therefore the first four returns which were 'cut off' from Winchester. Cf. *Tudor and Stuart Proclamations* (ed. R. Steele), nos. 970 and 973, and Holinshed's *Cchronicles* (1587), i. 181, 182.

l. 16. *Winchester-Goose*: a cant phrase for a swelling in the groin caused by venereal disease. The stews in Southwark came within the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Winchester. Cf. the document cited by W. Rendle and P. Norman, *The Inns Of Old Southwark* (1888), pp. 329–31. For the phrase cf. *I Henry VI*, l. iii. 53, and *Troilus and Cressida*, v. x. 53. The quibble occurs again on p. 132, ll. 18, 19.

l. 17. *your S. Nicholas Shambles-Capon*. Stow (1603) remarks that the poulters 'of late remoued out of the Poultrie . . . into Grasse streete, and Saint Nicholas Shambles' (*Survey*, ed. Kingsford, i. 81).

Page 78, ll. 1–3. In London in November 1603 the price of a quart of best ale and beer was one penny and of small ale and beer one halfpenny. Cf. *Journal XXVI*, fo. 142 b.

l. 11. *the Sauoy*: the Savoy Hospital founded by Henry VII, suppressed by Edward VI, and in 1556 newly founded by Queen Mary. See Stow's *Survey*, ed. Kingsford, ii. 95.

l. 19. *the vnmasking of certaine Treasons*. The trial of Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Cobham, and Sir Walter Raleigh, upon charges of high

treason (see note on p. 20, l. 7) was held at Winchester in November 1603.

l. 24. *Neapolitan polling*. In Greene's *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage* (1591) (*Works*, ed. Grosart, x. 44) the 'Neapolitan fauor' is a euphemism for syphilis. Polling means (1) the close cropping of the hair and (2) extortion.

Page 81, l. 15. *nothing dare*: 'dare' and 'dares' are used indiscriminately in Elizabethan English. Cf. E. A. Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 361.

Page 86, l. 15. *Whether they be . . .* The passage from this 'whether' to the 'whether' at p. 87, l. 27, is characteristic of Dekker's breathless syntax. At p. 88, l. 13, his 'panting Muse' needs to 'take breath a while'. As Jonson remarks of him, 'This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue' (*The Poetaster*, v. iii).

l. 32. *Deare yeares*, elliptical here for 'the produce of dear years'. The farmer who sells his produce in defiance of ('in spite of') Providence at the highest rates during a year of dearth is a familiar figure in Elizabethan satire. Cf. G., iv. 146, 147. Cf. also the character of Sordido in *Everyman Out Of His Humour* and the farmer 'that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty' in *Macbeth*, II. iii. 4.

Page 87, l. 17. *Indianist*: perhaps with reference to tobacco, commonly known as the Indian herb. Cf. Henry Buttes, *Dycts Dry Dinner* (1599), sig. P4 :

On English foole : wanton Italianly ;  
Go Frenchly : Duchly drink : breath Indianly.

Page 88, l. 3. 45. *yearc's bushi account*. Elizabeth died in the forty-fifth year of her reign.

Page 89, ll. 24 ff. Dekker praises his birthplace in almost the same words in *The Magnificent Entertainment* (1604), sig. B1v (P., i. 274). See the Introduction, p. xiv.

Page 94, l. 20. *Nylus fall*. Cf. Seneca on the falls of the Nile, *Nat. quaest.*, iv. ii. 5: 'eluctatus obstantia, in vastam altitudinem subito destitutus cadit, cum ingenti circumiacentium regionum strepitu, quem perferre gens ibi asperis collocata non potuit, obtusis assiduo fragore auribus, et ob hoc sedibus ad quietiora translati sunt.'

l. 30. *a feast once in ten yeere*. There were plagues in London in 1563,

in 1592-3, and in 1603. There were minor plagues in 1573-4 and in 1582.

Page 96, ll. 4-10. The London Pesthouse was built in 1594 and 1595. The cost was met from the profits made by London merchants out of the Portuguese treasure-ship, the *Madre de Dios*, captured in 1592 (*Repertory XXIII*, fos. 60 and 331). The site of the Pesthouse is marked by the buildings belonging to the French Protestant Hospital, a few hundred yards up Bath Street (formerly called Pesthouse Row) on the left-hand side as you walk from Old Street. Cf. *Repertory XXIII*, fo. 470, and *Journal LVIII*, fo. 15 b.

Page 99, ll. 3, 4. Cf. T. M.'s *The Blache Booke* (1604), sig. B1 :

a new-soyld Spirit,  
Pawnde to luxurious and adulterous merit.

l. 20. *Lazy Lieftenents* (without bandes), without companies, out of commission. Cf. T. M., *The Blache Booke* (1604), sig. B3<sup>v</sup> : 'a villainous Leiftenant without a Band'.

l. 21. *muffled halfe-fac'de Pandars*. So in *The Puritaine* (1607), III. v. 4, George Pyeboard seeking, like the pandars, to avoid detection, sidles into the Marshalsea Prison 'halfe fac'd, muffled'.

Page 100, l. 2. *French Amulets*. Cf. p. 124, ll. 13, 14. See also T. M.'s *The Blache Booke* (1604), sig. C4 : 'Seriant Carbuncle, one of the Plagues chiefe Officers, dares not venture within three yardes of an Harlot, because Mounseir Dry-bone the French-man, is a Ledger before him.'

l. 23. *Emptying whole houses to fill graues*. A sad commentary on this line may be found in the parish register of Kensington. John, the son of Richard Sperwigg, was buried on 1st October 1603, his sister Mary on the 26th, his brother Richard four days later, his mother Alice on 2nd November ('the most thick & stinking misty day that ever was'), his brother Thomas on the 7th, and lastly Richard Sperwigg himself on the 23rd.

Page 101, l. 26. *Delphick*, ridiculed by Marston in *The Scourge of Villanie* (1599) as one of Jonson's 'new-minted epithets' (*Works*, ed. Bullen, iii. 305). Dekker has it again in *The Magnificent Entertainment* (1604) (P., i. 273).

## THE MEETING OF GALLANTS

*Date of Composition.* The dialogue between War, Famine, and the Pestilence was clearly inspired by the plague of 1603, but we cannot fix the date of composition more exactly. The prose dialogue was written after the Christmas of 1603 (cf. p. 132, l. 15 : 'the last Christmas'), when the lawyers had returned from Winchester to Westminster (p. 115, ll. 29, 30) for the Hilary Term (23 January–12 February). Shuttlecock hails Ginglespur as 'the first Gallant I mette in Powles, since the one and thirtie daie, or the decease of July' (p. 113, ll. 7–9), and later Gingle-spur remarks that 'the Moone hath had aboue sixe great Bellies since wee walkt here last together, and layne in as often' (p. 115, ll. 16–18). There is no reference to James's Passage through the City of London on the 15th March, so that the date of composition is probably the late January or early February of 1604.

Page 107, l. 19. *fardest* (*faridest Q.*) . 'Fardest' is nearer to the reading of the quarto than 'fairest'. Cf. the spellings 'furdest' in *Lanborne and Candle-light* (1608), sig. D4<sup>v</sup> (G., iii. 229) and 'fardest' in *Four Birds Of Noahs Arke* (1609), sig. K5 (G., v. 94).

Page 108, l. 7. *monstrous birth*, unnatural birth. A reference to the legend reported by Ovid (*Fasti*, v. 254) that Juno conceived Mars by a flower. Dekker may have taken his information from Thomas Cooper's *Thesaurus Linguae Romanae & Britannicae* (ed. 1584, sig. 7 H 4).

Page 109, l. 16. *Their Lids as monstrous as the Sarazens.* In Breton's *Wonders Worth The Hearing* (1602), ed. Grosart, p. 7, the reference is to a Saracen's head on the sign of an inn : 'with a Sarazins face, his nose too long for his lips, his cheeke like the iawes of a horse, his eyes like a Smithes forge'. Cf. also Nashe, *Works* (ed. McKerrow), ii. 247.

Page 110, l. 2. *Rats-bane to kill Bawds.* Cf. p. 124, ll. 19, 20, and T. M., *The Blacke Booke*, sig. A4 : 'the Rats-bane of a Harlot'.

l. 5. *Pewter-buttonde Serieants.* The same expression is in T. M.'s *Father Hubbards Tales* (1604), ed. Bullen (Middleton's *Works*), viii. 83.

ll. 17–23. Compare the similar passage in *Newes from Graves-end*, p. 97, ll. 17–22. See the Introduction, p. xviii.

ll. 26, 27. The couplet is based on *Newes from Graves-end*, p. 97, ll. 27, 28. See the Introduction, p. xviii.

Page 111, l. 15. *In the forth part of a poore short Minute.* J. O.

Halliwell compares *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. ii. 2 : 'for the third part of a minute'. There is a closer parallel in T. M.'s *Father Hubbards Tales* (1604), ed. Bullen (Middleton's *Works*), viii. 74 : 'he was now passing away in the fourth part of a minute'.

Page 112, ll. 1, 2. Compare p. 17, ll. 17, 18, and see the Introduction, p. xvii.

Page 113, ll. 19, 20. *the dangerous Featherbeds of London*. On the 19th January 1604 (N. S. 29th January) the Venetian Ambassador observed that the plague showed signs of increasing again, owing to the carelessness with which the bedding and clothes of persons who had died of the plague were being used by the living. Cf. *Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, 1603-7*, p. 130.

Page 114, ll. 28-29. Or rather the 'swallow' (i.e. whirlpool) of Charybdis and the devouring jaws of Scylla.

Page 115, l. 3. *Saint Tooles Parish*: St. Olave's Parish, where the mortality from July to December 1603 was greater than in any other parish in London or the out-parishes. See the note on p. 34, l. 17.

l. 16. *the old worne Brasse*. T. M. in *The Blache Booke* (1604), sig. B2, writes thus of country-people in Paul's :

Nay, with their heauie Trot, and yron-stalke,  
They haue worne off the brasse in the mid-walke.

l. 28. *the Proclamation* : probably that issued on the 11th January 1604 notifying the king's intention to summon Parliament.

l. 29. *the Tearme*. Hilary Term was kept at Westminster from the 23rd January to the 12th February.

Page 115, l. 30—Page 116, l. 1. *all the Tauernes in Kings-streete* : King Street, Westminster, noted for its inns and taverns, and in Izaac Walton's time for its coffee-houses (*The Compleat Angler*, 1676 ed., chap. xiii). In 1603 it was the only way to Westminster from the north. Cf. Stow, *Survey* (ed. Kingsford), ii. 374. Spenser died in this street, and here were the 'Dog' and the 'Sun', where Herrick and others drank with Ben Jonson. Cf. Pepys's *Diary* (ed. H. B. Wheatley), i. 86 and viii. 74.

Page 116, ll. 14, 15. *A French-hood*, a hood worn by gentlewomen, fitting closely about the head and ears. Cf. *Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession* (1581), sig. B2<sup>v</sup> and John Bulwer, *Anthropometamorphosis*, (1653), p. 533.

Page 117, l. 12. *Watling street*: 'at this present, the inhabitants thereof are wealthy Drapers, retailors of woollen cloathes'. Stow, *Survey* (ed. Kingsford), i. 346.

l. 23. *Cornewell*: Cornhill. Cf. *Middlesex County Records* (ed. J. C. Jeaffreson), i. 147: 'St. Michael's parish in Cornewell' (1584). In *The Blache Booke* (1604), sig. F1, a catchpole is likened to 'old Rowse in Cornewell', where Dyce and Bullen mistakenly modernize to 'Cornwall'.

Page 118, ll. 10-12. The tailors were punished with the plague for the two sins of sewing bad stitches and of stealing their customers' cloth. Cf. *Platoes Cap* (1604), sig. C4v: 'Taylors shall bee mightily troubled with the stich, and sowe many false seedes which shall peepe out, before a Moone come about, and hauing a Hell of their owne, beeing but a bare boord betweene, woe bee to peeces of white Fustian-linings, for they fall in with their heeles vpward, Satten is the cheefest Diuell there, and domineeres ouer all inferiour Blackes, Veluet that ould Reueller and braue Courtier, lyes there most tragicallyly dismembred, poore Perpetuano is perpetuallyl damn'd, and desperate Rash fals in headlong.' There is a punning reference to a tailor's hell on p. 114, l. 23 above.

ll. 14, 15. *the Quarter-Jackes*. A jack is the figure of a man which strikes the bell on the outside of a clock. Cf. T. M.'s *Father Hubburds Tales* (1604), ed. Bullen (Middleton's *Works*), viii. 54: 'the quarter-jacks in Paul's, that are up with their elbows four times an hour'. Cf. also *The Guls Horne-booke* (1609), sig. D2 (G., ii. 232): 'if Powles Iacks bee once vp with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleuen'.

ll. 21-3. *N. E. D.* quotes this passage with the comment: 'blind gue: apparently an adaptation of the German *blinde kub*, blindman's buff'. It would seem that Blind Gue was a contemporary clown. Cf. Edward Guilpin's *Skialetheia* (1598), sigs. A5 and D6: 'One that for ape tricks can put Gue to schoole'. In *Newes from Hell* (1606), sig. F3 (G., ii. 132), he is called Guy: 'Jupiter . . . strucke him [Plutus] . . . starke blinde . . . for now euery gull may leade him vp and downe like Guy, to make sports in any drunken assembly'. Cf. also the Induction to Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* (*Works*, ed. Bullen, i. 13).

Page 119, l. 26. *the Drum at y<sup>e</sup> Beare-garde*. Cf. T. M., *The Blache Booke* (1604), sig. B4: 'sound base in mine eares, like the Beare-garden Drum'.

Page 120, l. 14. *fatte Sir Iohn Old-castle*. The fat hero of *Henry IV*

was at first called Sir John Oldcastle, the name being changed to Falstaff in deference to Lord Cobham's ancestors. The change was made before the 25th February 1598, when *I Henry IV* was entered on the Stationers' Register as 'The historye of Henry the iiiijth . . . with the conceipted mirthe of Sir John ffalstoff', but the old name persisted in the memory of playgoers for many years.

Page 121, l. 9. *stuffe your eares.* Halliwell mistakenly supposed that the original has 'cares' for 'eares'.

Page 124, ll. 13, 14. *a French Supersedies.* Cf. p. 100, l. 2 and note.  
l. 27. *the Searchers.* See note on p. 55, l. 7.

Page 126, ll. 15, 16. *to get vp a Top of Powles:* as did Banks's horse in 1601. See John Chamberlain's *Letters*, ed. S. Williams, p. 102, and see note on p. 6, l. 31.

Page 127, ll. 14, 15. *stopping his Nose like a Gentleman-vsher.* In *The Guls Horne-booke*, sig. D3v (G., ii. 238) Dekker advises the gallant in an ordinary to 'walke vp and downe . . . as scornfully and as carelesly as a Gentleman Usher'.

Page 128, ll. 1, 2. *pulling downe a house of Fire.* For the Elizabethan method of pulling down a house on fire with large hooks see the woodcut on the title-page of *The Woefull and Lamentable wast and spoile done by a suddaine Fire in S. Edmonds-bury in Suffolke, on Munday, the tenth of Aprill. 1608. London Printed for Henrie Gosson, . . . 1608.*

ll. 2, 3. A tilt-boat is a rowing boat with a tilt or awning over it. On the 4th May 1592 the tilt-boat plying between London and Gravesend 'hauing in the same boat, to the number of forty persons, was ouerrun by an hoy, so that the greater part of those people were drowned ouer against Greenwich, the Court then being there, at sight whereof, the Queene was much affrighted'. Cf. Stow, *Annales* (1631), p. 765.

Page 129, ll. 1-3. *Beard looking like flaming Apolloes, as our Poets please to tearme it.* 'Flaming' and 'fiery' are stock epithets in sixteenth-century poetry for Phoebus or Apollo. Dekker himself in a tribute to Apollo preserved only in *Englands Parnassus* (ed. Crawford, p. 274) writes of :

*Ioues faire haird sonne, whose yellow tresses shine,  
Like curled flames.*

l. 5. *the Top of Powles on fire againe.* See the note on p. 53, ll. 24, 25

I. 6. *Powle-head*: a reference to the Paul's Head tavern near Paul's Chain, two centuries earlier the scene of Hoccleve's dissipations (*Minor Poems*, ed. Furnivall, p. 29).

II. 21-4. See the Bibliography, p. xxxvi.

Page 131, l. 5. *Commedie of Errors*. The title of Shakespeare's comedy gave rise to a proverbial expression. Cf. also *P.*, i. 334; ii. 62; and *G.*, ii. 132.

Page 132, ll. 17-19. The term was held at Hertford in 1592, when the inhabitants charged excessive prices for food and lodging (*Acts of the Privy Council, 1592*, 273-4). In 1603 St. Albans, Hertford, Northampton, and Coventry all sued to have the term in their midst. (E. Lodge, *Illustrations Of British History* (1791), iii. 172). But Winchester was preferred (see above, pp. 74-87). For the quibble on 'Winchester goose' see the note on p. 76, l. 16.

Page 132, l. 25—Page 133, l. 2. The same anecdote is told on p. 61, ll. 16-20. The burial ground off Deadman's Place is shown in Rocque's map of Southwark (1746). An alley or passage led from Deadman's Place to the Globe Playhouse near by. Cf. W. Rendle and P. Norman, *The Inns Of Old Southwark* (1888), p. 61.

#### A ROD FOR RUN-AWAYES

*Date of Composition.* Dekker was engaged in writing this pamphlet on Thursday, 21st July 1625 (p. 146, l. 1), but did not send it to the press until August (cf. p. 155, ll. 27, 28: 'this last past July'). In the Address to the Reader (p. 138, ll. 5, 6) he speaks of 'the death of aboue twelue thousand, in lesse then six weekes': this statement is true of the five weeks from the 30th June to the 4th August (the exact total is 13,913), but not of any earlier sequence of five (or even eight) weeks. The first edition sold out quickly. A second was issued soon afterwards, which included statistics up to the 11th August (see the readings of *B* at p. 146, ll. 2-4, and p. 147, l. 18). *B* had reached Oxford some time before the 10th September, for the authors of *The Run-awayes Answer*, a reply to *A Rod for Run-awayes*, date their pamphlet 'From Oxford, and elsewhere, Septem. 10. 1625', and refer to Dekker's work as 'a Threesheete-printed Pamphlet' (sig. A4). *A* is in four sheets, *B* in three.

Page 137, l. 2. Thomas Gilham, a member of the Company of Barber-

Surgeons, is mentioned several times in the records of that Company. Cf. Sidney Young, *The Annals Of The Barber-Surgeons* (1890).

Page 138, ll. 5, 6 and apparatus criticus. During the five weeks from the week ending the 7th July to that ending the 4th August 13,913 died in all, and 9,546 of the plague. During the eleven weeks from the week ending the 2nd June to that ending the 11th August 21,689 died in all and 14,615 of the plague. At p. 146, ll. 2-4, there is a similar discrepancy between Dekker's figures and those of the bills of mortality.

Page 139, ll. 12-16. On the 25th July the Justices of the Peace in Essex forbade higglers and carriers to resort to London. On the 1st August the Lord Mayor protested to the Privy Council that if the City should be deprived of food, it would not be in his power 'to restrain the violence that hunger may enforce'. The Council ordered the restraint to be withdrawn on the 5th August. Cf. *State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, vol. v, doc. 2, and *Privy Council Register XXXIII*, fo. 88 b.

Page 140, ll. 4-15. The authors of *The Run-awayes Answer* (1625), London run-aways writing from Oxford, poke fun at Dekker for this martial exordium : 'Hee would make vs beleeue he has been a *Soldado* by his termes of Warre'. And in the margin : 'He has seene Finsbury fields Mustering' (sig. A4v).

Page 141, ll. 20, 21. *Euen now, at this hour, the Marches are there beating.* In 1625 Sweden renewed the war with Poland, and Denmark entered the Thirty Years' War. Butter's *Weekly Newes* for 1625 gave its readers much information about the warlike preparations of Sweden and Denmark.

I. 22. *What Massacres bath.* The plural in -th is common. Cf. p. 118, l. 11, and see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 334. In l. 26 'haue' is probably due to the plural nouns which precede it. Both forms are normalized in the second edition.

Page 142, ll. 18, 19. *Dearth and Famine threaten our Corne-fields.* The rain which had fallen during most of the month of June 1625 continued for the first few weeks of July, and it was feared that the plague would be accompanied by a famine. 'Now men make hay standing up to the ankles in water': *State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, vol. iv, doc. 61 (16 July). The harvests were poor. In Essex few farmers had even half their ordinary crop of corn (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1625-6*, p. 107). In Huntingdon the grain was very coarse and only about

a third of the normal yield (*State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, vol. viii, doc. 44).

Page 143, ll. 18, 19. *only within London and the Liberties.* The totals which Dekker gives include also the figures for the out-parishes from the 21st July to the 22nd December.

l. 21. 30578. The quarto has 35,578. The number of deaths from the plague in 1603 is given as 30,578 by Stow, *Annales* (1605), p. 1,425, and by a bill of mortality for 1603 (probably printed by Stansby in 1625) in MS. Rawl. D. 859. See also p. 207, l. 8 below.

ll. 21, 22. These figures were returned for the week ending 1 September 1603. See below, p. 208, l. 20.

Page 145, l. 1. The more guarded 'commonly vsed in' was substituted for 'due to' while the book was going through the press.

Page 146, ll. 2-4 and apparatus criticus. The bill for the week ending the 21st July returned 2,850 deaths in all and 1,819 of the plague, making 815 more deaths from the plague than in the previous week. See below, p. 208, ll. 15, 16. The figures given in B—4,855 and 4,115—are for the week ending the 11th August. On the discrepancy between Dekker's figures and those in the bills of mortality for the eleven weeks from the 2nd June to the 11th August, see the note on p. 138, ll. 5, 6.

Page 148, ll. 26-8. The poorest prisoners lived upon the scraps of food which charitable citizens put into an alms-basket placed outside the prison walls. Passers-by were entreated by such cries as 'Bread and meat for the poor prisoners of the Marshalsea, for Christ Jesus sake, bread and meat'. Spendall in Joseph Cooke's *Green's Tu Quoque* (printed by Miles Flesher, n.d., sig. H2) noted

That nought goes to the Prisoners, but such food  
As either by the weather has beene tainted,  
Or Children, nay sometimes full paunched Dogges,  
Have overlickt.

See also Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*, chap. xlii.

Page 149, ll. 1-4. Ludgate was a debtor's prison belonging to the City. The two Counters were the Sheriffs' prisons (see note on p. 60, ll. 29, 30). The Marshalsea and the King's Bench were prisons for debtors and for persons charged with contempt of the Courts of the Marshalsea and the King's Bench. The White Lion belonged to the County of

Surrey. The last three prisons were all in Southwark. Dekker was in the Counter in the Poultry in 1598 and in the King's Bench from 1613 to 1619.

Page 150, ll. 22-9. By order of a royal proclamation fasts were held on the 20th July and on following Wednesdays. Trading was to be forborne and the days observed as much as any festival day. In London the first Wednesday fast was held on the 6th July (*State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, vol. iv, doc. 29). Copies of the form of prayer observed at these services are in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. As the plague increased, the fasts were better attended. See below, p. 210, ll. 22-6. George Wither went to church in the height of the plague, 'where thronged were together The greatest multitudes' (*Britain's Remembrancer*, 1628, p. 132 b). William Lilly, the astrologer, gives a vivid picture of a service held on the 14th of August : 'The Sunday before the great Bill came forth, which was of 5000 and odd Hundreds, there was appointed a Sacrament at *Clement Danes*; during the distributing whereof I do well remember we sang thirteen Parts of the One hundred and nineteenth Psalm. One *Jacob* our Minister (for we had three that Day, the Communion was so great) fell sick as he was giving the Sacrament, went home, and was buried of the Plague the *Tbursday* following. Mr. *James* another of the Ministers fell sick, ere he had quite finished, had the Plague, and was thirteen Weeks ere he recovered. Mr. *Whitacre*, the last of the three, escaped not only then, but all the Contagion following without any Sickness at all; though he Officiated at every Funeral, and buried all manner of People, whether they died of the Plague or not. He was given to drink, seldom could preach more than one quarter of an Hour at a Time'. *History Of His Life and Times* (1715), p. 18.

Page 151, ll. 22, 23. *the badge of Gods anger*: the red cross, 'in sign and token of God's visitation' (*Journal XIII*, fo. 184 b).

Page 152, l. 25. Spinola laid siege to Breda in July 1624. The town surrendered on the 26th May 1625.

Page 153, ll. 4, 5. *neyther doe I this out of an idle or vndecent merriment*. Dekker's attempt to quicken his readers' spirits would not meet with the approval of the author of *Lachrymæ Londinenses* (1626): 'If you expect in these ensuing Lines any scarce credible or feigned matters of wonderment, made in some Tauerne or on some Ale-bench, to tickle your Eares

and helpe you to sing Care-away, you will be deceiued: for there are enow, if not too many such like Spuriall Pamphlets, which the Presse hath of late already spewed out, (Broods of Barbican, Smithfield, and the Bridge, and Trundled, trolled and marshalled vp and downe along the Streets; and haply the Countries also:) and certes (excepting one ingenious and ingenuous Writer lately extant, and published since this Tract was penned,) they are mad Mountebankes that dare venture to vent their Quacksaluing Conceipts, to mooue mirth, in time of a mightie Mortalitie' (sig. B2 and verso). The printer of *A Rod for Run-awayes* was John Trundle, whose shop was in Smithfield. The ingenious writer, as appears from a marginal reference, was Benjamin Spenser, author of *Vox Civitatis* (1625).

ll. 17-28. Compare *The Run-awayes Answer* (1625), sig. C1<sup>v</sup>: 'That Name (of Londoner) which had wont to draw out a whole Towne to stare vpon him, and a Church-yeard full of People (after Seruice) to gape vpon his fine Cloathes, spruce silke-Stockins, and neate steeletto-fied Beard: That Name, to be Called by which, all the Land (from one end to the other) sends her Sonnes, here to Sow their Clownary, and to Reape Witte, out of that Witte, to Thrash Wealth, and by that Wealth to climbe to Honor: That Name is now so ill, that he is halfe hanged in the Countrey that has it: As Spanish Women (in Sir Francis Drakes time) had wont to still their Ninnies (their little Children,) with crying out, *Hush, the Drake comes*: So now, Men, Women and Children, cry out, *Away, Flye, a Londoner comes*.'

Page 154, ll. 21, 22. A copy of *The Red-Crosse: Or, Englands Lord haue mercy vpon vs* is in the British Museum (Lutt. iii. 75). It is a broad-sheet giving in two columns (1) a list of great plagues from A.D. 81; (2) the weekly totals of deaths for 1625 till the 28th July; (3) an account of the causes of the plague; and (4) a few preservatives. The imprint is: 'London printed for Iohn Trundle, and are to be sold at his shop in Smith-field, neere the Hospitall-gate. 1625.' The same bill is printed on the verso of the Museum copy, but with the weekly totals of deaths till the 4th August.

Page 155, ll. 7-10 margin. *This was aboue three-score in the hundred.* The rate of interest, which had formerly been ten per cent., was reduced by 21 Jac. I. c. 17 to eight per cent.

Page 157, ll. 19, 20. *first promised in the Title-page.* It is clear from

this passage and from the running-title that Dekker intended his title-page to begin : ' God's Tokens : or, A Rod for Runaways '.

Page 158, l. 23. *The Statute against Inmates*. See note on p. 72, ll. 13, 14.

Page 160, l. 16. *Suttons Hospital*. Thomas Sutton purchased the Charterhouse in 1611 and established there a hospital of eighty inmates and a school of forty boys.

l. 19. *Wednesday, the first of the Dog-days*. The dog-days are commonly said to begin on the 3rd July. The first Wednesday in the dog-days of 1625 would then be the 6th July.

Page 164, l. 21. *the round O's*. Cf. S. Rowlands's *Greenes Ghost Haunting Conie-catchers* (1602) : 'leauing an Alewife in the lurch, is termed making her carie stones, which stones be those great Oes in chalke that stand behind the doore: . . . Now sir, of these Oes twentie shillings make a iust loade, and tenne pound a bargeful' (Hunterian Club Reprint, p. 22). The passage is included in *The Belman Of London* (1608) (G., iii. 164). Cf. also Greene's *Works* (ed. Grosart), xi. 77 and William Rowley's *A Search for Money* (1609), ed. J. P. Collier, p. 8.

Page 170, l. 12, 13. *Curuæ in Terras Animæ . . .* Persius, ii. 61. Early editors following Lactantius (*Divin. Instit.*, ii. 2) read 'in terras'. Cf. also Lyly's Latin Grammar (1602), sig. Gij. Casaubon (1605) and most modern editors prefer 'in terris'.

#### LONDON LOOKE BACKE

*Date of Composition.* At p. 187, l. 21, the author speaks of 7 plague-deaths within the City walls. Unfortunately the extant statistics do not distinguish the deaths in the City from those in the liberties and the out-parishes. The number of plague-deaths (41) mentioned at p. 181, l. 6, though apparently referring to the weekly mortality within the walls, must also include the deaths in the liberties if not in the out-parishes; for the mortality without the walls was always much greater than that within, and the highest weekly total of plague-deaths in this year was only 77. But in the statistics for 1630 given in *Londons Lord Have Mercy Upon Vs* (1636) and in John Bell's *Londons Remembrancer* (1665/6) no mention is made of any week in which 41 plague-deaths were returned.

The number 41 is possibly an error for 43 or 40, the figures for the weeks ending 8 July and 22 July—the only weeks in this year when the plague-deaths were in the forties. The plague was serious in Cambridge in April, but the passage on pp. 194, 195 has most point if it is taken to refer to the royal proclamation of 25 June ordering collections to be made in London and Westminster and in the dioceses of Canterbury, Winchester, and Lincoln towards the relief and succour of that town. July then is the probable date of composition.

**Page 173.** On the title-page of the Guildhall copy is written in a late seventeenth-century hand: ‘how much on the Yeares 1665. 1666. the plague which swep away ten thousand weekly & the dreadfull Conflagration which destroyd aboue 13000 in three days. which I my selfe beheld E Mellin.’ Edward Mellin, gentleman, is mentioned in 1644 in the Middlesex County Records (ed. J. C. Jeaffreson), iii. 178, and Elizabeth Mellin, widow, in 1690 in the Calendar of the Middlesex Sessions Books (ed. W. J. Hardy), p. 26.

**Page 176, l. 19.** *eating vp, with Mariam, thine owne children.* Mary, the daughter of Eleazar of the town of Vitezokia, killed, boiled, and ate her son during the siege of Jerusalem in A. D. 72. Cf. Josephus, vii. 8.

**l. 30. Graves.** By 1630 the old use of *u* and *v* and of *i* and *j* was giving way to the new. So in this line ‘Graves’; on p. 185, l. 16, ‘invited’; on p. 204, l. 9, ‘Subjects’; &c. on p. 211, l. 12, ‘jetting’.

**Page 177, ll. 22–7.** Perhaps Dekker had in mind this passage from *The Run-awayes Answer* (see note on p. 140, l. 4): ‘Hereupon, the City fledde the City, and shun’d that Enemy which followed her, . . . London was great with Childe, and (with a fright) falling in Labor (her owne time being misreckoned) was deliuered of none but Still-borne Children. . . . Those Belles which were ready to cleave the Ayre with echoes at King Charles his Coronation, did nothing presently but ring out Knelles for his Subjects’ (sig. B1).

**Page 178, l. 17–Page 179, l. 11.** The two years which heralded the great plague of 1625 were very unhealthy. In 1623 the smallpox and a contagious spotted or purple fever killed off men and women of all classes. In the autumn of 1624 the plague held aloof, but the spotted fever then prevalent ‘is cousin german to it at least, and makes as quick riddance almost’. See John Chamberlain’s letters in *Court and Times of James I*, ii. 439, 469, and 471.

Page 179, ll. 12, 13. *that Moone, and that officious Starre.* I have not found any other reference to these portents. John Gadbury (*London's Deliverance predicted*, 1665) believed that the plague of 1625 'was the consequence of a great Conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the Celestial sign *Leo*, a sign of the fiery triplicity, and representing the heart in the *Microcosme*, Ergo, the more dangerous'.

l. 16. *death of K. James*: on the 27th of March 1625.

ll. 25-7. 'This hath been a dismal year to great men by the loss of two dukes, four earls, and I know not how many lords: besides a number of our citizens of the best rank.' See John Chamberlain's letter dated 12 March 1624/5 in *Court and Times of James I*, ii. 505. Chamberlain has in mind the Dukes of Richmond and of Lennox, the Marquess of Hamilton, and the Earls of Dorset, Nottingham, and Southampton.

ll. 28, 29. The levies which Count Mansfeld took to aid the Palatinate in January 1625 were wasted by disease and starvation in the Low Countries.

Page 180, l. 13. *5000. and odde in a Wkee.* During the week ending 18 August 1625, 5,205 died in London, and 4,463 of the plague. This was the only week in which the deaths exceeded 5,000. Afterwards the numbers steadily decreased. See p. 208.

l. 25. *more than threescore thousand.* The mortality in 1625 in London, the liberties, and the out-parishes was 54,265 and of the plague 35,417. In the outlying districts of Westminster, Lambeth, Newington, Stepney, Hackney, and Islington it was 8,736 and of the plague 5,896. So that the total in London and the outlying districts was 63,001 and of the plague 41,313. See the bills of mortality in MS. Rawl. D. 859.

Page 181, l. 6. *if (as now) it rises to 41.* See pp. 247, 248.

Page 186, l. 3. *50000. and odde.* See note on p. 180, l. 25.

Page 189, ll. 16-27. See Psalm xxxviii. 1-3, 5, 7-8, 10-11, 22. Here, as always in this pamphlet, Dekker quotes from the Genevan version.

Page 190, l. 17—Page 194, l. 7. Most of this passage is based on 'LOOKE Vp and see Wonders. A miraculous Apparition in the Ayre, lately seene in Barke-shire at Bawlkyn Greene neere Hatford. April. 9<sup>th</sup>. 1628. [Woodcut] Imprinted at London for Roger Michell. 1628.' See the Introduction, p. xxiii. The pamphlet is in quarto (A-C<sup>4</sup>), and the pagination runs from page 1 (A3) to page 19 (C4). Copies are in the

British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. The apparition was of a battle waged in the air in a thunder-storm. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, II. 533-5:

As when to warn proud cities war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds.

The relevant passage is here reprinted from *Looke I'p and see Wonders*:

[p. 6] Let vs turne to *God*, and *God* will not turne his Face from vs :  
Say thy sinnes were as blacke as Hell ; yet *Repentance* shall make them like the Winges of a Doue, couer'd (*as the Kingly Prophet* sings) with siluer, the Wings bearing the colour of yellow

*Psalme 68 Gold.* *Repentance* is able to make the soule as white as the snow [67 Q]. in *Zalmon* ; and *Gods* mercy like the mountaine of *Bashan*. |

[p. 7] *Repentance* is a golden Key, which opens Heauen, and lookes vp to *Gods* anger. *Repentance* wins him to smile vpon vs, and to say thus ; If thou still art climing vp this Hill of *Repentance* : Blessed shalt thou be in the City ; and Blessed in the Field : Blessed shall be the fruite of thy Body ; and the Fruite of thy ground, and the fruite of thy Cattle : The increase of thy Kine ; and the Flockes of thy Sheepe : Blessed shall be thy Basket, and thy Dough : Blessed shalt thou bee when thou commest in ; and blessed also when thou goest out.

Thy Land-Souldiers (*O England*) shall not stand in feare of any *Italian Spinolaes* ; nor thy Nauy Royall of any *Spanish Armadoes* : For, thine enemies that rise agaynst thee, shall fall before thy face ; they shall come out against thee one way, and flye before thee seauen wayes.

[p. 8] His word that speakes this, may be taken better than any Kings in the | World ; and therefore hold out both thy hands, vnder this Tree of Blessings, and catch the golden Apples, when so freely they are shaken downe into thy lappe. But if thou trample these gifts vnder thy feete, and spurnest at Gods Fauours bestowed vppon thee ; New quiuers of punishments will then be opened, and other strange fearefull arrowes be shot at thy bosome. Heauen shalbe turned to Brasse ; earth to Iron ; dust and ashes be giuen for Raine ; our Wiues shall haue others lye with them ; our great houses shall haue others dwell in them ; our Vineyards to bee planted, yet we shall neuer taste them :

*Deut. 28*  
[20 Q].

Our sheep to bee giuen to our enemies ; and our sonnes and daughters to be led into Captiuity.

If therfore with *Naaman*, thou wouldest be cleansed from thy <sup>2 King. 5.</sup> Leaprosie of sinne, thou must obey *Elisha*, and wash thy selfe <sup>14 [41 Q]</sup> seauen times in *Jordan* : WEEP seauen times a day ; nay seauen times an <sup>1</sup> hour, for offending thy mercifull Father : Who- [p. 9] soever with *Abazia*, the King of *Samaria* falleth sicke, and sendeth for recovery to *Baal-zebub* (the God of *Ekron*) and not to the true God indeede, he shall not come from his bed, but die the Death.

For, wee sinke to the bottome of the waters, as the Carpenters axe did (*in the second of the Kings*,) but, though neuer so iron-hearted, the voyce of an *Elisha*, (the feruency of Prayer, and praysing God) can fetch vs from the bottome of Hell, and by contrition make vs swim on the top of the waters of life.

Stand therefore at the Gates of Gods mercy still ; begge still ; knocke still ; and knocke hard : For *Hannah*, was barren, yet being an importunate suiter, her petition was heard, and signed : She was fruitfull, and had three Sonnes and two [two om. Q] Daughters : So, when we are barren in *Repentance*, in Thanks-giving, [, om. Q] in Charity, in Patience, in Goodnesse, let vs vnfeig-[nedly pray to Heauen, we shalbe fruitfull, and these fiue [p. 10] shalbee our Sonnes and Daughters. By this meanes our *Mara Ruth*. I. shall change her name to *Naomi*, and our bitternesse be turned 20. into sweetnesse.

Page 191, ll. 18-24. See Deuteronomy xxviii. 3-6.

Page 191, l. 26—Page 192, l. 2. See Deuteronomy xxviii. 7.

Page 192, l. 22—Page 193, l. 1. See Deuteronomy xxviii. 21-3, 30, 31.

Page 192, ll. 23, 24. *Blasting, new-Dewes.* The Genevan version of Deuteronomy xxviii. 22 reads : ‘The Lorde shall smite thee . . . with the sword, and with blasting, and with the mildew.’ I can find no other example of ‘new-Dewes’. It is probably a misprint for ‘mildews’ or ‘meldews’.

Page 194, l. 26—Page 195, l. 7. On the plague in Cambridge see p. 248.

## THE BLACKE ROD

*Date of Composition.* Dekker was engaged in writing this pamphlet in Bartholomew week 1630 (p. 213, ll. 1, 2). The feast of St. Bartholomew was on Tuesday 24 August and the bill returning 67 plague-deaths was issued two days later.

Page 197, ll. 12-17. From the Genevan version of Psalm xcii. 3-6. It will be remembered that the supposed author of Defoe's *A Journal of the Plague Year* resolved on meeting with this text to remain in London during the plague of 1665.

Page 199, ll. 15-17. Cf. Samuel Rowlands in *Humors Looking Glasse* (1608), sig. A 2<sup>v</sup>:

... at Exchang where Marchants greete,  
Confusion of the tongues do meeete,  
As English, French, Italian, Dutch,  
Spanisb, and Scot'sb, with diuers such.

Page 200, l. 12—Page 202, l. 13. Here, as in the comparison of the world to an inn on pp. 182, 183, Dekker is playing variations upon a well-known theme. See the Introduction, p. xxvi. This rendering is not unlike Thomas Heywood's in *An Apology For Actors* (1612), sig. A4. Heywood adds the marginal comment 'So compared by the Fathers', e.g. by Chrysostom in *De Lazaro Concio VI*, § 5 (Migne, xlviii. 1033).

Page 202, l. 24—Page 204, l. 10. This is probably a running commentary on the historical information provided by some broadsheet on the plague. Compare p. 203, l. 28-p. 204, l. 6, with this passage in *The Red-Crosse* (see note on p. 154, ll. 21, 22): 'At which time, with the rest that then dyed of the Plague, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, Blanch, Duchesse of Lancaster, and the Earle of Warwicke ended their liues. So that in one yeere, in a little plot of ground of thirteene Acres compasse, then called Spittle-croft, and now the Charterhouse, was buried fifty thousand persons, besides all them that were buried in the Church-yards, and diuers places in the fields.' This passage also appears in George Wilkins's *Three Miseries of Barbary* (c. 1607), sig. D4.

Page 204, l. 1. *in one yeare, in 1349.* Cf. Stow's *Survey* (ed. Kingsford), ii. 81-2.

Page 205, l. 28. *the thirteenth of January, in the yeare 1602, 13 January*

1602/3. Until 1752 the civil, ecclesiastical, and legal year ended on 24 March. Cf. also p. 207, l. 27.

Page 206, l. 11. *there dyed of the Plague but 39.* The number of plague-deaths from the week ending 13 January 1603 to the week ending 21 April is 41. Dekker's arithmetic is at fault.

l. 18. The bills of mortality returned 917 deaths from the plague for the week ending 21 July 1603.

Page 207, l. 29—Page 208, l. 5. From the week ending 6 January 1625 to the week ending 24 March 26 died of the plague, from 31 March to 9 June 480, and from 16 June to 7 July 1,387.

Page 209, ll. 11–17. Dekker forgets that the plague-deaths were included in the total mortality. The true difference between the 11 weeks of 1625 and the 12 weeks of 1603 is 9,668 in the total mortality and 5,270 in the plague-deaths. The total number of deaths in London in 1603 and 1625 amounted to 92,509, of which 65,995 were of the plague.

Page 209, l. 28—Page 210, l. 2. In 1625 there were 2,471 deaths from the plague in the week ending 28 July. In 1630 ‘about this time’, i.e. for the week ending 29 July, 77 died of the plague. See the bills of mortality for 1630 in *Londons Lord Have Mercy Vpon Vs* (1636) and John Bell’s *Londons Remembrancer* (1665/6). Perhaps Dekker altered 77 to 67 just before going to press, and forgot to adjust the context to the new figure. Sixty-seven is the number of plague-deaths for the week ending 26 August (see p. 213, l. 1). But his figures are again at variance with the bills of mortality on page 212, ll. 25–30.

Page 212, ll. 23, 24. 2. *then 7. then 3,* in the weeks ending 8 April, 22 April, and 29 April. But 11 died of the plague in the week ending 15 April.

l. 25. According to the bills of mortality the greatest weekly total of plague-deaths in 1630 was 77—for the week ending 29 July. In August the plague-deaths were 56 (August 5), 65 (August 12), 54 (August 19), and 67 (August 26).

ll. 26–30. I do not know how Dekker arrived at the figures 1,593 and 165. The bills give 1,885 and 375 for the eight weeks before 19 August, i.e. from the week ending 24 June to that ending 12 August.

Page 217, ll. 1–10. Much of this peroration appears again in Dekker’s *English Villanies* (1632), sig. K2. See the Introduction, pp. xxvii, xxviii.



# INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES

[Dekker's vocabulary is so rich in popular idiom that it has been thought worth while to make an index of the many words and phrases in these pamphlets which are obsolete or which have changed in meaning since Dekker wrote. The index also includes unusual spellings, and words, phrases, and allusions which are not uncommon in Elizabethan English but which may throw light upon Dekker's style. It will be of service, it is hoped, to the general reader; to philologists and lexicographers, who will discover here many words and phrases of which no earlier use has been found, some indeed which have not been found elsewhere; and to literary historians who are rash enough to attempt to assign to Dekker his share in the anonymous pamphleteering of the age.]

a, an, on, 25. 25; 55. 4; 76. 6; 126.  
16.  
about with, have, 60. 4 (note); 76.  
6; 147. 25.  
accite, to summon, 81. 13.  
aconited, poisonous, 4. 23.  
*Actaeon*, cuckold, 47. 29.  
action, dramatic performance, 24.  
6; gesture, 47. 29.  
a curendo, 76. 26.  
admiral, chief ship of a fleet of  
merchantmen, 54. 8.  
admiration, wonder, 38. 19.  
*Aesculapian*, 101. 28.  
*Aesop's gallus gallinaceus*, 68. 29  
(note).  
*Ajax*, with pun on 'a jakes', 115.  
10.  
akt, *pa. t.*, ached, 42. 16, 17.  
a leaven, eleven, 118. 15; 122. 14.  
ale-cunner, inspector of ale, 56. 3.  
alegant, alicant, kind of wine made  
at Alicante in Spain, 133. 16.  
aloof off, afar off, 127. 14.  
amazed, terrified, bewildered, 28.  
17; 31. 7; &c.; in amaze, 129.  
7.  
*ambuscado*, *sb.*, 32. 11.  
*Amphitruo* of Plautus, 5. 7.  
an, on, 25. 25. *See a.*  
anatomy, corpse for dissection, 72.  
23.

anchovises (? misprint), anchovies,  
121. 8; anchoves, 66. 6.  
angel, gold coin value about 10s.,  
58. 6.  
a nights, by night, 54. 8; 116. 4.  
anthropophagized, 26. 8 (note).  
antick, burlesque performer, 100.  
11. *See antique*.  
antient, ensign, 114. 16.  
antipodes, as the abode of the dead,  
26. 23.  
antique, *adj.*, grotesque, 88. 28. *See*  
antick.  
Appenine, *adj.*, 25. 10.  
Apuleius, his *Golden Ass*, 70. 21.  
aqua caelestis, a drug, restorative,  
23. 13.  
aqua vitae, ardent spirits, 42. 25;  
160. 9.  
Aristophanes, reference to 1. 70 in  
his *Frogs*, 5. 28.  
armipotent, mighty in arms, 190. 6.  
arms, give, to show armorial bear-  
ings; punningly, 12. 24.  
aromatically-perfumed, 19. 21.  
artificially, ingeniously, 76. 3.  
as that, that who, 201. 31.  
astonishment, consternation, 12. 17.  
audit-book, 88. 2; 207. 21. *See p.*  
xiii.  
aurum potabile, 37. 14 (note).  
ave, cry of 'Hail!', 12. 12.

- back-house, out-house, 156. 20.  
 back-side, back yard, 42. 4.  
 bait, food, 14. 9.  
 Bales, Peter, 19. 30 (note).  
 Baltazar, 49. 22 (note).  
 Banbury tinker, 131. 2.  
 band, bond, 76. 28 ; company of  
     soldiers, 99. 20.  
 bandog, ferocious dog, mastiff, or  
     bloodhound, 57. 7.  
 bandy, stroke at tennis, 169. 20.  
 banes, banns (with quibble), 124. 17.  
     See p. xvii.  
 Banks's curtal, 6. 31 (note) ; 126.  
     15 (note).  
 Barber-surgeons' Hall, anatomy in,  
     72. 23. See p. xii.  
 barricado, to block with a barricade,  
     57. 1.  
 basilisk, 30. 27 ; basilisk-eyed, 14. 9.  
 basket (of a prison), 148. 27 (note).  
 bastinado, the, cudgelling, 50. 8 ;  
     the bastoone, 5. 1.  
 battalia, large body of men in battle  
     array, 176. 6.  
 bawbee, Scotch coin of base silver  
     worth about  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. of English coin,  
     69. 18.  
 beard, adult man, 120. 9.  
 beggars, swear by no, to swear  
     fiercely, 12. 26.  
 belly-piece, that part o the dress  
     covering the belly, 75. 20.  
 benefique, beneficent, 65. 13.  
 bespeak, to order, engage before-  
     hand, 90. 25 ; 124. 1, 21 ; 125. 13.  
 bill, brown, halberd painted brown  
     used by watchmen ; hence  
     'watchman', 69. 13 ; brown bill-  
     man, 61. 12.  
 bit, portion of food, 84. 22.  
 black-buckram, *adj.*, in allusion to  
     the black buckram bags of  
     attorneys, 75. 1.  
 black guard, jocular name given to  
     the lowest menials of the court,  
     77. 28.  
 bladder cheek, cheek puffed out  
     with wind, 6. 1.
- blaze, to proclaim, 107. 3.  
 bleak, pale, 103. 7 ; bleak-cheeked,  
     107. 11.  
 blotting-papers, 70. 9.  
 board, strike the, to bang on the  
     table, 58. 16.  
 board-wages, wages paid to servants  
     to keep themselves in victual,  
     114. 7.  
 bolt (fool's), arrow, 5. 4.  
 bombast, padding, 114. 30. See  
     bumbast.  
 bones, by his tan, by his ten fingers,  
     58. 7.  
 book-biter, carping critic, 73. 26.  
 boot, seat at the rear of a coach for  
     an attendant, 117. 18.  
 boot, be no, to be useless ; punning-  
     ly, 32. 14.  
 botch, tumour, 154. 18. Cf. the pun  
     in botcher, 118. 9.  
 bottle (of hay), bundle, 75. 17.  
 Boulogne, siege of, 53. 28 (note).  
 bout, *prep.*, about, 89. 28.  
 Bow bell, 33. 4 ; 41. 8.  
 brave, fine, excellent, 169. 18.  
 bravery, ostentation, splendour, 23.  
     23 ; 157. 1 ; 200. 22.  
 break, to become bankrupt, 90. 26 ;  
     202. 1.  
 breath, to breathe, 80. 22 ; 97. 26.  
 brewes, brewis, broth, 69. 27.  
 broken, burst, tattered ; broken and  
     seamrent (a common phrase),  
     50. 3 ; 114. 11.  
 bruitish, *adj.* brutish, savage, 30. 12.  
 Bucklersbury, 33. 18 (note).  
 budget, bag, wallet, 37. 8 ; 125. 16.  
 bulchin, bull-calf, 119. 21.  
 bulk, belly, 110. 4.  
 bumbast, to stuff, 23. 28. See bom-  
     bast.  
 Burchin Lane, 36. 16 (note) ; 114.  
     27.  
 Burdeux grape, claret, 51. 8 (note).  
 burger, citizen, 53. 21.  
 burnt seed, seed affected by smut,  
     &c., as if from burning, 14. 23.  
 burse, Exchange, 200. 5.

- buskined**, tragic, wearing the buskins of tragedy, 24. 4; 50. 28.
- byle, sb.**, boil, 36. 4; 48. 18.
- by-room**, small room leading out of a larger room, 50. 15.
- cædar**, cedar, 207. 20.
- cage**, lock-up, 37. 31 (note).
- calf**, young country fellow, 154. 24; Essex calf, 154. 8 (margin).
- caliver**, light musket, 36. 13.
- can**, drinking vessel, 53. 2; &c.
- canaries**, dance the, punningly, 51. 26 (note); 122. 8. *See p. xvii.*
- cantle**, section, 70. 26.
- canvas**, to beat, batter, 37. 17; discuss fully, 51. 14; 71. 8.
- cap at**, throw one's, 19. 19 (note).
- capen**, capon, 129. 28.
- carbonado**, meat or fish scored across and grilled, 76. 11.
- card-maker**, map-maker, 66. 16. *See sea-card.*
- career**, height of one's activity, 185. 12.
- caroach**, small, luxurious carriage, 32. 24; 211. 15.
- case is altered, the**, 51. 6 (note).
- cashier**, to dismiss, 78. 13.
- cast**, to find guilty, 183. 11; *ppl. adj.*, worn out, 14. 6; cast beyond the moon, to indulge in wild conjectures, 23. 8.
- Castalian**, *adj.*, 5. 17; *sb.*, 67. 17.
- casting**, *vbl. sb.*, throwing of dice, 52. 7.
- catchpole**, petty officer who arrests for debt, 32. 4; 107. 8; 114. 30; term of abuse, 14. 4.
- cater**, caterer, 80. 28.
- Cayr**, grand, 24. 29 (note).
- chambered**, *ppl. adj.*, wanton, 100. 9.
- chancery-man**, one who draws out writs, 73. 11.
- channel**, gutter in the middle of the street, 117. 29.
- chapless**, without the lower jaw, 27. 11.
- charge**, to level (a weapon), prepare for action, 154. 5.
- Chaucer's Kentish Tales**, 161. 7 (margin).
- chaw**, to chew, 111. 14.
- cherrup by**, to go chirping by (like a bird), 16. 21.
- chest-breaker**, one who breaks open chests, burglar, 115. 24.
- Chester (Charles)**, 68. 24 (note).
- chimney-sweeper**, Irish, 69. 22 (note).
- clap on the shoulder**, to pat approvingly (with perhaps a quibble on the meaning, 'to arrest'), 70. 22.
- Clapper, John**, generic term for a bellman, 116. 5.
- clerk of bands**, clerk of bonds, 76. 28.
- climacterical**, 19. 26; 178. 12.
- clip**, to embrace, 16. 3; encompass, 100. 13; fraudulently pare the edges of coins, 52. 4 (cf. 40. 12).
- clipper of the king's English**, 40. 12; cf. 52. 4, 5.
- cloathes**, cloths, 34. 15; 114. 19. *See cloaths.*
- cloaths**, clothes, 133. 9. *See cloathes.*
- close-fights**, canvas cloths or wooden gratings to screen a crew from the enemy, 71. 18. *See p. xii.*
- coarse**, corpse, 27. 12; 46. 6; 55. 16; &c. *See corps.*
- cobweb-lawn**, very fine transparent lawn; punningly, 75, 31.
- cockhorse**, ride a, to ride astride; *fig.*, to ride the high horse, 139. 2.
- coffin**, pie-crust, 116. 3.
- cogging**, fawning, 5. 9.
- cognizance**, badge (heraldic term), 3. 13.
- coil**, keep a, to keep up a disturbance, 34. 19.
- coleur** (? misprint), colour, 107. 12.
- Comedy of Errors**, 131. 5 (note).
- comfit-maker**, maker of sweetmeats, 139. 21 (apparatus criticus).

- comfortable, comforting, cheering, 20. 28 ; 71. 26 ; &c.  
 common-shore, common sewer, 159.  
 3.  
 composition, stand upon no, to have no scruples in regard to any treaty, 32. 5.  
 conceit, wit, invention, 14. 10 ; notion, 117. 10 ; whimsical action, 54. 18 ; 125. 7.  
 concourse, concourse, 213. 17.  
 condense, *adj.*, dense, 83. 14.  
 consort, combination of voices or instruments playing together, 10. 28 ; 28. 4 ; 93. 17.  
 conster, to construe, 16. 11.  
 conveyance, contrivance, 200. 14.  
 convince, to vanquish, 80. 26.  
 copy, change one's, to change one's course of action, 68. 6 ; copy out, *fig.*, examine closely, 16. 10.  
 cormorant, covetous person, 211. 10.  
 Cornewell, Cornhill, 117. 23 (note).  
 corps, corpse ; *sg.*, 97. 30 ; *pl.*, 110. 4. *See* coarse.  
 Corydon, a rustic, 153. 3 ; 154. 7 (margin).  
 costrill, head, 116. 20.  
 counter, London prison, 60. 30 (note) ; 149. 2.  
 counterfeits, nail up for, 59. 27 (note).  
 countries, rural districts, 133. 3 ; 140. 8 ; 156. 1.  
 country-hard-hearted, 32. 26. Cf. 138. 2 (apparatus criticus).  
 court of heaven, 44. 2.  
 crimson, *adj.*, bloody, 102. 21 ; 109. 4 ; crimson passing, *see* passing.  
 critist, critic, 73. 30. *See* p. xii.  
 cross, *sb.*, coin, 34. 23 ; 76. 19.  
 curious, fastidious, 114. 18 ; skilful, 137. 12.  
 curled, 84. 6 (of the leaves of a tree : *see* p. xiii) ; 91. 22 (of a wave).  
 curmudgen, 67. 19 ; 127. 9. *See* p. xii.  
 currit mercator ad Indos, 199. 25.  
 Horace, *Epist.*, i. 1. 45.
- curtal-rhymes, with reference to octosyllabic couplets, 73. 14.  
 curvae in terras animae, . . . , 170. 12 (note). Persius, ii. 61.  
 cutter, bully, bravo, 39. 26.
- dampish, vaporous, 83. 7.  
 dandiprat, small coin value 1½d., 69. 18.
- Danish sound. *See* sound.
- dankish, wet, 72. 27 ; 92. 19.
- Daphnean, 22. 14 ; 100. 27.
- dare, to venture to expose oneself to, 87. 31.
- dead pay, pay continued to a dead or discharged sailor or soldier and fraudulently drawn by the officer, 52. 18 ; 148. 17.
- dear, fell, dire, 210. 17.
- dear year, year of dearth, 211. 9 ; (ellip.) the produce of a year of dearth, 86. 32 (note).
- decidis in Scyllam, 35. 23 (note).
- defeature, disfigurement, ruin, 209. 5.
- defensitive, defensive, 101. 5.
- Delphic, 101. 26 (note).
- denounce (war), to declare, 187. 10.
- Derick, 61. 23 (note) ; 124. 11.
- derive, to trace the pedigree of, 108. 8.
- desper-vew (from O.F. *despourveu*), poor beggar, 37. 9.
- diacatholicon, laxative electuary, 36. 26.
- diacodon, syrup made from poppy-heads, 36. 27.
- dial's motion, slow movement of a clock or watch, 211. 19.
- dicte io paean, 68. 17. Ovid, *Ars Amat.*, ii. 1.
- dii meliora, 60. 25. Cf. Virgil, *Georg.*, iii. 513, and Ovid, *Met.*, vii. 37. 17.
- disarmed of, *fig.*, deprived of, 35.
- discover, to reveal, 49. 12.
- dog-days, 160. 19 (note).
- doote, do it, 129. 19, 20.
- dorp, (Dutch) village, 153. 10.

- double (beer), strong, 78. 2 ; 129. 7.  
 doubt to be, in, in fear of being, 215. 10.  
 Dowgate, players' old hall at, 67. 29.  
 dragon-water, 33. 19 (note).  
 drawing window, window that draws in the air, 42. 1.  
 dreariment (Spenserian), expression of woe, 89. 21.  
 dropping, dripping wet, 70. 23.  
 dumpish, sad, 31. 28.  
 Dunkirk, nest of sea-pirates, 31. 28 (note); Dunkirks, pirates of Dunkirk, 40. 22.  
 dust, cant term for 'money', 16. 5.  
 dusty, *adj.*, term of abuse, 111. 8.  
 earthen, earthly, terrestrial, 22. 9.  
 egregious, jocular for 'excellent', 57. 18.  
 empiric, *sb.*, quack, 101. 30 ; 188. 19 ; empirical, *adj.*, 37. 9.  
 encomiastical oration, 70. 15. See p. xii.  
 Enfield, Jobbin the maltman's horse of, 66. 26.  
 englē. See ingle.  
 epidemial, *adj.*, epidemic, 137. 7.  
 errand, arrant, 4. 12.  
 Erra Pater, 19. 12 (note).  
 estridge, ostrich; eats iron, 35, 20 (note); his plumes, 91. 17. See p. xiii.  
*et iam tempus equum . . .*, 61. 27.  
 Virgil, *Georg.*, ii. 542.  
*et me rigidi legant Catones*, i. 10.  
 Martial, x. 19. 21.  
 exeat regnum, permission to leave the kingdom, 40. 29.  
 execution, action, 56. 26 ; 84. 29 ; destruction, slaughter, 206. 27.  
 Fabian, the chronicler, 38. 4 (note).  
 face, coin, 99. 16 ; punningly, 69. 1.  
 fair skinned, 179. 2.  
 fall, *sb.*, throw in wrestling; *fig.*, 99. 30 ; *vb.*, to appear, 151. 29.  
 fardest (fardest *Q.*), 107. 19 (note).  
 fell, *pa. pple.*, fallen, 109. 20.
- field-bed, camp bedstead; quibblingly for 'bed in the open fields', 43. 10 ; cf. 92. 19.  
 filthy, contemptible, 5. 9.  
 fin, to cut off the fins (i.e. the fish) from, 84. 8.  
 finger, with a wet, with the greatest ease, 67. 1. See p. xii.  
 fire, *of*, on fire, 128. 2 ; to set fire of, 155. 2 ; to set fire on, 56. 7.  
 flatcap, Londoner, 36. 12 (note).  
 flirt, *sb.*, rap, fillip, 72. 22.  
 flop-mouth, mouth with broad hanging lips, 119. 13.  
 fumbling, fumbling, 55. 3.  
 fool's bolt, see bolt ; fool's paradise, 24. 11.  
 foot-cloth, rich cloth laid over the back of a horse, 34. 14.  
 fore-horse, foremost horse in a team, 116. 19.  
 fort, for it, 76. 30.  
 fox-furred (usurer), 67, 19 ; 127. 10. See p. xii.  
 freezing, *ppl. adj.*, shuddering, 94. 24.  
 French amulets, 100. 2 (note).  
 French hood, 116. 14 (note).  
 French lord (unattended at meals), 54. 17 ; French post (rides through thick and thin), 4. 26 ; French supersedes, 124. 13 (note).  
 fret out, to chafe, 67. 11 (note).  
 frigida zona, 42. 30. Cf. frozen zone, 19. 8.  
 frokin, Dutch child, 40. 18.  
 furmenty, dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk, seasoned with cinnamon, sugar, &c., 79. 6.  
 gaberdine, loose upper garment, 116. 16.  
 gallop, *sb.*, distance covered by a horse at one stride in galloping, 126. 25.  
 gallus gallinaceus, dunghill-cock, 68. 29 (note).  
 Germany, Low Countries, 141. 23.  
 gills, tickle under the, *fig.*, 48. 20.

- gives, 3 pers. pl., 85. 22 (note on 16. 23).  
 glave, kind of halberd, 161. 23.  
 goblet, sb., scull, 98. 7.  
 godamercy, a 'thank-you', 184. 16.  
 gold-finch (punningly), rich man, 33. 24.  
 golls, jocular for 'hands', 54. 28.  
 good fellow, boon companion, toper, 126. 4.  
 Goosecap, Sir Giles, 36. 30 (note).  
 gorbelly, pot-bellied, 55. 13.  
 grafting, vbl. sb., fig., cuckolding, 48. 6.  
 grain, grape, 98. 18.  
 Graves-end (punningly), 32. 17; 73. 15-21; 94. 28. Cf. also note on 30. 31.  
 great, adj., intimate, 60. 20.  
 Greek, mad, merry fellow, 7. 3 (note); 53. 19.  
 Griseld, patient, 49. 25.  
 grounds, fields, 163. 14.  
 Gue, blind, 118. 22 (note).  
 guift, gift, 216. 4.  
 gulch, glutton, 56. 18.  
 gummed taffeta, 67. 11 (note).  
 hackney, horse kept for hire, 32. 19;  
     hackney-flesh, 139. 4.  
 haec mala sunt, sed tu, non meliora facis, 7. 19. Martial, ii. 8. 8.  
 haggler, 5. 2 (note).  
 half-faced, with only half the face visible, 99. 21 (note).  
 hands, cards dealt to each player at the beginning of a game, 52. 8;  
     tall of one's, valiant in fight, 69. 6.  
 hansel-sake, for, as a token of good luck, 73. 14.  
 hast, vb., to haste, 189. 26; sb., 45. 8; 59. 10; &c.  
 hatcht, engraved with a series of lines, 16. 22.  
 headborough, petty constable, 48. 13; 58. 14.  
 heare, here, 49. 18.  
 heaven, lift above the third, 71. 27.  
 heels, turn up one's, to die, 55. 13.
- Heliconian, 6. 24.  
 hell, tailor's, place under the shop-board into which he throws shreds of cloth; punningly, 114. 23.  
 hexasticon, group of six lines of verse, 73. 2.  
 hey-pas, re-pas, jugglers' terms, 76. 20.  
 hic finis Priami, 61. 25. *Aeneid*, ii. 554.  
 hinc dolor, 5. 15.  
 hinc illae lachrimae, 24. 30. A proverbial expression originally from Terence, *Andria*, I. i. 126. Cf. also Horace, *Epist.*, I. xix. 41.  
 hinc pudor, 5. 15.  
 hizzing, hissing, 129. 4.  
 Hobbinol, rustic, boor, 32. 26; 59. 8.  
 hobby-horse, get upon one's, to act whimsically, 76. 5.  
 hobnail-fellow, rustic, boor, 155. 31.  
 hogshead (punningly), 56. 19.  
 hoise, vb., to hoist, 138. 13.  
 hold, to take office, 149. 16; remain, 149. 17.  
 hole (of a prison), 60. 29 (note); 149. 2; hole-stopping, 107. 8.  
 Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 20. 15.  
 honest-larded, worthy fat, 121. 2.  
 honey-brag (punningly), 37. 12.  
 hood, French, 116. 14 (note).  
 hoop, one of the bands at equal distances on a drinking pot, hence the liquor between two of these, 55. 2; 126. 12.  
 hote, hot, 24. 1.  
 how ere, however, 81. 7.  
 Humphrey's walk in Paul's, Duke, 69. 30 (note); 115. 23.  
*Hundred Merry Tales*, 60. 24 (note).  
 hydra-sickness, 204. 21.  
 imbrocataes, 39. 29 (note).  
 imbukled, enclosed in the body, 84. 20.  
 immensive, immense, 101. 14.  
 impræsa, device, emblem, 67. 9.

- in aeternam rei memoriam, 75. 28.  
 income, entrance-money, 182. 23.  
 indeede-la, Puritan oath, 4. 24.  
 indentures, draw a pair of, *fig.*, 51.  
 28.  
 Indian elf, gold an, 15. 10 (note).  
 Indianist, 87. 17 (note).  
 ingle, englē, *sb.*, intimate, 12. 29;  
 patron of players, 65. 10.  
 inholder, lodging-house keeper, 74.  
 22.  
 inmate, 72. 14 (note); 158. 23.  
 Irish chimney-sweepers, 69. 22  
 (note).
- jade, *vb.*, to befool, 75. 25.  
 Jeronimo, 49. 23 (note).  
 jet, to strut in fine clothes, 202. 8;  
 211. 12.  
 jew's letter, text inscribed in  
 Hebrew upon a phylactery, re-  
 garded as the outward symbol of  
 a Jew, 35. 4.  
 jig, short rhymed farce, usually  
 acted at the end of a play; jig-  
 maker, 70. 11.  
 Jobbin, horse of the Enfield malt-  
 man, 66. 26.  
 jolly, bold, arrogant, 37. 15.  
 Jovis summi causa clare plaudite,  
 5. 7 (note).  
 jug, double, large jug of beer or ale,  
 57. 19.  
 juice, nourishment, 82. 6.  
 julep, sweet and comforting drink,  
 190. 4. *See p. xxiii.*  
 justle, to jostle, 52. 3; 205. 17;  
 justling, *vbl. sb.*, 139. 11.
- keeper, nurse, 60. 28 (note). *See*  
*woman-keeper, woman-sleeper.*  
 kickshaw (from French *quelque chose*), toy, gew-gaw; name of a  
 character in *The Meeting of Gallants*, 115. 12, &c.  
**King-Harry-groat**, coin value 4d.  
 struck in the reign of Henry VIII,  
 67. 14.
- King's Bench office of heaven, 215.  
 9. *See pp. xxv, xxvi.*  
 king's English, 40. 12; 52. 6.  
 King Street, taverns in, 115. 30  
 (note).  
 kitchen-stuff-wife, 55. 21 (note).  
 knave of spades, sexton, 78. 7.  
 knights' policy to pay board-wages,  
 114. 7.  
 knight's ward, 68. 23 (note).
- ladder, steps to a gallows; turn off  
 the ladder, to hang, 61. 22.  
 landlady, *fig.*, mistress, 17. 19.  
 lank, *vb.*, to make lank, 111. 25.  
 lares, sprites, hobgoblins, 41. 22.  
 latin-sellers, with quibble on 'latten  
 seller', 67. 30.  
 lattice (of a tavern), 24. 16; red  
 lattice, 126. 10. *See penny-lattice.*  
 leader, proposer of toasts, 54. 26.  
*See pledge.*  
 leaguer, leagar, leager (from the  
 Dutch *leger*, 'camp'), investing  
 force, 31. 22; 76. 29; siege, 142.  
 3.  
 learn, to be not to, not to be ignorant  
 of, 57. 24.  
 lease, leash; punningly, 23. 17.  
 leaven, a, eleven, 118. 15; 122. 14.  
 legs, make, to bow, 16. 10.  
 lethren, leatherne, 47. 26.  
 Levant taffeta, 23. 19.  
 lickerish,lickerous, greedy, 38. 20.  
 Lincoln was, London is, and York  
 shall be, proverbial, 24. 21.  
 line (to strike under), in tennis the  
 line which marks the limit of  
 legitimate play; *fig.*, 169. 20.  
 liveless, lifeless, 28. 30.  
 lob, country bumpkin, 36. 12;  
 lobcock, 152. 30.  
 long of, owing to, 149. 3 (margin).  
 longé, distance (in fencing), 170. 31.  
 Long Lane, 12. 29 (note).  
 loose, to lose, 45. 27; 96. 15; 209.  
 20.  
 Low Countries, noted for butter and  
 cheese, 40. 4 (note).

- lown, loon, man of low birth, 91. 1.  
 Luciferan, 68. 14. *See p. xii.*  
 luxurious, lascivious, 99. 3; 100. 4.  
*See luxury.*  
 luxury, lasciviousness, 87. 16. *See  
luxurious.*  
*Lycosthenes' Apothegmes*, 65. 15  
 (note).  
 lyen, lain, 36. 4; 78. 28; 95. 13.  
 Maecenas (with pun on 'ass'), 65.  
 4. *See p. xii.*  
 make out after, to pursue, 40. 22.  
 mandrake, 27. 18 (note).  
 mandrittaes, 39. 29 (note).  
 mare mortuum, 31. 18.  
 maribone, marrowbone, jocular for  
 'knee', 34. 28; 56. 12.  
 marks, plague symptoms, 84. 10;  
 (to be) marked, 160. 3.  
 marry-muff, cheap textile fabric,  
 116. 11.  
 may-merriment, 89. 20.  
 mazer, jocular for 'head', 53. 4.  
 Mecaenas. *See Maecenas.*  
 mechanical, *adj.*, of manual workers,  
 23. 29.  
 Mediterranean ile, middle aisle of  
 Paul's, 39. 26 (note).  
 Mercator, Gerard, 66. 17 (note).  
 merchant's set. *See set.*  
 merit, punishment, 99. 4.  
 mess, dish of food, 4. 7; 22. 10;  
 95. 3; 194. 23.  
 mettalde, mettlesome, 113. 18.  
 mewning (like a cat), 73. 30. *See  
p. xii.*  
 miching, skulking, 34. 3.  
 mingle-mangle, 31. 28.  
 mishrump, *adj.*, mushroom, 101. 31.  
 mithridatum, 33. 19 (note).  
 mock-holy-day, play, to act deceit-  
 fully, 126. 17.  
 module, *sb.*, plan, 200. 15.  
 mole-catcher, sexton, 34. 29.  
 monstrous, unnatural, 108. 7;  
 malformed, 109. 16.  
 moon, cast beyond the. *See cast.*  
 moorish, swampy, 83. 8.
- motion, puppet-play, 60. 13.  
 mousing, tearing or biting as a cat  
 does a mouse, 25. 2.  
 muscadine, strong sweet wine made  
 from the muscat or similar grape,  
 45. 13.  
 nam tales, nusquam sunt hic  
 amplius, 5. 27. Untraced.  
 narrow-eyed, closely observing, 4.  
 23.  
 Neapolitan polling, 78. 24 (note).  
 nec quidquam nec cuiquam, 63. 4.  
 Untraced.  
 nest of bowls, 16. 21 (note).  
 new-dew (? misprint), 192. 24 (note).  
 Nilus, the Nile; the dogs of, 6. 24  
 (note); the fall of, 94. 20 (note).  
 noble, gold coin value 6s. 8d.; pun-  
 ningly, 76. 31.  
 non ignara mali, miseris succurrere  
 disco, 195. 14. *Aeneid*, i. 630.  
 nonplus, put to a, 37. 5; at a non-  
 plus, 127. 17; 185. 19.  
 non-residence, absence of a clergy-  
 man from his charge; quib-  
 blingly, 73. 16.  
 now-parlous-understanding, *adj.*,  
 now-with-a-vengeance-under-  
 standing, 48. 31.  
 nuncio, nuncheon, lunch, 119. 15.  
 Nylus. *See Nilus.*
- o's, round, chalk-marks to record  
 the amount of food or liquor  
 consumed, 164. 21 (note).  
 oast, host, 153. 9; oastesse, 164.  
 26; 165. 10.  
 occupation, trade, business, 68. 7.  
 occupier, merchant, 68. 8.  
 O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia  
 primum! . . . , 69. 13. Horace,  
*Epist.*, i. i. 53.  
 octogesimus octavus annus, 19. 6  
 (note).  
 of fire, on fire. *See fire.*  
 Oldcastle, fat Sir John, 120. 14  
 (note).  
 old fashioned, 117. 5.

- omne bonum, 21. 30.  
once, once for all, 158. 24.  
orchyard, orchard, 60. 2.  
orient, bright, shining, 191. 10;  
oriently, 54. 6.  
ostent, appearance, 81. 28.  
out-cellar, cellar outside the house,  
61. 13.  
outplace, outlying district, 131. 12.  
ower, oar, 18. 13.
- pack-penny** (*father*), ? penny-hoarding, 110. 26. *See* penny-father.  
**pamphlet-stitcher**, 70. 12.  
Pancridge, St. Pancras, 155. 26.  
**pantoffles**, loose shoes, especially the  
high-heeled chopines; stand upon  
one's pantoffles, to give oneself  
airs, 24. 19.  
**paper-bullet**, *fig.*, pamphlet, 70. 2.  
**parcel**, *sb.*, part, 73. 12; parcel-gilt,  
partly gilded, 10. 7.  
**parlee**, conference, 60. 6; 155. 10.  
**parliament**, celestial, 143. 25. *See*  
p. xxvi.  
**party**, *sb.*, person, 207. 26.  
**passages**, ducts of the body, 111. 26.  
**passing**, ? pacing in, stepping in  
(blood), ? letting (blood), 107. 10.  
*See* crimson.  
**patch** (punningly), *sb.*, 49. 20 (note).  
**paucos palabros**, 50. 5 (note).  
Paul's, St.; the old weathercock,  
4. 21 (note); the steeple, 25. 12;  
53. 24 (note); 129. 5; the  
organs, 178. 3. *See* Mediterranean.  
**peackled**, speckled, 133. 2.  
**pearl**, eyes of, 18. 15; in the eye, 23.  
26 (note); in the nose, 54. 3.  
**pennyfather**, miser, 16. 27; 127. 9.  
*See* pack-penny.  
**penny-lattice-window**, poor house  
with window of inferior lattice-  
work, not glass, 17. 6. *See* lattice.  
**pepper**, to do for, make an end of,  
35. 24; 50. 26; 56. 13.  
**perspective-glass**, kind of telescope,  
138. 3; 186. 19. *See* p. xxii.
- pest-cart**, 32. 23 (note); 130. 5, 15,  
24.  
**pewter-buttoned sergeant**, 110. 5  
(note).  
**physical**, beneficial to health, 3. 20.  
**piece**, cobbler's patch, 47. 14; 48.  
23 (with pun on 'piece of  
artillery'); 49. 16; master-piece,  
137. 10; applied to a child in good  
sense, 176. 29; a unite, gold coin  
value about 22s., 171. 19.  
**pin**, perhaps a quibble on 'pin and  
web', a disease of the eye, 67. 1.  
Pinder's Ale, 36. 27 (note).  
**plaga**, blow, stripe, 204. 22.  
**plaguy-pate**, pestilent head, 51. 19.  
**plain** (*field*), *adj.*, open, 148. 11.  
**Plancius**, Peter, 66. 17 (note).  
**Plato's cap**, 19. 19 (note); his  
mirabilis annus, 19. 17 (note).  
**plaudite**, round of applause, 5. 7;  
70. 27.  
**player's boy**, 24. 3; 65. 10.  
**players' old hall in Dowgate**, 67. 28.  
**play-patcher**, cobbler of plays, 70.  
11.  
**pledge**, *vb.*, to drink to a toast which  
has been proposed, 25. 4. *See*  
leader.  
**plomtree**, plum-tree, 42. 6.  
**plum-porridge**, porridge with prunes,  
currants, &c., a favourite Christ-  
mas dish, 74. 24.  
**poesie**, posy, short motto inscribed  
within a ring, 49. 8.  
**polling** (*of hair*), *sb.*, 'close crop-  
ping' with quibble on the mean-  
ing 'extortion', 78. 24; **pownde**,  
**ppl. adj.**, with hair cut short, 115.  
20.  
**Polonian**, Pole, 116. 16.  
**poole**, *sb.*, pole, 53. 15.  
**popularity**, ? popular favour, ? popu-  
lousness, 17. 7.  
**porridge**, soup, 120. 20.  
**post upon post**, with great speed, 30.  
29.  
**pot**, go to the, to be ruined, 76. 30.  
**pottle-pot**, two-quart pot, 51. 9.

- powder-beef, salt beef, 69. 27.  
 power, to their, as far as they are able, 41. 25.  
 powlde. *See polling.*  
 presentation, show, display, 186. 21.  
 presently, immediately, 33. 3 ; 39. 1 ; 41. 28 ; &c.  
 press, *vb.*, to force to serve, 23. 23 ; 70. 17 ; 140. 9.  
 prest, *sb.*, warrant giving authority to impress recruits, 77. 4 ; compulsory enlistment, 143. 30.  
 prick, prick or dot marking ship's position on chart, 20. 15.  
 print, in, punningly, 4. 20 (note).  
 probatum est, a (aprobatum est *Q.*), official formula sanctioning a prescription, 189. 3.  
 pronounce, to declare one's judgement upon, 108. 25.  
 prophecying, prophesying, 103. 18.  
 Protean, 19. 26.  
 pro Troia stabat Apollo, 20. 27. Ovid, *Tristia*, I. ii. 5.  
 provant, food provided to soldiers, 69. 20.  
 pugna suum finem, cum jacet hostis, habet, 197. 18. Ovid, *Tristia*, iii. v. 34.  
 pugs, western, men who navigated barges down the Thames to London, 59. 24.  
 pulls, *3 pers. pl.*, 16. 23 (note).  
 puny, young man at inns of court, 68. 3. *See p. xii.*  
 purchased, incurred by one's conduct, 183. 9.  
 pursenet, bag-shaped net used especially for catching rabbits, 37. 8.  
 pursevant, pursuivant, state messenger with power to execute warrants, 152. 20.  
 quacksalver, 101. 31 ; 188. 19.  
 quail-pipe, pipe on which the quail's note is imitated to lure birds into the net, 60. 16.
- quarter-dinner, dinner held once a quarter, 72. 30.  
 quarter-jack, 118. 15 (note).  
 queazy, unhealthy, 80. 2.  
 quit (? misprint), quite, 187. 28.  
 quod supra nos, nihil ad nos, 7. 10. 'Celebre hoc proverbium Socrates habuit', Erasmus, *Adagia*, I. vi. 69.
- rabbit-sucker, young rabbit, 77. 19.  
 race, *intrans.*, to become scratched, 22. 31.  
 ragd, ragged, 86. 23.  
 rampier, rampart, 146. 22.  
 randed, *pa. t.*, ranted, 24. 5.  
 randevois, rendezvous, 40. 27.  
 rankling, inflicting a festering wound, 73. 26.  
 rank rider, reckless rider, 6. 28.  
 rat, like a drowned, thoroughly soaked, 65. 12.  
 ratsbane, rat-poison, especially arsenic, 110. 2 (note) ; 124. 19.  
 read, red, 111. 16.  
 red, colour of gold, 16. 18.  
*Red-Crosse, The*, broadsheet, 154. 21 (note).  
 reins, kidneys, 189. 20.  
 rejects, *3 pers. pl.*, 17. 6 (note on 16. 23).  
 rent, *vb.*, to tear, split, 30. 11 ; 90. 28.  
 reparations, in, in repair, 4. 8.  
 repercussive, echoing, 89. 6. *See p. xiii.*  
 repugn, to fight, 108. 12.  
 respective, careful, 114. 26.  
 rests, to set up all these, 5. 3 (note) ; to set up one's rest, 41. 7 ; 70. 8.  
 return, part of a law term, 76. 13 (note).  
 Rhadamanth, 42. 15 (note).  
 Rhene, Rhine wine, Rhenish, 87. 11.  
 rheums, colds, 83. 10.  
 rise, *pa. t.*, rose, 212. 18.  
 roaring boy, roysterer, 205. 16.  
 roast, rule the, 34. 17 ; 78. 1.  
 rob-pot, toper, 55. 1.

- rook, *sb.*, term of abuse, 14. 4.  
*rosa solis*, a cordial, 78. 31; *Rose of Solace*, punningly, 122. 14.  
 Rowell, Rothwell in Northamptonshire, 169. 30.  
 rows, *sb.*, rouse, bumper, 110. 1.  
 royal, gold coin value 10s.; punningly, 76. 31.  
 running, ? suppurating, ? quickly spreading, 111. 20.
- sackbut, with quibble on 'sack', 122. 7. *See p. xvii.*  
 scæne. *See scæne.*  
 salvage, *sb.*, savage, 170. 5.  
 salvatory-box, surgeon's box of ointments, 188. 30.  
 sanctum sanctorum, 216. 17.  
 Saracen's eyelids, 109. 16 (note).  
 satin, with pun on Satan, 114. 20.  
 satin-gull, 4. 23.  
 saunce bell, sanctus bell, 119. 21.  
 Saviolo, Vincentio, 39. 29 (note).  
 Savoy (hospital), 78. 11 (note).  
 scæne, scene of a play, 201. 21;  
     scæne, 192. 16.  
 sconce, jocular for 'head', 52. 28.  
 scritch-owl, screech-owl, 10. 24.  
 scrubbing, beggarly, 31. 29.  
 sea-card, sea-chart, 20. 16. *See card-maker.*  
 seacoal sacks, more open than, 70.  
     24.  
 sea-mare, 126. 24.  
 sea-pageant, 91. 18.  
 search, *sb.*, plague-term, 55. 7  
     (note); searcher, 124. 27; 125.  
     4; 139. 23 (apparatus criticus);  
     151. 18.  
 seeling, ceiling, 216. 31. *See star-seeling.*  
 sent, *vb.*, to scent, 115. 9; *sb.*, 128.  
     18; 157. 1.  
 sergeant, sheriff's officer, 110. 5;  
     152. 27.  
 set, arrangement of a ruff in pleats,  
     36. 14.  
 seven year, think, to think it a long time, 73. 4.
- shaking of the sheet, dance the, with quibble on 'winding-sheet', 125. 10.  
 shamble-smelling, 17. 5.  
 sharker, thief, 34, 21.  
 shaver, sharper, 78. 24; 115. 22.  
 shower, *sb.*, shower, 47. 25.  
 shift, body-garment, 114. 4.  
 ship of fools, 70. 18 (note).  
 shipwracke, *adj.*, shipwrecked, 130.  
     17.  
 shore, river-bank, 61. 12; sewer, 159. 3.  
 shot, charge, reckoning, 165. 3;  
     small shot, small pellets of lead, 187. 20; small payments, 77. 9  
     (with quibble); hot shot, reckless fellow, 78. 29.  
 sick-winged, ailing, unhealthy, 215.  
     15.  
 simples (with quibble), 36. 29 (note);  
     188. 28.  
 sinfully-polluted, polluted with sin, 31. 24.  
 single-sole, poverty-stricken, 10, 11.  
 singular, sole, 65. 5; sole and singular, 5. 20.  
 sleeps, in their, in their sleep, 28.  
     9.  
 slovenly, *adv.*, disgustingly, 29. 22;  
     *adj.*, base, 144. 29.  
 sly-fox, 35. 10.  
 small (beer), weak, poor, 6. 23.  
 Smithfield, 32. 21 (note).  
 smug, trim, neat, 9. 23.  
 snake, poor, needy person, 69. 17.  
 snap-hance, spring fastening, 53. 26.  
 soak, to take in, absorb, 77. 16.  
 soale, *sb.*, sole, with pun on 'soul', 47. 4.  
 soldado, soldier, 13. 1.  
 sop, piece of cake or bread steeped in wine, 45. 13.  
 sophy, shah of Persia, 66. 31.  
 sound, Danish, strait between Denmark and Sweden connecting the Cattegat with the Baltic Sea, 89. 5.  
 sound, to swoon, 17. 2. *See swound.*

- sounding, playing upon an instrument, 57. 4.
- sowter, ignorant shoemaker, 50. 2.
- sparrow-blasting, fact of being blasted by some (non-existent) power, 154. 13 (margin).
- spartle, to disperse, 213. 14.
- speed, be upon, to move rapidly, 182. 26.
- speeding, fatal, 204. 10.
- spell, *sb.*, fable, 85. 9; charm, 80. 23; 87. 32.
- spite of, in, in defiance of, 86. 32.
- spotes, spots, 179. 3.
- sprong, *pa. ppl.*, brought forth, 15. 17.
- spur-royal, gold coin value 15s., on reverse the sun with rays, like a spur-rowel, 66. 13.
- squadron (? misprint), squadron, 193. 2.
- stab, to take the, 5. 1; the fatal stab, 210. 12.
- stage-monkey, foolish gallant who sits on the stage, 4. 24.
- staggers, the, giddiness, 52. 10.
- stake, mark for archers, 5. 2.
- stalker, ? one who walks with long measured steps or ? stilt-walker, 122. 23.
- stalking Tamberlaine, 31. 22 (note).
- stall, bench, board, or table in front of a shop, 7. 2; 23. 24; 37. 31; 130. 10, 20; 166. 16.
- stand, barrel set on end, 42. 11.
- standing house, fixed dwelling-house, 182. 19.
- standish, ink-stand, 3. 26; 82. 20.
- star-chamber of heaven, 11. 24; 214. 18. *See p. xxv.*
- star-seeling, 21. 28. *See seeling.*
- stinkard, 4. 13; 127. 26.
- stoccataes, 39. 30 (note).
- Stone, the fool, 68. 24 (note).
- stony-pitiless, 111. 10.
- Stow's *Chronicle* in decimo sexto, 20. 14 (note).
- stramazones, 39. 30 (note); Stra-
- mazo(o)n, character in *The Meeting of Gallants*, 115. 12, &c.
- strangly, strangely, 126. 21.
- Straw, Jack, punningly, 75. 15.
- stroll, to travel as a vagabond actor, 24. 8.
- study, in a brown, 69. 10.
- Stygian ferry, 31. 14.
- suburbs, sinfully-polluted, 31. 24 (note).
- sulphured, sulphurous, 85. 14.
- summer-devil, in depreciatory sense, 110. 1. Cf. swallow.
- supersedies, something which checks, 124. 13.
- supper-maker, one who gives suppers, 65. 10.
- Sutton's Hospital, 160. 16 (note).
- swallow, whirlpool, 114. 29 (note); summer bird (in depreciatory sense), 91. 24. Cf. summer-devil.
- sweat, make (silver), *fig.*, to melt down, 15. 5.
- swetty, sweating, toiling, 30. 16.
- Swizzer's breeches, 6. 2 (note).
- swound, *sb.*, swoon, 154. 23; swounding, *vbl. sb.*, 79. 1; swounded, *pa. t.*, 22. 2. *See sound.*
- syeth, scythe, 180. 26.
- synodical, belonging to the College of Physicians, 36. 23.
- tables, writing tablets, 49. 11; pair of writing tables, 21. 6; table-book, pocket note-book, 117. 16.
- tackling, weapons; stand to one's tackling, *fig.*, 71. 24.
- talent, wealth, 69. 22.
- tall, valiant, 69. 6; 171. 21.
- Tamberlaine, 31. 22 (note).
- tam marti quam mercurio, 73. 7 (note).
- tan-fat, tan-vat, 155. 19.
- tast, *vb.*, to taste, 95. 4; 192. 26.
- tender, *vb.*, to care for, 79. 8.
- terminer, one who resorts to the law courts in term, 77. 26.

- text-bill, placard set up on doors or posts as advertisement, 85.  
 5.  
**Theobalds**, 24. 29 (note).  
**Theocritus**, 70. 14 (note).  
**Thespian**, 6. 20; 82. 4. *See pp. xii, xiii.*  
 thether, thither, 99. 28.  
 thick and threefold, 32. 15.  
 thin-headed, with a narrow head, small-brained, 6. 3.  
 this, these, 180. 3; 186. 1.  
 treasurer, 86. 26.  
 thumb, turn over one's, to get under one's control, 61. 1. Compare 'twist round one's finger'.  
 thydes, thighs, 18. 16.  
 tickle (ironically), to beat, punish, 60. 31.  
 tied, be, to be bound, obliged, 144. 24.  
 tilt-boat, 128. 2 (note).  
 tilt from the ground, to heel over, 17. 1.  
 time-catcher, one who snatches at the opportunities of his times, 24. 10.  
 tobacconist, one who smokes tobacco, 24. 13.  
 tokens, small spots symptomatic of the plague, 29. 19 (note); 38. 29; &c.  
 tongue-travelling, talkative, 17. 13.  
 Tooles, St., St. Olave's, 115. 3.  
 toot, to it, 73. 8.  
 tottered, tattered, 119. 14.  
 toxin (from the French *toçsin*), alarm-bell, 32. 6.  
 traffic, merchandise, 185. 20.  
 traind-soldier, soldier belonging to trainband or militia, 155. 2.  
 treble ruff, 36. 13 (note); 154. 14.  
 trill, drinking term representing the sound of flowing liquid, 57. 26.  
 trim, *vb.*, to fleece, 78. 23.  
**Trinidad**, tobacco from Trinidad, 69. 21.  
 tromp, *sb.*, trumpet, 88. 29.
- Troynovant, London, 33. 6; 90. 2; &c.  
 truss, closely fitting jacket or breeches, 75. 19.  
**Trynidado**, *see Trinidad*.  
 tue, tue, kill, kill, 32. 7.  
**Turk**, turn, to prove renegade, 49. 19; become tyrannical, 77. 30; turkish, barbarous, 59. 16.  
 turn, to change the meaning of, 16. 15; turn off the ladder, *see ladder*.  
**Turnbull St.**, Turnmill St., 159. 28.  
 underfoot, sell, to sell below the real value, 3. 9.  
 underlay, to add leather to soles or heels, *fig.*, 48. 13.  
 unicorn's horn, 23. 14 (note); punningly, 50. 16.  
 unsquint-eyed, unprejudiced, 65. 6.  
 upholster, broker, 78. 10; 117. 7.  
 vacation, period during which law-courts are closed, 38. 24; 107. 9 (vocation *Q*); 132. 11.  
 vanish, to cause to disappear, 109. 22.  
 vantcurrers, advance-guard, 178. 19.  
 vantguard, vanguard, 140. 5.  
 veil (one's bonnet), to doff, 53. 18; 91. 20.  
 velvet cap, distinctive wear of a physician, 37. 10.  
 verse-gilder, one who praises verses, 66. 7.  
 virid, green, 85. 24.  
 virtual, efficacious, 80. 25.  
 visited, infected with the plague, 35. 25.  
 viva voce, 70. 28.  
 vizard, mask, 87. 25.  
 void (the room), to empty, 54. 16.  
 Vulcanist, one who works by fire, especially a blacksmith, 23. 29.  
 wagtail, harlot, 124. 11.  
 wardrobe, wardrob, wardrobe, 36. 17; 50. 15.  
 wash, to sweat (money) by the

- application of acids, 157. 7  
(margin).
- wast, *sb.*, waist, 89. 28 ; *sb.*, waste, 92. 16 ; *vb.*, waste, 103. 3.
- water-caster, physician, 37. 2.
- watering place, place where a ship takes in fresh water, 57. 5.
- waters, hot, ardent spirits, 159. 15.
- watter, *sb.*, water, 193. 14.
- Wednesday, ? punningly for 'Wednesday', 46. 14 (note).
- weihy, to why, whinny, neigh.  
Neither weihy nor wag tail (proverbial), 75. 5 (note).
- were, *vb.*, to wear, 111. 21.
- western pugs, *see* pugs.
- weth (? misprint), with, 111. 8.
- where (? misprint), were, 124. 12.
- whether, whither, 202. 6.
- Whisson, Whitsun, 91. 30.
- Whitefriars punk, 65. 17.
- white money, silver coins, 15. 4 ; 171. 19.
- whither, whether, 19. 17 ; 182. 26.
- Winchester goose, 76. 16 (note) ; 132, 18.
- winching, wincing, 49. 1.
- wine-sucker, toper, 122. 9.
- wings, projections on the shoulders of a doublet, 115. 1.
- wise-acred (punningly), 15. 21.
- woman-keeper, 217. 4. *See* keeper.
- woman-sleeper, jocular for 'woman-keeper', 190. 8. *See* keeper.
- wont, *pa. t.*, was accustomed, 203. 8.
- woodcock, *sb.*, fool, 67. 23.
- word-pirate, paltry man of letters, 6. 17.
- work to, to work for, 131. 12.
- world runs on wheels, the, 32. 23 (note).
- worm in the finger, whitlow, 67. 5.
- worm-eaten nose, 53. 29.
- worthy, notable, 38. 15.
- wound out of, taken out of (a house) in a winding-sheet, 114. 5.
- Zoelist, carping critic, 7. 13.



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